

Francis Kerril Amherst, D.D.

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



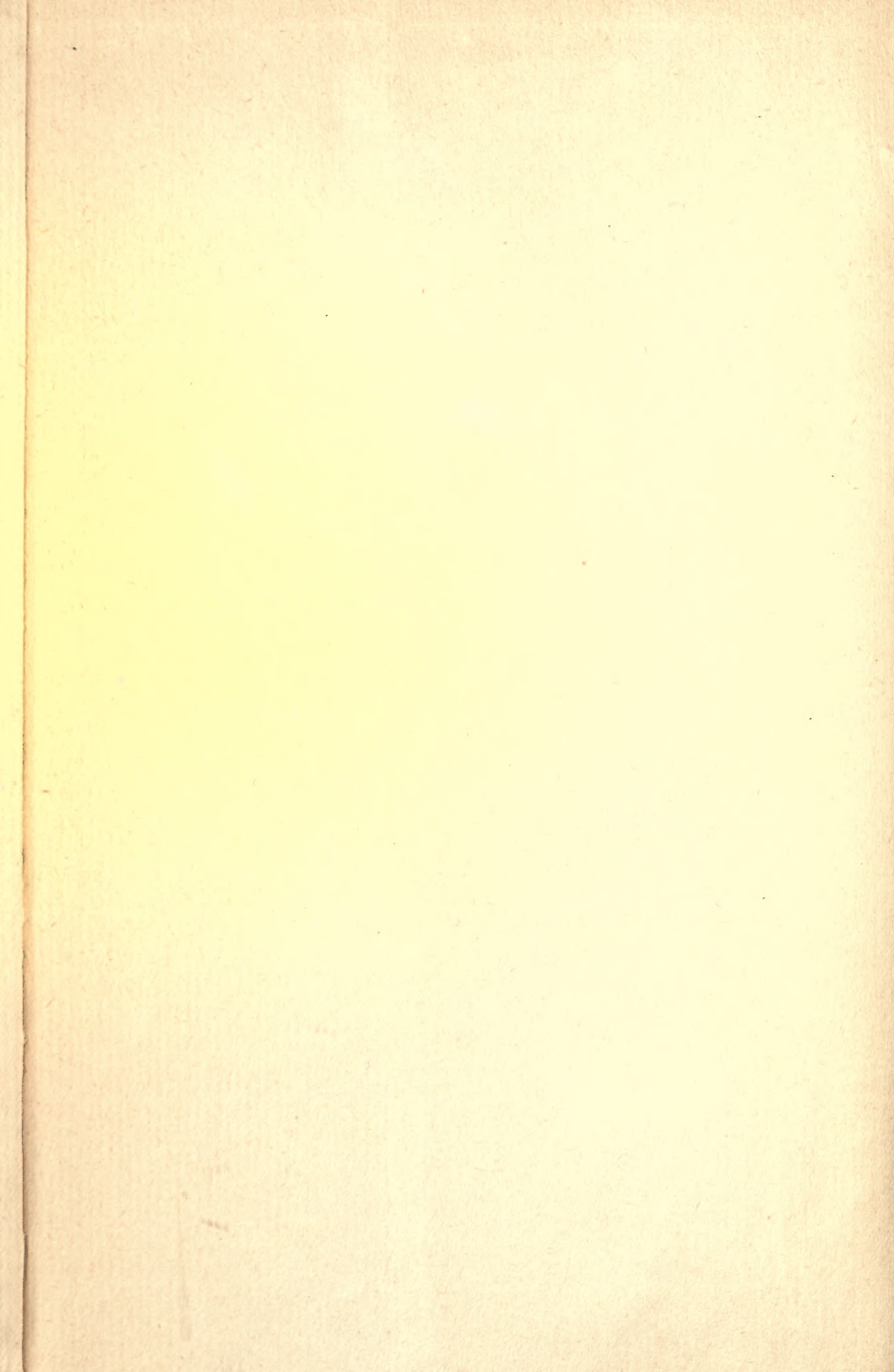
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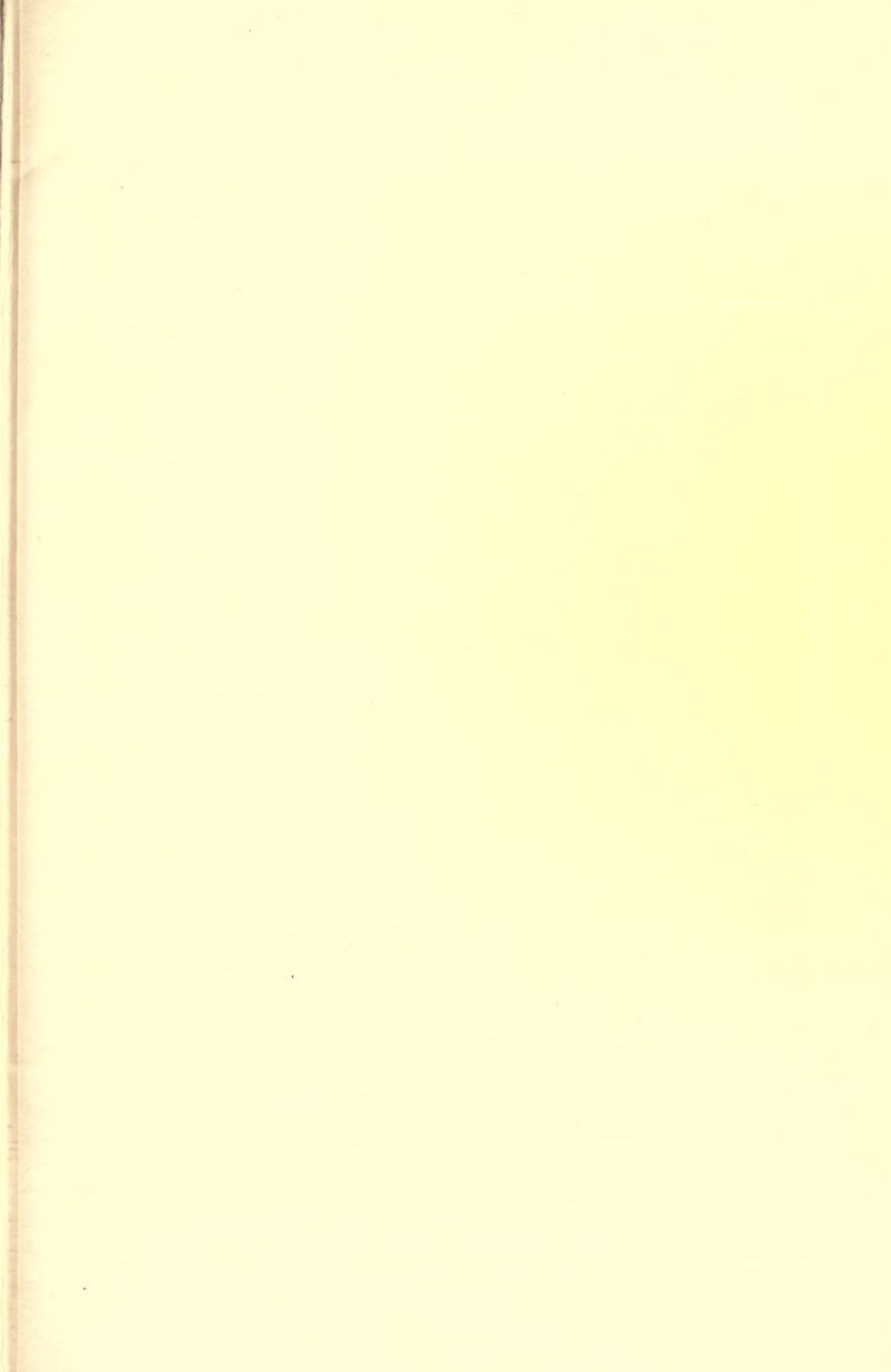
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AMHERST, D.D.





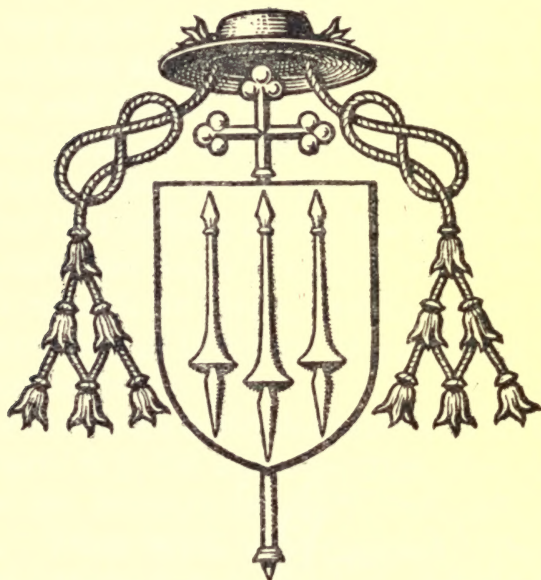
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*Yr. sincere friend
+ brother
W. B. Brewster*

MEMOIRS OF FRANCIS KERRIL AMHERST, D.D.

Lord Bishop of Northampton

By Dame MARY FRANCIS ROSKELL, O.S.B.



SEMPER PARATUS IN BONA CAUSA

Edited by
HENRY F. J. VAUGHAN, B.A., S.C.L. Oxon.

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EDITORIAL PREFACE



FOR many years a Life of the late Bishop Amherst has been desired, not only by his numerous relatives and friends, but by many others who remember him as one of the most kindly, refined and popular of our prelates. It is to be regretted that so long a time has passed before this desire has been complied with; but the present work is an attempt to do so under the conviction that it is better to perform a duty late than not at all.

Our thanks are firstly due to the Rev. William J. Amherst, S.J., for making a collection of his brother the Bishop's letters, diaries and other papers. These MSS. were confided to the care of Dame Mary Francis Roskell, O.S.B., of St Mary's Abbey, Bergholt, who, having arranged them with considerable labour and skill, drew out from them a more connected life of the Bishop, which remained for some time as a valued manuscript among his relatives and friends, many of whom urged its publication. This, however, could not have been carried out had not the aid of Miss Fortescue-Turville, of Bosworth Hall, near Rugby, been invoked, who, forward in every

good Catholic work and anxious that so excellent an example of saintliness as was afforded by the life of her cousin, the Bishop of Northampton, should not be left without record, placed the manuscript in the hands of a friend to be prepared for the press.

While it was found necessary considerably to compress the original life, the substance and, in many parts, the very words of Dr Amherst's writings have been carefully preserved, so that, as far as possible, he himself should speak to the reader, though in a few other parts matter connected with the subject, of an explanatory character or otherwise, has been added.

It should be borne in mind that, many of the Bishop's letters being addressed to near relatives, some of the expressions used are of a playful and familiar type, as we might expect, and it has been thought well to retain them as being truer to life, rather than change them for others which would make the Bishop appear of a colder and more formal character.

From the large number of people of interest with whom the Bishop was connected or become acquainted, and from the duties of his station having brought him into contact with some of the principal events of modern times, the life of Dr Amherst has an interest for a far larger share of readers than would ordinarily be the case.

No attempt has been made to introduce the Bishop's literary works into his life, though among them exists a collection of short poems or sonnets of great elegance and beauty, which were printed for private circulation.

A few notes have been appended, either throwing light upon passages in the work from later writers or giving some account of persons of interest incidentally mentioned, or of families who, having bravely kept the faith through ages of persecution and handed it on to ourselves in whose time that persecution is principally of the social order, are becoming extinct amongst us. For these last the cultured and chivalric must ever feel the deepest veneration and sympathy, regarding their memory as enshrined in a sacred halo, their pious words as the counsels of saints, and their heroic deeds as an example to be followed ; and, more, many a prayer will take its flight to heaven for peace and rest to their souls, many a blessing, spiritual and temporal, be the reward of such pious orisons.

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE



THE many who knew and revered the late Bishop Amherst will welcome the publication of his Memoirs as a fuller revelation of a mind and heart which so well deserved the love of his friends and the respect and devotion of his flock. Throughout his life, from his college days to his retirement in his quiet home at Kenilworth, his bright spirits and kindly genial ways, the outward expression of a soul which combined with its deep sense of religion a noble and generous disposition, won not only from his personal friends, but from all with whom he came in contact, an admiration and kindly feeling such as only a few have the power to excite.

Details of his life and work will find their proper place in the pages which follow; but I cannot help recalling, amongst the gifts which he possessed in a high degree, his tactful skill and eloquence in addressing a public meeting, such as from time to time he was called to preside at. I well remember how on the occasion of his assisting at a Catholic Union in the Town Hall of Birmingham, at which about

three thousand were present, through a long and interesting discourse which he delivered, it was said that though he never seemed to raise his voice to any unusual pitch, such was its clearness and his perfect enunciation that his audience listened with delight and not a word escaped them.

Of his connection with our old Alma Mater, Oscott College, I could recall many things, but will only say in passing that in its best and brightest days, amongst the many whose names stand out in relief as the sons who have done her honour, none hold a higher place than the Bishop and his Reverend brother, Father William Amherst, S.J.

It was while staying in his later years at the college, in company with the then Bishop of Birmingham, Dr Ullathorne, that in conversation there came up a question as to how far the Church benefited by the mixture of lay and clerical students, which was then the custom. It was taken up by Dr Amherst and others present, with the result that on looking through the lists of old students the names of fifty-two were found (then living), who had gone through the whole of their college course as lay students, and were at that moment bishops, priests and religious; and of these, *eight were Bishops*: no inconsiderable addition to the ranks

of our clergy and some testimony to the spirit and influence of their Alma Mater.

It is sad to think, as we turn over these lists, that so many good old Catholic families, like those of the Bishop and his kinsmen the Turvilles, should become extinct, some in our own generation. May God raise up in His own good time others who shall be worthy to succeed them.

✠ EDMUND (KNIGHT),
Bishop of Flavia.

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Francis Kerril Amherst, D.D.

Lord Bishop of Northampton



CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD

THE family of Amherst was seated at an early date at Amherst in the parish of Pevenbury, *alias* Pembury, in the county of Kent, and is said to be descended from Hamo, sheriff of Kent, at the time of Doomsday, who came of Saxon lineage.

In the twenty-second year of Richard II, John Amherst was living at Amherst, and was succeeded in regular succession, from father to son, by Thomas, Thomas, Thomas, Thomas, which last, the fourth of the name, was father of Richard Amherst, who, in the time of Elizabeth, became Sergeant-at-Law, and was steward to Lord Treasurer Sackville, Earl of Dorset. He was also the founder of the almshouses at Pembury, his native place. Richard Amherst's second wife, Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Palmer of Wingham, was a descendant of the Blessed Sir Adrian Fortescue, a martyr for the faith; but his first wife, Anne, daughter and co-

heir of William Reynes, of Mereworth, was the mother of his only son, Richard. This Richard married Dorothy, daughter of John Craddock *als* Newton, of Ludesdown and Ightham, co. Sussex, who came of a British stock. He was father of several children, one of whom, Charles, died in 1705, and by his will gives a general idea of the family at that date; for he bequeaths his estate—subject to the life interest of his two sisters, Lady Elizabeth Selby and Mrs Dorothy Amherst—to his nephew, Charles Selby, and heirs male; failing which to Jeffrey Amherst, eldest son of the late Arthur Amherst, M.D., and heirs male; in default of which, to Jeffrey Amherst, of Riverhead, and his heirs male; failing which, to the heirs male of Mr William Amherst, late a silkman in London, etc.

The above-named Sergeant Richard Amherst had two younger brothers: William, who left a daughter, and Jeffrey, who became Rector of Horsemonden in Kent, and whose son Arthur went up to Oxford, and afterwards took his degree of Doctor of Physic on the continent. He died in 1678, leaving two sons, Jeffrey and William. John, the rector's youngest son, became a member of Gray's Inn and was father of Jeffrey, a bencher of Gray's Inn, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Yate of Warnham, co. Sussex, by Jane, daughter of

Sir Francis Stydolph, of Mickleham, co. Surrey, had issue, Jeffrey, a bencher of Gray's Inn, buried at Sevenoaks in 1750. Jeffrey married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Kerril, of Hadlow, co. Kent, and thus brought this somewhat marked name into the family. William Kerril Amherst, the bishop's grandfather, entered the service of the East India Company, but died at an early age, leaving by his wife Caroline, daughter of — Powney, an only child, named, like his father, William Kerril Amherst. The maiden name of Mrs Powney was Caroline Quentin de la Methée, and she sprang from one of the best families in Brittany; so that young William Kerril Amherst inherited through his mother not only noble and ancient, but very Catholic, blood with its traditions of piety, purity and patience.

On the death of her husband Caroline Amherst left India and brought her son home to England, where he was immediately made a ward in Chancery and, to the great grief of his mother, sent to a school at Sunbury-on-Thames in preparation for Eton, where he entered in 1806. In order that her son might not be brought up in the errors of Protestantism, and to guard him, as far as possible, from the moral dangers of public school life, his good mother went to reside at Windsor, where she was able

to use her influence on his behalf. So great was Mrs Amherst's anxiety for the welfare of her boy that, when he had been at Eton for a few years, she kept him at home after one of the vacations, on the ground that he was in a delicate state of health. However, she delayed his return to school so long that the guardians appointed by the Court interfered, and a correspondence took place between them and the mother, the former evidently supposing (possibly correctly) that the excuse of delicate health was used as a pretence for preventing her son's return to Eton, though, on the other hand, the boy was not strong, having suffered from a bad fever in India.

Mrs Amherst had, however, made up her mind and prepared her plans for the future of her son. Bishop Cameron, Vicar Apostolic of the Lowland District in Scotland, had been in the habit of receiving Catholic young gentlemen to live in his house while they attended the lectures given at the University of Edinburgh. At this time he had only one young gentleman, a brother of Sir Charles Tempest, the first baronet, living with him, and had decided to receive no more. But Mrs Amherst happily induced the bishop to abandon this decision in favour of her boy, and so to rid herself of the importunities of the guardians, and still more to

preserve the religion of her son, she sent him across the border to Dr Cameron.

There are no documents remaining to show how Mrs Amherst settled her cause with the Court; but as William Kerril Amherst was old enough to say to what religion he wished to belong, it was probably thought best not to interfere with his mother in the course which she pursued. The Amherst family have always held the memory of this brave and devoted lady in the deepest veneration, since to her fidelity and fortitude they owe, under God, the inestimable blessing of being members of the Catholic Church. She died in Paris, October 12, 1816, and was buried in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

On May 1, 1817, William Kerril Amherst was happily married to Mary Louisa Fortescue-Turville. After they had been married according to the Catholic Ritual, the ceremony, as was necessary in those days, was performed at the house of the Earl of Shrewsbury in Stanhope Street according to the Protestant rite, the officiating Anglican clergyman being Dr Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich.

The noble and ancient family of Turville, formerly de Tourville, was planted in this country by one of the companions of William the Norman, and for some generations flourished

at Normanton Turville in Leicestershire, when, having married the heiress of the Flamvilles of Aston Flamville (who from their arms—the maunch—would appear to have been a branch of the family of Hastings, the pristine lords of Aston Flamville), they settled at that place and resided there, until the marriage of the representative of the family with the heiress of the Fortescues of Bosworth Hall, county Leicester, and Idbury, county Oxford, etc., brought those estates into the family. If we respect a family, as we ought to do, for preserving an ancient patrimony and position by piety, prudence and self-denial, still more must we venerate such a family as this, which not only exhibits the above virtues but possesses the far higher one of having preserved inviolate the ancient faith through centuries of persecution and injustice, and thus stands as a living witness against modern assumptions.

The young Mrs Amherst's mother also belonged to an old Catholic family of high rank, her maiden name being Barbara Talbot, one of the sisters of Charles, fifteenth Earl of Shrewsbury; and so she came of what John, Earl of Shrewsbury, used to call "the good old stock of the House of Talbot." It will be remembered to their honour that when Elizabeth designed to banish the old faith, Lords Shrewsbury and

Montague alone of the peers stood up in their places in the House and protested against her wish.

William Kerril Amherst and Mary Louisa, his wife, second daughter of Francis Fortescue-Turville, of Bosworth Hall, county Leicester, had issue : (1) Francis Kerril Amherst, the subject of this memoir ; (2) William Joseph, of the Society of Jesus ; (3) Mary Caroline Elizabeth, who became a Benedictine nun at Princethorpe and died January 1, 1879 ; (4) Louisa Winifred, who died October 6, 1875 ; (5) Mary Barbara, who became a nun of the Institute of Providence and died superior at Loughborough, September 24, 1860 ; (6) Alethea, who died aged six ; (7) Harriet Anne, of Fieldgate House, Kenilworth, who died May 1, 1892, and (8) Henry Quentin, who died in infancy.

Francis Kerril Amherst was born on the feast of the great St Benedict, March 21, 1819, at what was then 13 Queen Anne Street, in the parish of Marylebone, London, but at the present time, the houses having been renumbered, what was then 13 is now on the opposite side of the street to the house bearing that number. He was baptized the same day at St James's, Spanish Place.

When he was between three and four years old, his father purchased a small property at

Parndon near Harlow, county Essex, and at Parndon House Francis Amherst resided during the greater part of the year until, in 1829, he and his younger brother William were sent to a preparatory school at Northampton, kept by the Rev. William Foley, his first connection with the site of his future bishopric.

From his earliest years he quickly learned anything to which he applied his mind; he was a great reader and had a decided talent for natural history, which was a source of pleasure to him during his whole life. Even as a child he was far beyond most boys as a "field naturalist." His intense love of nature was kept within reasonable bounds, and carried his mind to contemplating the beauty of the unseen.

Mr Foley's treatment of boys was, to say the least, peculiar, and must have been very trying to so sensitive a child as Francis Amherst; yet far from feeling any bitterness or resentment in later years, we find this graceful tribute to his memory in the Bishop's diary of March, 1880: "I am thinking of writing a life of Foley from his letters to Husenbeth. No one knows the man until he has read those letters. His eccentricities covered his real worth and concealed it from all but his most intimate friends. How many ever think of Foley as the humble, self-sacrificing, entirely confiding and affectionate

man that he was? There are but few who remember him, and if a memoir were but a dry narrative of facts of his life, it would not interest many; but a writing that would disclose the innermost heart of the man would, it seems to me, be not merely interesting but edifying in a high degree." It is needless to say that this life was never written.

In an autobiographical account the bishop says: "My earliest recollections are of Parndon (Little Parndon in Essex), a property bought by my father in 1822 from a Mr William Smith.

"The house stood near some fine old trees in a park, and was an unpretending country house built in the plain style then in fashion. It had a pediment over the central portion and a Grecian porch to the entrance door. The drawing and dining-rooms on either side of the entrance hall were beautified by semi-octagonal bow windows which extended upwards through the three stories of which the house was composed. On either side of the door leading into the drawing-room was a niche, that on the right containing a bust of our Lord, the other one of our Lady. These busts are now in the old hall of Bosworth, the residence of my cousin Sir Francis Fortescue-Turville.

"Beyond the entrance hall was the central

hall from which the stairs ascended, and beyond that again was a smaller hall. On the right at the foot of the stairs was the large library fitted with shelves and arranged in three compartments. This had been turned into a chapel by my father, and was very suitable for the purpose. In these times it would have been found capable of being much beautified and adorned. As it was, it was but a plain apartment, the only objects which discovered its purpose being a few benches with kneelers, and the Altar which had a frontal of Spanish leather with the monogram I H S gilt in the centre. The candlesticks were Ionic columns of mahogany with gilt capitals.

“I remember Bishop Bramston, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, preaching there; and on one occasion, to the consternation of the little congregation, he suddenly fell in the midst of his address. I recollect my mother running up to him with a bottle of smelling-salts, and hearing him say: ‘It is only a weakness in my knees.’ He was a great favourite with us, and never seemed so happy as when playing with us. He would sit on the lowest step of the staircase, and let us play leap-frog over his back.

“The late Rev. Joseph Carpue, formerly of St James’, Spanish Place, who died, I think, at

Bath, was also a frequent visitor, being the director of my father and mother.

"The chapel was served by a priest from St Edmund's College, Old Hall Green, Herts, who used to come on Saturday and leave the Monday following. Mr Seddons, Mr Poynter, Mr O'Leary and Mr Byron were amongst those who came, until the Rev. Peter Brickley and the Rev. Mr Yraizoy, a Spanish priest, were appointed in succession as resident chaplains. Mr Brickley acted as our tutor for a time.

"At the back of the house was a handsome portico, making a spacious walk on wet days. The chimney-piece in the drawing-room was a magnificent piece of sculpture in white marble supported on Ionic columns. The subject was cattle, horses and sheep in high relief, and I believe it is now at Mark Hall, near Harlow, the seat of Loftus Arkwright, Esq., whose father bought also the pillars of the portico when the dear old house was subsequently pulled down.

"The pictures from the drawing-room are now at Fieldgate—one, a Caravaggio, 'The Sacrifice of Abraham,' being a fine specimen of the master. There was also a portrait of my grandfather Amherst by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and one of my great-great-aunt, Mrs Powney, in her hundred and first year, drawn in crayon. I used to look almost with awe upon her aged

features, her mob cap, her blue waistcoat buttoned like a man's, and her figured, open dressing-gown. There were other pictures by Italian and Dutch artists, notably one in the dining-room representing the seven corporal works of mercy. This was by Drogslouth, whose name used to amuse my father, and he would shout it out to us when he wanted to be facetiously impressive.

"There was one large bedroom upstairs called the print-room, from the fact of its walls being entirely papered with good engravings. The papering of walls and adorning of rooms in this manner must have been a favourite pastime with former occupants, for the nursery and billiard room had also their quota of engravings, not framed but pasted on the walls. Some in the nursery are as vivid to me now as then, though I never saw the house after my eleventh year and I am now fifty-eight, and I have never forgotten the Hogarths and some mythological prints in the billiard-room.

"My early impression with regard to engravings was that they were only fit for wall papers, and I have never cared much for them since ; but my love of good pictures would have become a passion if I had possessed wherewith to gratify it, and nearly every pound that I have spent in luxuries has been in travelling and

rescuing now and then a tolerable picture from the hands of a broker or commission agent who did not know a Quentyn Metsys from a Domenichino, or either of them from a sign-painter's daub.

"At the back of the house was the shrubbery, a glorious rambling-place with forest trees bordered by laburnums, and underneath a wealth of snowdrops, primroses and wild flowers. This led down to and around a handsome piece of water with an island covered with trees, and at the further end 'the Temple,' a Grecian structure not quite in character with the thoroughly English looking grounds. On the slopes about this little lake hydrangias grew and blossomed in great perfection, and I recollect the fondness which my mother bestowed upon these and other flowery favourites. Beyond the shrubbery was the rookery, through which passed the stream which fed the pond. How frightened I and my brother were at being told to pick up a rook that had been shot, and which gaped at us with its red mouth when we approached it! We said it was like a wolf's. Beyond this again and more in the park was another and smaller piece of water, the favourite resort of moorhens in the nesting season, and near this stood a modern ruin of ancient shafts, mullions and tracery. I know not whether it was a nursemaid's legend or whether the story arose from the place being

called Westminster Abbey, but there was a legend to the effect that these carved stones fell from the Abbey in question on some occasion, and that no power that mortal man could bring to bear was sufficient to restore them. At all events, the tale invested this sham ruin with a considerable amount of mystery, and I would not have gone there alone on any consideration. We looked awefully at the nurses as they talked to each other about the mystery.

“The park was of no very great size, but there were some fine trees in it, especially some old oaks near the house, and upon which the great arched window at the end of the dining-room looked. These oaks were much resorted to by owls and woodpeckers who had their nests there, and once I remember asking Major, then Captain, Stapleton just to shoot an owl on the wing and bring him down for me. Among their roots were numberless rabbit burrows. There were also, higher up in the park and near the mount, some Spanish chestnut trees, the fruit of which usually ripened.

“My delight was great at first seeing the beautiful green and crimson of a woodpecker’s plumage. Among some bits of rock, great shells and mosses, near the water, were two marble busts much worn by exposure to the air. They were of quite modern date and inferior execu-

tion, but the Westminster Abbey legend had taken these into its service and ascribed to them fabulous antiquity. We children held each others' hands, looked at them cautiously and fearfully, and ran away, though I must allow that our nurses never said anything purposely to alarm us. I believe they were busts of Messrs Fox and Pitt!

"Far away, as it then seemed, and over the Harlow Road was a wood of larch and spruce called the Grove, and it was looked upon as a great treat to be allowed to go into this wood. We seldom went there without our parents, it being a covert for pheasants, and I suppose they were afraid of our taking the eggs or disturbing the game. At the further end of this wood was a keeper's cottage, as well as I can remember, a sort of ornamental building in the so-called rustic style, and in it dwelt Jem Shepard and his wife, 'Mrs Shepard of the Wood,' a remarkable personage and well-known character about the place. Bony and angular, and with a voice like a man's, she was to be dreaded when she threatened, as she once threatened my brother William, to 'sarve him as she did her little Jem.' I forget for what misdemeanour this punishment was threatened, but I recollect that for some time we kept our distance from 'Mrs Shepard of the Wood.'

“Poor Jem afterwards went blind, and used to wander harmlessly about the park singing in a loud, sweet voice. Years afterwards, about the year 1860 I think, I heard him at some distance, and his voice sounded like a sad dirge over the happy days of our childhood long gone by. This was thirty years after the house had disappeared, and there was nothing to tell where it had stood but a deep hole and the neglected stables hard by.

“The stables consisted of a large square with a clock-tower over the entrance, and here we frequently paid visits to Jack and Sprightly, the carriage horses, and to Mungo, a pony given to us by my grandfather. The coachman was a little Norfolk man, by name Parker, who used to talk about going ‘a-hunten’, and was much attached to his horses, but even more so to the dogs, Rambler, Rover, Ponto and Pero, whom the maids always called Pharaoh. There was also a small white terrier, which had the run of the house and which once bit me viciously. I knew not what hydrophobia was, and though I did not reflect sufficiently to fear it myself, I used to fancy that I saw an anxious look on Smith’s (the head nurse) face when it came to my turn to be ducked and scrubbed. The little beast had taken my thumb quite into its mouth and bitten into the thick part of it on both sides.

However, no evil consequences ensued beyond the slight pain and inconvenience of a sore hand. The servants and other people were for having the dog killed as a security against my going mad, and I remember how my father tried to argue them out of a stupid prejudice to no purpose as far as their conviction went ; but he would not give way, and succeeded in preserving the dog's life, much to our satisfaction. Poor Fido ! I believe I had teased it beyond its limited powers of endurance.

"*À propos* of dogs, one of my earliest recollections is of an event that made an awful impression on me at the time, and which I remember as well now as if it had occurred yesterday. I was three years old, and allowed to go down to dessert when my parents were alone, and I recollect entering the dining-room and being between the door and a row of pillars forming a kind of ante-room in which were the sideboards. My father and mother were sitting near the fire conversing, and the first words I heard my father utter were, 'I think we must kill that fellow.' I at once applied the words to myself, and distinctly remember the cold feeling of horrible terror that rooted me for the instant to the spot. Next moment I screamed and rushed into the arms of my nurse, who still held the door open and tried to pacify

me. But I would not enter the room, and she had to carry me upstairs, whither my mother followed. Scream followed scream, and it was long ere I would believe that he was speaking of the setter, Rover, who was stricken by a mortal sickness and died a few days later. I never forgot that fright, and never entered the dining-room without its recurring to my mind.

"I was, I suppose, a mischievous little rascal, for when I was but two years old I slipped into my father's dressing-room, got upon the chair before the glass, and was caught in the act of shaving my upper lip with one of his razors. The sudden discovery, I imagine, startled me, and I inflicted a deep gash upon my lip, the scar of which still remains. This I do not remember, but I was often joked about early shaving, and people used to ask me if my beard was growing.

"I think my very earliest remembrance is of running away from my mother's side during Mass. My first intention was to go to Smith, who occupied a seat in front of us, but when I found that I was pursued, the spirit of fun took possession of me, and I was captured only after a chase among benches and chairs.

"I can recollect being made to sit upon a small barrel-organ in the carriage, which had been placed there by our good neighbours, the

Misses Johnson, because I had taken a fancy to it. That carriage was one of those ponderous structures called in those days a coach, with a sword-case in the back, though, of course, swords had long vanished as articles of everyday civilian costume ; it was, however, a convenient receptacle for small articles on a journey. How well I remember changing horses at the various stages on the road when we were travelling ; how the waiters used to appear at hotel doors, and how we children with our nurses used to be put in the commercial room for our supper at an hour when commercial men did not frequent it—I know it was the commercial room, though I did not know it then, from the number of great coats and whips which hung from pegs on the wall ; how Mr Skinner, of ‘The Angel,’ I think, at Woburn, used to bow and scrape and rub his hands in his anxiety to administer to the wants of his guests ; how I used to watch the red jackets of the postboys bobbing up and down as they were reflected in the shop windows ; how my sister Caroline produced her own private supply of salt, when we were regaled with food upon the way, which she carried in a little china box !

“In those pre-railway days it was the custom for the innkeeper to place with his own hands the first dish upon the table ; and I recol-

lect my father telling the story of Mr Skinner coming in, after a waiter had pompously thrown open the door, dressed in his best black suit with white cravat and with all his airs of obsequious civility, tripping over the carpet and sprawling in the middle of the room in a pool of gravy, the sirloin being a melancholy ruin of beef.

“We used to make Woburn our stopping-place for the night on the journey from Parndon to Bosworth, my grandfather’s place in Leicestershire. The distance was only eighty-four miles, but locomotion had not arrived at the swiftness since attained. That journey was made once or twice each year, so that the various stages, inns and other objects became quite familiar ; and we old ones of six or seven were proud to be able to tell the ‘little ones’ what to look out for, such as the Dunstable Chalks or Woburn Sands, and used to talk like *blasés* old travellers of larks at the former and the tree on which the last abbot was hanged at the latter place.

“I remember Ramsgate, too, in the very early days, long before it had grown to anything like its present proportions ; but there was the Crescent, in which we had a house, and another house a little removed on the left as you face the sea, in which dwelt the Duchess of Kent with her little daughter—afterwards Queen

Victoria—and her brother, Prince Leopold, the late King of the Belgians. We used to play like other children on the sands, which we had very much to ourselves, except when a little merry girl, carried down from the house on the left in the arms of a tall dark sad-faced gentleman, came to play and make sand-pies with a wooden spade. Once or twice she joined our small party in our sports, but we had no idea then as to what princes or princesses were.

“About this time also we went to Dover on our way to France, and embarked upon what was then quite a novelty, namely, a steamer. Smith and her *aides-de-camp* were much troubled at the idea of travelling by steam; and her solemn face is still before me as she said, ‘Ah! it’ll be a mercy if we all get over safe!’ The passage was, however, accomplished without any mishap beyond a certain amount of seasickness, and in about three hours and a half, that being considered a quick transit. This steamer was, I believe, the very first that had attempted to cross the sea in spite of the evil prognostications of ancient fogies.

“When we were moored to the quay at Calais, I happened to remark, ‘There! now we are safely landed.’ Which exclamation provoked Smith to say, with a reproachful accent, ‘Don’t tempt Providence, Master Amherst.’

Never say you're landed till you stand on work-a-day ground.' What she meant by 'work-a-day ground' I did not know, nor could I understand how I had tempted Providence; but I felt as if I had been desperately wicked, and was not at all easy until I stood upon the shore, fearing lest, in punishment of my iniquitous remark, we might still suffer shipwreck or be boarded by black savages coming in canoes.

"The old Hotel Dessin, which I have often since visited, was then, and may be now, in much the same state as when visited by Sterne; and I recollect the courtyard, the windows opening to the ground and an enormous pair of jack-boots standing on the pavement. Upon subsequent visits I have had a feeling akin to disappointment at not finding those identical boots, they had so impressed themselves upon me as part of the place.

"From Calais we travelled to Boulogne in the carriage which we had brought from home—sometimes with five, sometimes with eight horses, one postillion driving all, when five, from the near wheeler with long reins and whip. The French postillions still wore pig-tails, glazed hats, and enormous boots such as I have already described, and were in the habit of cracking their whips long and loudly as we drove through the streets of a town or village.

“At Boulogne my parents took a house in the Rue St-Martin, near the Porte Gayotte in the upper or old town, where we were waited upon by an extraordinary woman rejoicing in the name of Ostrobeth Gamon. I distinctly remember her red face and thick nose, and that from the most amiable of tempers she would suddenly fly into a storming rage on the slightest, and sometimes on no apparent provocation. My brother William, a year and a half younger than myself, rode a donkey with a Spanish saddle, sideways, while I was allowed to ride man-wise. Once when we were starting on an expedition to the Vallée de Nacre, there was no strap with which to fasten him into the saddle. Ostrobeth whipped off her garter and in a moment had arranged the matter, laughing loudly at her readiness of resource. Unfortunately the donkey's name was ‘Malbrouck,’ as the French pronounce Marlborough. Ostrobeth had as great an antipathy to the name of that warrior as the Saracen children are said to have had to that of Richard after the lion-hearted king had left reminiscences of his prowess in Palestine; and no sooner did the donkey-boy cry out, ‘En avant, Malbrouck!’ than she burst into a towering passion, and, vowing that all the English were alike, declared she would serve us no longer. However, on our return, she met us with a

smiling face, and seemed to have forgotten her grievance.

“One day we saw to our amusement a dancing bear mount a ladder near the port and peep into a window grimly ; and I also recollect a fair outside the gate leading to the new town, and the appearance and taste of some pink and very unwholesome sweets sold at one of the stalls ; also the feeling of disgust with which I saw a preposterously fat woman, covered with tinsel, paraded on a big horse which she rode like a man.

“We delighted in walking in the *grands et petits arbres*, but were once hurried away from the former by Smith, who declared she had seen a *locus* there. She meant locust, no doubt, and I believe she had seen a dragon fly or something equally harmless, but she had a kind of Bœotian superstition respecting certain creatures, *locuses* and lizards especially ; the latter she called *evets*, and would not go near any spot where she thought one might be. She had also a horror of nightjars, which she described as huge black-birds, foul and ill-omened, and of a leaning wall, which she said was a sign of an approaching death. However, she never tried to alarm us or fill our minds with foolish fancies. The only time I heard her allude to the omen of a leaning wall was soon after my father’s death in 1835, when I

was sixteen, and she then told me with a most mysterious face that she knew no good would come of that wall 'out of the perpendicular!' This was the shrubbery wall at Fieldgate on the road side, part of which was thrown down by the fall of six large elms in the gale of January or February, 1838, when sea salt was found on the windows at Fieldgate, in the centre of England. From Boulogne we went by post to Paris, resting at Abbeville and Amiens, where the cathedral was pronounced by the maids to be 'very ancient.'

"In Paris we had the house on the right at the corner turning out of the Rue de la Paix into the Boulevard, which, last time I noticed it, was a shop with the name Mollady over the door. There was a man-servant in the house who only knew two English words, 'Oh, yes,' which obtained for him that sobriquet from us. He was fond of running to the nursery and carrying us down to show us to his wife, the cook; and he used to carry on a sort of conversation with the maids by means of 'Oh, yes,' grimaces and the utterance of some French words, upon which Mary and Kitty, who accompanied us, used to look at Smith and say, 'Now, Mrs Smith,' as if she alone could cope with a foreign tongue. Whereupon Smith looked wise and said, 'Me no comprehend,'

bringing the discourse to an end to the perfect satisfaction of every one.

"We saw King Charles X and the whole court going to Père la Chaise on the anniversary of some royal personage, and were very proud because the king bowed to us when we took off our hats to him. Next to the king we were most struck by a carriage drawn by six mules, which Smith said must be that of the Spanish ambassador; and my sister Caroline, upon returning home, told my parents that we had seen 'a Spanish battledore.'

"The catacombs, which I visited with my parents, principally affected me by the awful reverberations made by the guide striking his coat with a stick; but Notre Dame, the Tuileries and gardens, the Rue de Rivoli, Place Vendôme and other sites, as also Versailles, made so deep an impression that I easily found my way about them years after.

"We returned, after some time in France, to Parndon with great joy, and were delighted to air the French taught us by Miss Gabb in Paris by saying '*un, deux, trois,*' etc., to the old mother of our gardener, Tom Shepard, whose usual attire was a coachman's cast-off coat with capes and livery buttons still on it, and who used to look astonished at our erudition, remarking that she was no match for them as had been in foreign parts.

"Though Tom Shepard was, I believe, not much of a gardener, still we used to have tolerable crops of out-of-door as well as hot-house grapes, to the former of which the squirrels were very partial. I once asked if they were young foxes. Shepard's assistant, Gillett, a toothless old man, carefully pared down his crusts to suit his mouth. There was also a rough, country fellow, named Jaques, who worked on the place, and who one day, meeting my father in the park, said he had found 'a summut cur'ous,' producing from his pocket an old tooth-brush. Upon its use being explained he observed, with a grin of contempt: 'I'd sooner by half clean 'em wi' a bit o' fat bacon!' This unhappy man possessed a wife without a nose, one son without eyes, and another without—it was said—brains, a cart wheel having passed over his head partially crushing the skull and squeezing out a portion of the brain which, according to the legend, was removed by Mr Dobson, the Harlow apothecary, with a silver tea-spoon. Jack Jaques recovered, and became the *bel esprit* of Little Parndon. Tom Jaques, the eyeless, was sent to a blind asylum, where he learnt to make pretty baskets and fire-screens of white, black and red osiers, easily distinguishing the colour by his touch.

"The Jaques family lived in a row of cot-

tages on the Green, called, in Essex patois, 'the Housen.' Here also lived the clan Shepard, the Stapletons with their unruly children, old Barton (whose aged donkey was sometimes hired for us), and Sally Dowsher, who kept the village shop, where were displayed sundry nasty-looking lollipops and dirty dried-up apples. Opposite to these cottages was the home farm, tenanted by Thomas Carter, who being in the yeomanry used to 'go a-soldierin' once a year on a cart horse, accompanied by the jocose remarks of his excellent wife—a ruddy, happy-looking farmer's wife; and many were the visits we paid to her hospitable parlour and dairy, where we were regaled with new milk by the maid, Susan Tott. My father said that Carter himself bore a striking resemblance to the minister, Lord Althorpe.

"Archery was much in vogue at this time at the different houses in Essex, and Carter must have a meeting for us. I think no one hit the target, but I got a prize—a wooden pencil-case. The farmers generally were not of the spruce and oftentimes high and mighty class that one sees now. Their daughters did not play on the piano and speak German; but they could milk the cows, make cheese, and take eggs, butter and fowls to market, while their brothers could handle a pitch-fork and do other

useful work on the farm; but I think Carter was no great scholar, for in a letter from him (still extant) I find, 'i will send tummus to Wackly,' which, being interpreted, means, 'I will send Thomas directly.' However, he and his spouse were a cheery couple, and always elicited roars of laughter from the denizens of the servants' hall when they visited the house.

"At the other end of the park was the Brickhouse Farm, tenanted by one Holmes, where we mischievously got into the hen-roost and came out covered with fleas. On our return home, the bodies of the enemy were counted by scores. In the same direction was Benton's, but nearer the river Stort and the parish church.

"When I was four or five years old, we had gone up to London, according to our annual custom, and had a house, I think, in Montague Square, whence I was taken one Sunday to hear Mass at St James' Church, Spanish Place. The Queen of Hayti, Madame Christopha, was then in London, and attended the same church. Unknown to myself, she was placed close behind us in the tribune immediately opposite the Spanish Ambassador's gallery. I suppose I was playing or inattentive when I suddenly felt something on my shoulder, and on looking round saw a jet-black hand, as I thought, claw-

ing me. The yell I raised echoed through the church, for I thought old Nick had got hold of me. I kicked, screamed and nearly went into a fit as they carried me out ; and what was my horror, on being borne away, at perceiving two other black faces, besides that of Her Majesty, glaring at me with white eye-balls ! When somewhat pacified, I sobbed out : ‘ Oh, mamma, there were *three* devils ! ’

“ One day we were taken to Lord Shrewsbury’s house at the corner of Stanhope Street and Park Lane, to see a review at which the Duke of York was present ; and the Highland soldiers caused us the greatest astonishment. About the same time we went to Alton Abbey, now Alton Towers, to visit my great uncle Charles Lord Shrewsbury, who wore a reddish brown wig. The chaplain, Mr Staples, made me dance before him in a room in which there were several models of the Porcelain Tower of Peking, a facsimile of which Lord Shrewsbury afterwards erected in the grounds.

“ On one occasion the good cheer and hospitality of Alton proved too much for our coachman, who, when unfortunately inebriated, fell from his box and dislocated his shoulder. Lady Shrewsbury took my brother William and myself to the stables, and we had some corn with which to feed the horses and ponies. He fed

the ponies manfully from Lady Shrewsbury's arms, and I as senior was to feed the horses; however, as the larger animals approached I retreated until I had overcome my fear. They were all white, Lord Shrewsbury having a fancy for having them so, and the custom was kept up by his successor, John Lord Shrewsbury, until the days when railways put an end to the almost royal state in which noblemen moved about the country. Thus in 1836 I remember seeing John Lord Shrewsbury driving through Kenilworth on his way from Leamington to Lichfield with four white horses driven from the box and two outriders also on white horses.

"Lady Shrewsbury gave us some minerals and shells, a collection of which was in the tower, detached from the house.

"The two daughters of Mr John Talbot (afterwards Lord Shrewsbury), Mary and Gwendeline were playmates of ours in London, coming to us when their parents were on the continent. Mary became Princess Doria Pamfili and Gwendeline Princess Borghese; she died at Rome in the odour of sanctity. I was in Rome in 1858 when Princess Doria died, and was at her funeral in Sta Agnese in the Piazza Navona.

"Among the visitors to Parndon in my very young days were my cousins Harriet and Charlotte Talbot, who came more than once.

The former became Lady Harriet Searle, the latter Countess of Roscommon. Her husband was a captain in the army, and had little or nothing beyond his pay, so that poor Charlotte had sometimes to travel on a baggage waggon when the regiment moved its quarters. The last time I saw her was in 1843 at Rockfield near Blackrock in Ireland, which was rented by her brother-in-law John Searle from O'Connor Henchy.

"Mr and Mrs O'Connor also came with their little daughter whom I expected to find black, because she was Irish. Mrs O'Connor was a Mostyn and aunt of Lord Vaux.

"Mr Hayes, a priest from King's Cliff near Oundle and possessor of a fine bass voice, used to ride over to Parndon on his horse Salamanca, so called from being born on the day of the battle—a long, angular, hollow-backed animal, which roused my indignation by neighing, which I interpreted into laughing at me.

"My uncle Charles Fortescue Turville and his great friend Charles Stapleton, afterwards major, were also frequent visitors. The former received a terrible wound at Rugby station in the early railway days by falling between the carriage and the platform, and died from it a few days after at Bosworth.

"Our own visits to Bosworth were looked

forward to with great delight and anticipation, of pleasure, which were always realized. We thoroughly enjoyed having the run of the place, though our noise was sometimes too much for the nerves of our grandfather, who used to read medical books until he thought he had the gout. He was a fine old man, who, on account of the penal laws against Catholics, had spent much time on the continent. He had been educated at the English College at St-Omer, where Alban Butler was his master, and where in 1840 I found his name scratched on a pane of glass. Partly from education, partly from having spent so many years in France, he had acquired all the courtly manners of the old French noblesse, and was altogether a grand specimen of a race of gentlemen now gone by. He was a strict Catholic, and always maintained a chaplain at Bosworth, and we remember his sonorous manner of answering at prayers in the chapel. It was customary in our young days to recite compline in English, and we shall not easily forget his portentous uttering of the words 'noon-day devil' after every one else had finished.

"He was a great snuff-taker; and at his death more than three hundred blue pocket handkerchiefs with white diamond spots were found in a drawer of what was then called the breakfast-room, where he always sat to

read. He, of course, lived in the days when gentlemen wore silk coats with gold or silver lace, steel buttons, cocked hats and swords. I have seen his coats, and when about eighteen he danced 'Sir Roger de Coverley' at the servants' ball in a pale green coat of rich corded silk with silver lace. He kept up the fashion later than other people, I suppose; for I have more than once heard him say that he was at a large dinner-party where he was the only one in a silk coat.

"He was residing in France in the year 1788 when my mother was born at Nancy, and had some difficulty in escaping the rage of the revolutionists. His friend Charles Browne Mostyn (grandfather of Lord Vaux) carried one of his daughters on his back half across France. My grandfather remembered hearing the terrible cry, 'À la lanterne!' He had a loud voice, sometimes startling, when he called to a labourer in the distance, and so tremendous a sneeze that my mother told me she had heard it at the gravel pit—then surrounded by an ornamental plantation beyond the park—when he was standing at the hall door. His taste in planting was such that to this day there is nothing one could wish altered in the park which he laid out and planted. The shrubbery was a favourite and delightful haunt of ours, planted

with shrubs and forest trees, and having broad gravel walks and beautiful grass alleys through the thick plantation. There were covered seats and a sort of Turkish kiosk with canvas sides and a crescent at the top. There were also two fishponds cut in the formal fashion of my grandfather's time with banks of carefully mown turf, and overhanging one of them is the finest horse-chestnut tree I have ever seen; while over the other a grand copper beech droops its branches to the water, and between are some fine specimens of the stone pine. These pieces of water afforded us as much amusement in fishing for carp and perch, as the plantations did in bird-nesting. Many a happy hour has been spent there, especially with my uncle Henry Fortescue-Turville, who delighted to join in our sports and promote our amusement.

"Henry Fortescue-Turville was the fifth of my grandfather's six sons, and was six feet four inches high. My grandfather himself was over six feet, and his son William six feet five inches; Charles and Francis were the shortest of the family both being about six feet. My mother was five feet nine, and taller than my father. Foley in a letter to Dr Husenbeth describes them as the 'gigantic Turvilles,' and I am told that in Doomsday Book, which however I have not seen, they are spoken of as a 'gigantic race.'

“Nothing could exceed the kindness of my mother’s elder sister, Aunt Eliza, who entered into all our childish play, and who, during a pleasant hour before dinner, told us stories and adventures by sea and land, and spoke of the inhabitants and creatures of distant and savage parts of the world, as we sat comfortably round the fire in her room. She also taught us much Bible history.

“Bosworth Hall has a curious mixture of styles, or rather is two houses joined into one. The oldest part, built in the time of the Tudors, is a quaint, picturesque, gabled house with hooded mouldings over the small panel windows. It was formerly the residence of the Fortescues, from whom it descended to my grandfather; the Leicestershire seats of the Turvilles having been Normanton Turville and later Aston Flemville. Normanton is now the property of Mr Richard Worsely Worswick, and Aston was sold by an ancestor for a brace of greyhounds!

“The principal Turville estate is at Idbury in Oxfordshire, but Bosworth is the residence of my cousin (the late) Sir Francis Fortescue-Turville, and the property extends into Northamptonshire, where he also owns another estate at Rothwell.

“When visiting Bosworth in former days

our quarters were in the old house, my aunt giving up to us her sitting and bed-rooms and the blue room, with its dressing-room which adjoins them. As we increased in number the Wrought room was brought into requisition, so named from the cornice and fireplace, which were handsomely carved or *wrought*, but, as usual in old houses, the rats had located themselves behind the panelling, which gave rise to a different assignation of origin for the name, *rot* being the Leicestershire for rat. The unearthly sounds produced during the night by these denizens, the squeals, squeaks, rushings, pullings, scratchings, sawing and tumbling about of brick, wood or mortar, as if the house were coming about our ears, or a pandemonium of preternatural horrors were struggling to alarm or bodily carry us off, cannot easily be forgotten, even though by custom we heard the nightly riot with composure.

“When young, my uncle Francis had his fingers gnawed by a rat in that room, but we regarded the legend as one of a time long passed, and the custom of biting children’s fingers as obsolete. An ante-chamber to this room also gave entrance to the hall chamber, usually occupied by my aunt when turned out of her proper dwelling by us ; and on either side of the short passage, between the ante-chamber and the

Wrought room, was a dark and deep closet filled with old books and papers. We were forbidden to enter these closets, which prohibition invested them with a character of deep mystery, and we longed yet feared to explore these magical caves; however, our explorations in other closets and lockers brought to light many treasures. In one we discovered an ancient blunderbuss with expanding muzzle, and listened with awe to tales of the times when it was regularly carried on journeys to defend the carriage and its contents from highwaymen. In another closet were some cricket bats of early date, heavy and clumsy enough for a Hercules, and one, curved outward at the bottom, looked like a formidable weapon.

“The staircase leading to these apartments from the Old Hall was of oak with carved banisters, black with age, beneath which was the old store-room full of china, from whence issued a scent of tea; and this odour carried me back half a century when I passed the place a few months ago. I have always found that scent is more powerful in this way than the effect of any other sense. The smell of fern carries me back to a spot in Sutton Park first visited forty-seven years ago, and that of burning weeds is indissolubly connected with dear old Parndon. The peculiar scent of a bird's nest from which the young have recently flown came upon me in the

desert between Cairo and El Arisch, and for the moment I was by a box-tree near the Temple in the Parndon grounds, which I have not seen since my eleventh year.

"Above our rooms in the old house was a garret open to the timbers of the roof, which went by the name of Noah's Ark, where was a place of concealment approached by a movable board in the floor and called 'the priests' hiding-place.' It was one of our great pleasures to visit this queer and almost ghostly part of the house, but we had no fears, for no suggestion had ever been made to us of anything to fear in the dark, which is so terrible to children in whom such fear has been aroused.

"The foot of the oak staircase was at the entrance from the new house into the old hall, which was adorned with a ram's head having enormous horns, a pair of large antlers brought by my uncle George from Germany, and some circles of stained glass in the end window, with various coats of arms belonging to the family. Beneath this window was a large heavy iron chest, which we children believed to be full of Grandpapa's money and supposed to be 'the Bank.' It really contained deeds and family papers.

"On one side of the window was the entrance door, on the other a passage leading to

the chapel, priest's room and several others. The chapel had been a dining-room in my mother's recollection, when Mass was said upstairs. Its ornaments were simple, but everything was kept in scrupulous order by my aunt who acted as sacristan. In it my brother and myself used to serve Mass at a very early age, and to say our catechism on Sunday afternoons with the village children. We were early instructed in the use of the rosary, and I had a present of beads from my father's old nurse Mrs Green, whom we saw in Paris, she having joined the Augustinian community of English nuns in the Fosse-aux-loups. The crucifix over the altar was of wood, and the frontal of stamped Spanish leather with a painting of the Assumption in the centre."

Their sister relates the following incident : "My father having taught both the boys to serve Mass at the age of five, they knew their Latin responses and ceremonies long before they were tall enough to reach the book-stand in order to remove the Mass-book from one side of the altar to the other, the celebrant having to do this for himself. Our uncle often spent part of his long vacation with us at Parndon, and took great interest in his nephews and nieces. He pointed out to the young acolytes any imperfections he noticed in their manner of serving at

Mass, and rather laughed at their being unable to reach the book, which roused their spirits, and they consulted together how to get over this difficulty next time uncle Charles Turville came to Parndon. They determined to bring a small footstool into the sanctuary and place it on the Epistle side of the altar. Francis was to stand upon it, reach the Missal and give it to Willy, who was to hold it until his brother had transferred the stool to the Gospel side, when he was to take the book again and place it upon the altar. Uncle Charles arrived, Sunday came, and at the Mass the two little boys in snow-white surplices took their places in the sanctuary. After the Gradual and Alleluias the unsuspecting celebrant bowed his head in prayer before reading the Gospel. Francis stepped noiselessly on to the stool, and Willy stood beside him. Presently to the dismay of the congregation, and still more to that of the good priest, a loud noise was heard. Francis in his anxiety had missed his footing, fallen over his brother, and the pair came to the ground with a crash, book and book-stand tumbling over them. James, the footman, rushed into the sanctuary and quickly restored order, and the Mass went on; but at the conclusion the poor little acolytes, instead of running as usual into the breakfast-room to say Good morning, retired into the nursery to hide their

diminished heads, until their mother sought them out and comforted them.

“Mr Amherst, being a good Catholic parent, carefully instructed his children on Sunday mornings in their holy religion, and impressed upon them lessons never afterwards forgotten; and as they looked upon their sons serving in the sanctuary, these holy parents earnestly commended to God their future lives.

“When at Bosworth, one of our amusements was to see from our nursery window the people on Sunday coming to Mass. There was old Becky Haugh, stone blind, walking quickly down the path from the village with bright red cloak and her rosary in her hand, and John Teear, then a young man but with the shambling gait that stuck to him through life. There again was Mrs Wright, the acknowledged strong mind of the village, who in times of indignation would send one of her children to tell Miss Fortescue-Turville, that ‘she wouldn’t stan’ it no longer.’ We knew them all in those days and greeted them from our window. Then there was Mrs Dobson, the wife of an admiral in the neighbourhood, who, according to my earliest recollection, used to come on a pillion behind her servant. There were also the Flint family from Market Harborough, and the Smallwoods from Hill Morton, thirteen miles away, who regularly

attended, as well as the Eystons and Lovells from Welford who generally drove in some conveyance.

"Leaving the quaint old house, one came by a passage from the old hall to the vestibule of the new house, built by my grandfather. It is a plain structure of whitened brick, without ornament, and its uniform ugliness only relieved by my uncle, who about 1838, when my grandfather was in his ninety-first year and had left Bosworth for good, added a handsome bay window on the south side of the drawing room, closing those which looked eastward. This bay continued to the top storey thus giving two rooms above.

"The rooms opening from the vestibule, which was divided by pillars, were the drawing and dining rooms, and what is now the library, but formerly called the breakfast-room.

"There were some good pictures in the house, a fine Guercino of our Lord and the Samaritan woman, a portrait of Mary Fortescue who became Countess of Shrewsbury, by Sir Peter Lely, a portrait of Sir John Fortescue, Lord Chancellor of England, a most striking miniature of my grandfather and other family portraits, a fine picture by Hondecoeter of a silver pheasant and some partridges, a large painting of Samson, which I always disliked,

and a series of exquisite small paintings representing some popular movement.

"The full-length portrait of Lady Digby by Vandyke is a replica of the picture at Windsor Castle; and the fine painting by the same master of Sir Kenelm Digby, his wife and children, was for many years at Slindon, though it belonged to my mother's family, and was sent back to Bosworth by the late Lady Newburgh. There is also a fine picture of a boar-hunt by Vallati.

"My cousin, Sir Francis Fortescue-Turville, has done much to beautify the new and restore the old house, entirely re-roofing the latter. He also built a church in the park conveniently near to the village, the altar of which I consecrated. Two of the opening sermons were preached by my brother and myself and the third by Dr Roskell, late Bishop of Nottingham, in 1874.

"In the restoration of the old house it was found that the roof of the kitchen rested upon a standing oak tree, the roots of which still remained, literally a roof-tree.

"How well I remember Betty Bugby the kitchen-maid in the days when people *were* Betty and Sally, a crabbed, cross-grained creature, whom it was delightful to tease; and Hannah Bailey the laundry-maid and baker, whose pattens clanked on the stones of the yard whether wet or fine; and oh, the smell of the

baking ! and the days when we were allowed to make little loaves and twists for breakfast !

“Next to the bake-house, Taylor, the butler, reigned supreme over brewing vats and coolers, while on the opposite side was the dairy with panchcons of cool milk and cream alluring in the hot summer days. The great Newfoundland, Neptune, was chained hard by the stables, forbidden ground to us children unless accompanied ; and many a laugh had we over the name of John Mutton the coachman. Close by was the kitchen garden, and over the Harborough road another walled garden called Vitter's garden, where young pheasants were reared.

“There was a good old custom at Bosworth during my grandfather's life, of giving a penny on Holy Innocents' Day to every child who came for it. Though there was reason for its suppression, I always regretted that it had vanished. When we were seven or eight years old, the village schoolmaster at Bosworth came two or three times a week to give writing lessons. He, Strawson, was a perfect type of the village pedagogue half a century ago. Dressed in a drab-coloured coat, waistcoat, knee-breeches and grey stockings, you at once perceived his calling, a school-master and nothing else. He would talk learnedly on pens, ink, styles of writing, etc., but was no profound

master of English, though he sometimes ventured to correct our grammar or pronunciation. Once when my father proposed a certain hour for our lessons, inconvenient to him, he observed that it would put him 'deadly on handshum scrans-chums.' Another tutor who taught us English, Latin and French, was Matthew Haynes, the son of a tenant on the estate. He had been to Oscott as a church student, but left from ill health. He was subject to some kind of fits which always gave notice of their approach, when he would say, 'Please to ring the bell, I'm going off,' at which we used to scamper off scarcely sorry for the interruption. Haynes' grandmother, old Kitty Probart, had been my mother's nurse, and we were allowed once a year to have tea with her at her son's house.

"Upon my Uncle George returning from his travels, great was our excitement to hear his adventures, especially on the arrival of huge chests containing pictures, engravings, marbles and other minor curiosities from Italy, china from Dresden, Berlin ironwork, etc., collected in different parts of Europe. He brought rosaries blessed by the Pope, far greater rareties than now, and never tired of describing the grandeur of St Peter's, the wonderful ruins and galleries of Rome, Vesuvius and many things of which we heard for the first time.

He had a great stump planted in the park opposite the front door marking the length of St Peter's, measured from that spot. It was just a bow-shot from the strongest bow, and my gigantic Uncle Henry was the only one I ever saw accomplish the feat. The part of the park where the stump stood was popularly termed the Hollow-ways by the native parishioners, a corruption of the Hall Leys, *i.e.* pastures, a ley meaning in Leicestershire a piece of grass land into which cattle travelling to the London or provincial markets were turned for the night. Now it has lost its name and become simply part of the park.

"My grandfather's shepherd, old Bailey, was the father of Hannah of the pattens, who remained the faithful servant of my aunt until the death of the former. The old man could not count beyond twenty, and in reckoning his sheep told them off by scores, so that if they came to twenty at the end he was perfectly satisfied they were right, however many twenties there might be. The poor old man was badly crushed between a cow he was milking and a wall, and never completely recovered, though he lived some years after. I have seen four generations of Baileys at one time working on the place.

"Bailey's son Joe was blessed with a wife given to spiritual manifestations under the di-

rection of one Shelton, a lean glazier who had started a sect of his own, and whose followers—for he had some—were called ‘Sheltonians.’ The ‘sperret’ was strong with Mrs Joe ; and when any one from the Hall went to see her and asked her how she was, she would rub her stomach and say she felt it ‘a-workin’.’ The workings of the ‘sperret’ were varied by what she called the ‘billyus,’ which frequently took the form of ‘tantrums,’ and between these visitations Joe Bailey had a sorry life.

“The priest at Bosworth lived in rooms in the old house, and was chaplain to the family as well as pastor of the Catholics in the village. He was a French refugee—one of that band of confessors who, refusing the constitutional oath, became exiles, to carry the Gospel of Jesus Christ to a land whose armies had so frequently fought with their own. To these worthy French priests we Catholics of England owe a deep debt of gratitude. If this country showed them hospitality and gave them an asylum and friendly greeting, they paid their debt nobly by their devoted efforts to restore and maintain the best interests of the nation. They helped materially to rekindle and keep alive the spark of the Faith well-nigh lost and extinguished, and showed to the world how cultivation of mind and courtesy of manner are not only compatible with true

Catholic training, but are its natural and almost necessary concomitants.

“Mons. St-Pierre belonged to this class of French gentlemen, and was sent as chaplain to a private family for several reasons. Firstly, most of the country missions were kept up by the resident Catholic gentry, who, in supporting a chaplain, gave their poorer neighbours an opportunity of observing the duties of religion; in the next place, English priests were few and wanted for the larger Catholic centres; and, lastly, consideration was shown for the exiles themselves in assigning them to families most of whose members knew the French language. I remember little of Mons. St-Pierre, being very young; but he could turn his hand to anything, and all broken toys were carried to his room for repairs. He died at Bosworth, and is buried in the parish churchyard, where is a stone to his memory. Another chaplain was M. Molier, a small man, who wore knee-breeches, buckles and skull-cap.

“Mr Malvoisin, chaplain of the Neviles of Holt, some fourteen miles distant, was also a refugee who often came to Bosworth. Nevile's Holt was visible from the front of the house. Many of these exiled priests died in this country, lamented by both Catholics and protestants who knew them, but Mr Malvoisin returned to

France. He had a dislike to his own name from its signification, and was called Monsieur Voisin by the Neviles and Turvilles. I called upon him at St-Omer, in 1840, where he lived with his two aged sisters; but subsequently his mind gave way.

“M. Molier once visited Parndon and puzzled me by calling me a ‘droll of body’ (*drôle de corps*). Parndon, unlike Bosworth, had been in the hands of Protestants until my father purchased it; the village contained no Catholics, and none but the family and servants frequented the chapel, except one or two Spanish pupils from a school at Great Parndon kept by a Mr Wilson. Of these I remember only Messrs Gñebes and Benites, one of whom shot a partridge in July.

“At the time of which I am writing, the Faith was confined to very few even in most of the large towns, and in the country to the families of Catholic landowners with their dependents; and it was scarcely possible to find Catholic objects of piety anywhere. One never saw an image of our Blessed Lady or the saints, and seldom a crucifix out of a chapel, for so Catholic places of worship were invariably named. There were no shops where various sacred pictures, etc., could be bought, and people were dependent for these on obliging

friends who visited the continent. The vestments were usually made by some charitable lady from silks and satins which were suitable, and most houses had some vestments of old brocade, handsome enough in their way but exceedingly domestic in appearance. Yet some, like Bosworth, had ancient embroideries for orphreys of the *opus anglicanum*, the latter being very fine. Some of these still exist at Bosworth, and I have a good one at Fieldgate.

“Great excitement was caused among us by my Uncle Henry bringing some small, but well-designed silver crucifixes which he had had manufactured in Birmingham, one of which was presented to each of us. Catholic publications in England were almost confined to the Laity's Directory, which appeared once a year, and it was not until 1839 that the first Catholic newspaper, the *Tablet*, made its appearance. Before that time there existed the *Catholic Magazine*, the *Catholicon*, the *Orthodox Journal*, and, I believe, occasionally one or two other periodicals, but with the exception of the last, they had but a spasmodical existence. My aunt has often told us of the anxiety with which the *Directory* was looked for about Christmas, and the interest excited by the portrait and short address entitled ‘A New Year's Gift,’ which usually appeared in it.

“The communication of current Catholic news from other parts of the world depended upon private letters and the conversation of those who had travelled; and the Catholics of England found and felt themselves in a very isolated position, being deprived of so many encouragements in faith and aids to devotion. Nevertheless there was a great amount of genuine piety, more spiritual reading than is now generally the case, and the rules of fasting were more universally observed. The frequentation of the sacraments was by no means general or common; for example, you would seldom find a person who received Holy Communion once a week, but the regularity with which advantage was taken of the eight indulgences seemed to give them almost the force of a precept.

“Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was rare, though I remember it at Bosworth before I had any idea of its signification. Public catechetical instruction was frequent and well and ably given.

“In my own happy home we lived in a thoroughly Catholic atmosphere, though generally with the drawback of only a weekly Mass. My parents were Catholics of a stamp which cannot be mistaken for anything else; all that I saw in their conduct or heard in their conver-

sation had the true ring of catholicity, and their desire that we should do right amounted to extreme sensitiveness as to what was wrong. One of my earliest recollections is of my mother taking both my hands after a lesson in Christian doctrine, and looking seriously into my eyes while she said, 'Francis, I would rather see you dead before me than that you should ever be guilty of a mortal sin.'

"The first principles of religion we learnt at her knee, and she entered into, explained and illustrated the Catechism so lucidly that I found all my subsequent studies developments of what she taught us. At an early age we heard from her the sacred history of the Old and New Testaments, of the life of our Lord and those of the saints. She taught us to admire the Religious Orders, the devotion and self-sacrifice of their members, but above all she inspired us with a horror of what is false in religion, while taking care to instil a great charity for individuals and to put the most favourable construction upon their motives and conduct.

"She was kindness itself to every one, whether Catholic or protestant, without ever yielding an iota of principle. The lessons in Catechism were looked forward to with eagerness, nor was anything irksome which was

enlightened by her presence, words and smiles. Hers was eminently a pure soul, which with the single-heartedness of her intentions was manifest even to children too young to comprehend all that it imported.

"My father had known in early life what it was to suffer on account of religion, which perhaps made him more firm and unswerving in his faith and practices.

"We never heard a word of unpleasantness between our parents, whose loving attachment and confidence in each other seemed perfect. If we had to be reproved, it was done so as to make us see that it was in correction of a fault, not as if avenging an affront.

"In their choice of nurses too they were happy, Smith being an excellent servant and invaluable in keeping the doctor with the horrible draughts of those days out of the house.

"From my father I learnt *hic, hæc, hoc*, and under him spelt out the *Æneid* from a Delphin edition which he had used while at Eton. Our other lessons were given by my mother until my ninth year, when Mr Brickly came as resident chaplain to Parndon. Her conversation was full of information, and consequently I was seldom at a loss for the names of birds, trees or plants, and was able to distinguish between the different orders of archi-

ture ; and she sometimes for our amusement improvised stories full of interest. These were generally related after dessert, which in those days took place at a much earlier hour, for in the country half past five was not at all an unusual hour for dinner, and in London six or half past six, and the custom of the gentlemen remaining for a longer period after the ladies had left the dining-room gave us time for a story or round game.

“That relic of a barbarous age was still in force, of the host and hostess undertaking to carve for a large dinner party, the lady being generally relieved from the labour by a gentleman on her right or left, to his utter misery and discomfort. No conversation for them ! no ease, no enjoyment of the society of convivial friends ! Splashings of gravy, greasy knife handles, aching of wrists, upsetting of glasses and a general damaging of dress coats and waistcoats was their lot, without the crowning satisfaction of being able to eat their own dinner in peace and finishing in time with the company. If the customs of England have improved in nothing else, they certainly have done so in the matter of great dinners, for in small family dinners the old barbarism may pass, and must be where the number of servants is limited. I believe that John Lord Shrewsbury was the first to

introduce the continental custom of having each dish handed round in succession at Alton. He was considered eccentric on the subject, and it was not thought that his example would be so generally followed after a time.

"Then again hours were consumed by gentlemen often sitting over their port and sherry until eleven o'clock. That has gone by, and may the old toping habit never return. No wonder one heard so much of disordered livers and bad digestions. Beer was then generally handed round at dinner, and the custom prevailed of gentlemen asking ladies to take wine with them. I remember this going out, and then the gentlemen took to asking each other which has also gone out.

"With all the guzzling that went on English gentlemen must have succumbed to dyspepsia, had it not been for field sports which necessitated bodily exercise. Hunting and shooting were as much in vogue as now, but the shooting was much more of a *chasse*. There was no *driving* of partridges; they were regularly walked after, and the barn-door slaughter of pheasants called a *battue* was quite in its infancy. Flint locks were used, and I remember the first percussion caps that made their appearance at Parndon on the gun of Rev. Philip Johnson, Rector of Netteswell, who was

a frequent visitor, living about two miles away. He had been in the Navy, but leaving it took to the Church, and came to my father as the only person within the range of his acquaintance able to give him instruction in the first elements of Christianity. This my father did orally and also by means of a penny Catechism and the loan of some volumes of controversial sermons, hoping the aspirant for protestant orders might study them profitably. However he took orders, and lived and died a parson.

“His father was rector of Little Parndon, a fine grey-haired old man, living with his two daughters. They were our near neighbours being but one mile distant, and were most kind-hearted, friendly people; all of them played the violin. A great number of our neighbours were protestant clergy, one, not a hundred miles from the place, being unhappily given to the painful eccentricity of poaching on his neighbour's land. Another was Mr Arkwright of Mark Hall, an old Eton friend of my father's, whose children were about our own age and the chief friends that we had, visits to Mark Hall being anticipated with as much pleasure as their coming to us.

“We also saw much of the Barkers of Hallingbury, who were Catholics, the eldest son afterwards being our schoolfellow at Northampton.

“The sports in which we were allowed to take part as lookers on were chiefly rabbiting and fishing the river and the pond, one bank of which bordering the rookery was pierced in all directions with rabbit holes. Our cousins Frederick and Charles Rawlings, who were at a school kept by Mr Tweed at Harlow, used to come on such occasions, and I remember once trying to pick up a ferret, which escaped me probably because I was somewhat nervous about it; Charles however caught it, but in such a manner that the animal gave him a severe bite, upon which he said, ‘If you had caught it as I did, he would have had a bit out of *your* finger and I should not have liked that.’ He was a fine, open-faced fellow with fair hair and blue eyes, but I never saw him after those happy days.

“One of the most excited men at fishing of the river was William Gladwyn, a pork-butcher from Harlow, commonly called Billy Gladdyn, who besides pork-butchering dealt in nets for ferreting and dragging, which he sold or let by the day. It was a sight to see his eagerness and delight when the weight of the net foretold a good haul. The river was the Stort, from which Stortford takes its name, and in this part divided Essex from Hertfordshire. The mill which gives the name of Burnt Mill

to a station on the Great Eastern Railway is on the Parndon property, and it was close to Burnt Mill that our fishing took place. The parish church, hard by, was then a miserable structure with one of those starved, low spires, made of timber, not uncommon in Essex.

"Near the church was the Springwell, a wood in which we delighted to roam, and above it nearer the park was the plantation called the Oaks, both excellent rabbiting ground.

"If the style and manner of dining has changed, no less has that of men's clothing. The days of silk coats of various colours had not gone out so long but that something of the taste remained at least as far as colour went. As to form, the older fashion had entirely given way to the hideous tail coat, with its enormous rolled collar reaching to the ears. But surely brown, green, blue or plum-coloured coats for the evening, brightened by gilt buttons, were more lively than the black so universally required in these days. The morning coat—frock-coats had not come into use—only differed from the evening dress by having no lappets to the pockets. Pantaloon, that is trousers buttoning close round the lower part of the leg, were worn with figured stockings and pumps.

"I do not remember, even in the country, any loose, easy dress of warm material and light

colour, as now used in the morning. Pigtales were dying away, and John Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, is the only man I recollect wearing top-boots as his regular morning dress. Others only wore them for riding, and they were commonly so used up to 1838-9.

“In the year 1876 my sister Anne and myself discovered the coat worn by my father on his wedding-day, and, as a paper attached to it certified, never afterwards ; and it is curious to see the idea of fine cloth which must have prevailed at the beginning of the century. It is of coarser and rougher material as broad-cloth than one ever now sees on the shoulders of a ‘country-bumpkin.’ A militia uniform found at the same time is of similar texture.

“Our dresses as boys were jackets of blue cloth with wee tails, something like those worn by the old French postillions, and caps stiffened out at the top into a large circle by means of a contrivance of cane, or stuffed with wool, which made them insufferably hot and uncomfortable.

“The days at Parndon glided on in perfect happiness, without a shadow over our young lives. We knew nothing to make us otherwise than contented, and desired nothing that we did not possess. I never recollect our grumbling at our food ; we took all that came, and one thing was as good to us as another, and to this I attri-

bute my ability through life to eat almost anything that is sound and properly cooked. Our stomachs were not ruined, nor teeth spoiled by devouring sweets, to which my mother had a strong objection, and all the medicine we ever had was a slight dose of rhubarb and magnesia when we were out of order. The only serious illness we had in the house before we went to school was a rheumatic fever, which my brother William had. Never since I was twelve or thirteen have I had a dentist's fingers in my mouth. I suppose every one has a natural horror of a dentist bringing his professional skill to bear upon one's own jaws, but my dislike to his scrutiny and operations was extravagant, which led to my having a deformed tooth. Once when at Bosworth it was discovered that a second tooth was growing over a first one, and Mr Davenport, a dentist, of Market Harborough, was sent for to set matters right. He came into the nursery before I was aware, and when he opened my mouth and said he would not hurt, I knew what was in store for me. I must have been a wretched little coward on this occasion, for I made up my mind that no instrument of his should enter my mouth, and kicking his shins violently, wrenched myself from his grasp, and, running out of the room and downstairs before any one had presence of mind to follow me,

I was not to be found until I heard the wheels of Mr Davenport's gig rolling towards the lodge, when I crept from my place of concealment inside a large iron roller. About that time my eldest uncle, George Fortescue-Turville, brought his young bride from Germany, and I remember all of us being assembled at the hall-door to receive them, while the bells of the parish church rang a merry peal. She was the daughter of the Baron Von der Lancken Gallenbeck, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, and had been maid-of-honour to the Grand Duchess. She was a Protestant when my uncle married her, but after a short time became a steadfast Catholic. He met her first, I believe, at the watering-place of Doberan, on the Baltic. They had four children, Alexandrina, who died in her infancy; Mary; Francis (now Sir Francis); and George, who entered the army, and died at the Cape on his way home from India on sick leave. Francis had served both in a military and civil capacity in several parts of the world. Having gone out with the Oxfordshire Militia to Corfu on the outbreak of the Crimean War, he attracted the notice of Sir John Young, Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, afterwards created Lord Lisgar, who made him his aide-de-camp. When Sir John was subsequently appointed Governor of New South Wales, my

cousin, leaving the militia, went with him as private secretary, and so satisfied was Sir John with him that he made his own acceptance of the Governor-Generalship of Canada dependent upon Francis accompanying him in the same capacity. He did so, and returned with Lord Lisgar on the termination of his time of service.

"Mary has a nice house at Brompton which she kindly makes my head-quarters when I am in London.

"The quiet peace of our home life was drawing to a close. I know that my father was not quite satisfied with our progress under Mr Brickley the chaplain, and had looked about for a good Catholic school for us. I believe that it had been intended that we should go to Baddesley, where a school was kept by the English Franciscan Fathers; but an acquaintance formed at Bosworth with the Rev. William Foley of Northampton determined him to let us go there. He had already a small number of pupils in a house recently built, adjoining the chapel at Northampton which also owed its erection to him.

"We looked forward to this change with some trepidation, yet always laughed when it was mentioned. We knew Mr Foley, but had only seen him at home when divested of the pedagogic character, and found him a delightful

companion always ready to enter into our sports, make little boats, and draw animals on paper which he set up on pieces of wood, and with them we went to market. No one could be more pleasant to boys at home than Mr Foley, and we fondly imagined, when inclined to take the brighter view of our separation from home, that we should find school life like a long holiday. We went to Bosworth for some weeks before our parting, and on the fatal day our parents took us to Northampton on their way back to Parndon. I remember it well, we dined at the George Hotel, and though my brother and myself were able to eat a tolerable dinner, my eldest sister Caroline, then seven years of age, declared that she could eat nothing and did not intend to eat until we came home again!

“My aunt had accompanied us to Northampton, and when the carriage drove round to the door she burst into a flood of tears, not so much on our account as in sympathy with the affectionate and most tender heart of our mother, which only restrained its intense grief at parting in order to spare us the pain of seeing it. We three, my aunt, William and myself, did not dare to look to the door to see them off but remained at the window of ‘the George’ until the carriage bore them away, turning the corner into Bridge Street; and the last thing we saw through

our tears was Caroline waving her hand from the window.

"Slowly and sadly we turned from the window, realizing the fact that our parents had left us; and it was a relief when my aunt announced that it was time to go to Mr Foley's. She did not remain there long, having to drive back to Bosworth, and we saw her depart in that old yellow chariot of my grandfather's with a coat-of-arms and great heavy mantlings half covering the panels, as was then the fashion.

"There we were, two wretched little mortals, shy and miserable amongst a laughing set of youngsters who seemed to delight to show off their jollity before us. We knew but one amongst them, Willoughby Barker; but there were others whose parents were acquainted with ours, and before long we had become almost as unconstrained as our companions. We played a very small game of cricket, and, going to bed thoroughly tired, slept like tops.

"Next morning a great trial came in finding ourselves in a strange place, where we felt stranger than on the previous day, and, upon going to bed that night, it seemed as if utter desolation had come upon us and we should never know comfort again. However, in a day or two the feeling wore off, and we became like our companions."

The following letters belonging to this time and preserved with religious care speak eloquently of the union between these good Christian parents and their bright, happy children :

Parndon House, Harlow, Essex,

March 29, 1829.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS,—I write you this letter to say that I and your dear mamma were both very much grieved to part with you ; and should have been very unhappy if we had not been certain that you were both left under such kind and friendly protection as that of your good master, Mr Foley, and that it is for your own good and future welfare that you are placed at school. I am sure that you will be happy and comfortable there, and the little companions you have, appeared to us to be all good-natured fellows. I hope you will be attentive to what Mr Foley tells you, and that he will give a good account of you both at your midsummer holidays. Your dear mamma was very ill indeed at Woburn and all the way to Parndon with a sick headache, but she is better a great deal to-day.

We found all your little sisters quite well ; and they would have asked many questions about you, but Smith told them not, as it might hurt your poor mamma's feelings and put her in mind of your absence.

I daresay you enjoyed yourselves on Friday, as it was a play-day.

We expect a letter from you, my dear Francis, on Tuesday, and dear Willy must write on Wednesday, and direct his letter to No 1 Baker Street, Portman Square, London.

You must tell us on what days the sergeant-driller comes to you, as I shall like to fancy you making all sorts of figures with your arms and feet.

Mamma will write to you as soon as we go to London.

All your little sisters and Smith desire their love to you both, and hope you are quite well.

Believe me to remain, my dear children,

Your most affectionate father,

WM K. AMHERST.

P.S.—Do not forget to remember us kindly to Mr Foley.

The following, lovingly endorsed “His first letter,” is written to his mother :

April 29, 1829.

MY DEAR MAMMA,—I hope you are quite well. Pray tell me if you are coming to see us before you go to Leamington. Give my love to papa and all my sisters. William sends his love to all. Will you write and tell me if William is to write on Monday? We are very happy here, if you please to tell me where to direct our letters to when you are in London. How are my sisters and papa? I hope they are quite well. I and William are quite well.

From your affectionate son,

FRANCIS AMHERST,

Northampton.

(From Mrs Amherst.)

May 7, 1829

MY DEAREST FRANCIS,—We have been quite disappointed at not receiving a letter from you this week, and

fear that you and Willy forget the promise of writing every Monday. Always make sure we shall let you know when there is any change in our direction. It is little Mary's turn to have a letter from you next. She watches the postman every day, and yesterday had tears in her eyes when she saw there was not a letter directed to "Miss Mary." We have not yet been able to fix what day we shall go to Leamington. We have had such sad, wet weather ever since we came to town. You will be glad to hear I am much better, and your dear papa and sisters quite well. They all send their love to you and Willy.

Mr Eyston called here on Sunday; I am very sorry we were out at the time. He told Smith he had left you quite well, which was a great pleasure to us to hear. I hope, my dear boys, you try all you can to please Mr Foley; give our compliments to him. Your papa sends his blessing to both, in which I join, my dearest boys. Your uncle and cousin Charles and Lady Shrewsbury send their kind love to you.

Believe me, dearest Francis,

Your very affectionate mother,

M. LOUISA AMHERST.

Portman Square, London.

(From Francis Fortescue-Turville, Esq.)

Bosworth Hall,

December 13, 1829.

MY DEAR FRANCIS,—I now write to thank you for your kind letter of the 8th inst., and to tell you that I have great pleasure in thinking how happy you will be so soon with your dear parents at Cheltenham, and to wish you a merry Christmas. I am sorry we shall not have the

pleasure of meeting you there ; but this must be made up for next summer, when we hope to have you and dear Willy at Bosworth.

The weather has been so fine for fox-hunting that we hear of nothing else. Our new Rector made a trifling mistake last week by leaping into the river Avon, intending to leap over it. As dear Willy is fond of the chase, I wish he would try his hand at drawing a comic sketch of this adventure. Osbaldeston has won two steeple matches.

I beg you will present my best respects to Mr Foley, and tell him every person I have seen is glad to hear that he remains at Northampton.

After having suffered so much and so long, I have now, thank God, the satisfaction of telling you that for a month past I have been, if not as it were a *new* man, at least a *whole* man, quite free from my former troubles. I have indeed much, very much, to thank God for, on the score of health in particular.

With kindest love from all here, I am ever, my dear Francis and Willy,

Your most affectionate grandfather,

F. FORTESCUE-TURVILLE.

But to return to the narrative taken from the autobiography :

"The school was not large, nor the house constructed to contain a great number. There were ten or eleven boys, Mr Foley and his assistant, a young man named Cope, and two indoor servants. Of those whom our parents knew, were William (afterwards Lord) Petre,

his brother Henry, and James and Edmund Wheble. Soon after our arrival we were joined by Charles John Eyston, another Henry Petre and his brother George. Charles Patterson came later, after Frederick Jerningham had left. The latter was looked upon as grown-up, being fourteen, and used to be envied as he walked off into the town by himself.

“Mr Cope, whom it was the fashion to laugh at behind his back, was good-natured and kind, taking a real interest in all of us, and I believe he was a good master, for we got on under him and were prepared to take our places in the classes assigned to us a year and half later, when we went to Oscott.

“Of Mr Foley’s system of education I scarcely know what to say. It was decidedly queer and eccentric, and either sprang from some theory of his own or spontaneously from his own idiosyncrasy for want of a more regularly devised plan. With but little real humour and no wit, his sayings and modes of expression provoked laughter in those whom they did not affect, and cut to the heart those whom he attacked. They were quaint and extraordinary in the extreme, and he had a treasury of wonderful appellations when another man would simply have said ‘blockhead’ or ‘dolt.’

“His punishments, too, were not of the

common order, except when he used his cane, which he sometimes did to the purpose. I remember once, for having my hair in disorder at breakfast-time, I was sent to the stable to have it combed with a rake and brushed with the stable besom by Henry Petre, who performed his office with a will. I have seen others sent to pick their teeth with a potato fork for having performed that operation with their fingers. Another mode of punishment was by making a delinquent repeat certain absurdities by heart after breakfast, or lines from some book chosen for their unmeaning vagueness, and these were called 'c'lamities.'

"I soon discovered that I was no favourite of Mr Foley; everything I said was turned to ridicule, and my life was made miserable by being constantly called a liar. My first misfortune arose from having said that at an archery meeting one prize was an arrow that had cost a guinea, and this was considered so outrageously extravagant that it was at once set down as a lie, and I never heard the end of it so long as I was at Foley's.

"One of his foibles was, not so much having favourites, as making certain boys butts for others, and I was one of these unfortunates. Another was poor Henry Walsh, a good, quiet lad as ever breathed, but who would have run

the chance of becoming idiotic had he remained long at Northampton. It was the habit, following Mr Foley, to look upon him as a downright fool, and jeer and mock every time the poor fellow opened his mouth to speak. I remember meeting him in the garden of Montague Square, the key of which was lent us by the Dowager Lady Shrewsbury, just before we went to Oscott, and he had been there six months, and asking him how he liked it. I have never forgotten his look, as he said: 'Oh, Peg, it is heaven to the other place.' 'Peg' was one of my nicknames at Foley's.

"My unfortunate tooth, which had given Mr Davenport a drive from Harborough to Bosworth to no purpose, was also the cause of trouble to me. Every one considered it fair game as it stuck out, and many shots with balls or sticks were aimed at it. Once William Petre, making a dash at it with an iron phosphorous box, cut my lip severely without dislodging the enemy, and it was at last extracted by Foley himself, in the carpenter's shop, with a pair of blacksmith's pincers, all being summoned to witness the operation. I had a certain admiration for him, arising partly from an instinctive appreciation of his many sterling qualities, partly from his handsome presence. He was not particularly tall, but had an upright carriage, well-propor-

tioned figure, regular features, fine teeth, and an eye which, although black, was piercing as an eagle's. When this eye was fixed upon you in anger or contempt, it was the most withering thing conceivable, and made you cower ; but when lit up with pleasure, it sparkled with enjoyment—such enjoyment, however, being often at the expense of some unfortunate boy who had made a mistake in pronunciation or grammar, or uttered something which he considered silly.

“ But while I admired him to a certain degree, he no doubt so cowed me that I scarcely dared to speak in his presence. I was sure that whatever I might say would bring upon me the flash of that eye, and I should be put down as a fool or liar. It took years to get over that treatment, and perhaps it is not entirely surmounted yet.

“ I shall never forget the agonies I endured from a new pair of boots ; not that they pinched me for I never got them on. They were too small, as would have been evident to any one but Foley ; but day after day I was compelled to remain at home while the others were out walking, and obliged to try to get them on the whole time they were absent ; and the housekeeper had orders to see that I was working properly. Every few minutes she came out of the kitchen to peep into the little parlour where I was

struggling ineffectually with the impossible boots. How I longed to break that woman's head with one of them! I pulled till the straps came off—they were Wellington boots—and one split half way down, when Foley at length affected to see that he had set me an impossible task. During that time of solitary struggle I became so nervous that I frequently jumped up and ran into the hall, quite sure that I heard my parents' voices calling me by name.

“I could ride pretty well before I came to Foley's, having had lessons at Brighton from the well-known Mr Clarke, the riding-master of those days, who used to trot between my brother and self on a stately sober-minded white horse, while we were mounted on two beautiful white ponies named Beauty and Carli. We had also at Bosworth and Parndon a handsome black, hog-maned pony given to us by our grandfather, on which we used to canter about the park at either place.

“Foley got a pony for us, which we rode in turns round the field at the back of the house. One day the creature took it into its head to run away with me. No power of man could pull it up, and it flew two or three times round the field with me. Foley, Cope and the boys enjoyed the fun immensely. I stuck to my saddle, and no misfortune would have happened had it

not made a rush at the stable, where, being confronted by Cope, it stopped short and shot me over its head on to the dunghill. How I was bullied for that unfortunate mishap! If I had committed a crime I could not have been worse scolded, and I heard so much of it that it is a wonder I ever got on that pony or anything in horse's shape again.

"Cope had been at Oscott, and was rather given to what Americans call 'tall talk' about that college, impressing on us the severity of its discipline, the terribly hard nature of the studies, and the difficulties to be surmounted from savage Spaniards and wild Irishmen, so that one looked upon a removal thither with considerable tremor, and it was not without dismay that we one day heard that Foley had been appointed its president, and several of us including ourselves were to accompany him. One or two circumstances had made Northampton in some degree pleasant to us. We knew Lady Throckmorton and the Neviles, who resided in the town, and were occasionally allowed to dine or spend the day with them; and sometimes we were visited by my grandfather or uncles, and Captain Stapleton always when visiting Lady Throckmorton came to see us and give us some little treat. An excursion to Weston Underwood would have been pleasant

had not I, luckless wight, managed to incur Foley's wrath by unfortunately slipping into the river, and the remainder of the day was made utterly miserable to me.

"The old house of Weston, since pulled down by the late Sir Robert Throckmorton, was then standing, but during a very good dinner I was made to sit apart, my ill-luck having carried me into the river and Foley saying that my damp clothes would give the others cold. I was not allowed to drink anything till dinner was over, Foley saying that beer or wine was too good for me, and I had had water enough.

"Charles Eyston, of Hendred, who slept in a bedroom with myself and brother, had a fancy to see all the coaches that passed in the night—for these were pre-railway days,—so we took turns to listen and wake the others, when all looked out of the window till the vehicle had passed. This waking was pretty constant, and I soon began to feel it an intolerable bore, though ashamed to give in as long as any enthusiasm lasted.

"Catholic Emancipation took place during our time at Foley's, but we were too young to understand its significance; so its main interest for us was that it obtained a holiday, which we celebrated by dividing into two parties, one

storming and the other defending a shed at the bottom of the field which represented Serin-gapatam !

“Lady Throckmorton, the widow of Sir George Throckmorton, was a Stapleton, and had a place in Abington Street, Northampton. Her chaplain, Dr Fletcher, who had been some years with the family at Weston, was a student and a writer of clever but dry books of controversy in that old style of polemical writing in use when all Protestants believed in a revelation, and that the Bible was the work of God. Times have changed since then, and the controversy of our day is no longer on points of belief held by Catholics, but denied or questioned by Protestants,—who still held the inspiration of Scripture a common ground upon which both parties could take their stand—but rather between Christianity and unbelief; Catholics having to maintain Christianity in its fulness and entirety against an ever-increasing number of infidels, or to refute theoretical accusations imagined as necessary consequences of our teaching regardless of our acts.

“It is true that one occasionally meets an opponent of the old honest, sturdy kind, maintaining some fragments of Christianity and disputing particular Catholic doctrines ; but the main contest is as above, and controversialists of

Milner's or Fletcher's time would have no hearing now with the generality of people in England.

"Notwithstanding Dr Fletcher's merits, for some reason known to his eccentric self, Foley had a kind of pique against him, and by no means discouraged our being rude to the poor old gentleman, who perhaps had not the tact to discover that his presence was considered intrusive and interference with Foley's pupils unacceptable.

"However this may be, he once announced his intention of being present at our half-yearly examinations. We saw Foley's eye glisten, and knew that we might indulge in what we called fun with impunity. No sooner did the doctor appear in the room than Foley vanished. Cope must also have been absent; and the doctor took his seat with great solemnity. At the first question our books and the contents of our pocket handkerchiefs filled with garden rubbish were thrown at his head, and we rushed away leaving him all alone. I must confess to having felt much remorse of conscience for this act of disrespect, and in after days endeavoured to atone by extra civility when we met the poor doctor at Leamington. He died in Northampton, and is buried under the east window of the cathedral, where a stone with a cross carved on

the top and an inscription round the sides covers his grave.

"During the time we were at Foley's we often paid visits to Bosworth—only eighteen miles away on the Leicester road—both in vacations and when allowed a few days in the half-year.

"It was during one of these visits that we saw an event often anticipated by my Uncle George take place. My Uncle Henry was a very tall man, but clumsy and absent-minded; and Uncle George had said in our hearing that his brother Henry had managed to get into every conceivable mess and hole about the place but one, and that was the spot where the drainage ran into the upper pond. Into this very place we saw him slide till he was over his knees. Uncle George enjoyed the joke immensely when told of it, having a keen relish for a ridiculous idea.

"He was the man above all others who could invest trivial subjects with interest, an excellent story-teller; and though the adventures he related were generally his own and not intrinsically of the striking order, he told them in such admirable language and with such evident *gusto* that no listener could fail to be pleased or enter into the spirit of the narrator.

"Uncle Henry used to amuse us in the

carpenter's shop in many ways, one of the most enjoyable to us being the manufacture of enormous kites which we flew in the park or Hall Leys as it was then termed.

"It was at Bosworth during our first vacation from Northampton that I heard from my mother that we should never again see the dear old house of Parndon. I remember the exact spot where she told me the sad news, and the bitter tears of regret which I shed upon hearing it. It had been determined to pull down the house and build one more in accordance with my father's taste on another, and certainly more eligible, site in the park. But it seemed to me then as if we were leaving Parndon for ever; and my presentiment proved true, for although plans were drawn out for the new house they were never carried into execution, and the old one was taken down forthwith and we never saw it again. It was the first bit of real melancholy that had entered into my life, for though so young we had grown to love the place and everything about and connected with it, and all our home associations clung to it. After the lapse of so many years the thought of it makes me sad; and whether it was good for me or not to have experienced such a break-up so early in life I do not know, but it seems to have affected me all along, and may perhaps have helped to make me

realize the truth of the fact that we are but wanderers and pilgrims in this world.

"Whilst at Foley's we saw the famous match between Osbaldeston and Captain Ross, in which the latter was beaten. The race course on which the match was run was close to the house, and I well remember Osbaldeston's appearance on horseback with his hounds, his shoulders rounded and his knees high up.

"I ought to mention a circumstance that took place at Parndon, though I was not there. One evening my father and mother were sitting in the drawing-room after dinner—we youngsters being all in bed—when suddenly a tremendous crash was heard as if in the central hall. Both heard it, and started to their feet in consternation. I have heard my father and mother describe the sound as such as would be caused by a large, heavy, glass chandelier falling from a height and being smashed to pieces. The first thought was that an organ which stood in the hall had collapsed, but on going out nothing unusual was seen and everything was in its place. The house was searched but no discovery made, and the servants when questioned had heard no noise nor could any account for its occurrence, so that to this day the thing remains a mystery.

"Another circumstance occurred at Parndon, though not within my recollection, wherein,

according to the servants, my mother showed a degree of courage not surprising to me who knew her character so well. My father was absent in London—I think at Lord Shrewsbury's funeral—when the house was entered at night by burglars, who penetrated as far as his dressing-room, from whence they carried off the greater part of the silver contents of his dressing case. My mother, who slept in the adjoining room, hearing a noise, arose and appeared at the head of the staircase with a light, calling out, 'Who is there?' This so alarmed the robbers that they made off with but a small amount of booty.

"*A propos* of robberies, I remember at Bosworth some list shoes, skeleton keys, etc., evidently a burglar's stock-in-trade, being found under a bush in the plantation between the lodge gate and the little gate near the Priest's house. It was at once assumed that the Hall was the proposed object of attack, but circumstances came to light which demonstrated that burglarious intentions had been devised against the Rectory, which was not a hundred yards from the gate."

In July 1839, Francis Fortescue-Turville, Esq., of Bosworth Hall, died at Leamington in his 91st year. His daughter, Mrs Amherst, was with him at the last and wrote to tell her

children, who were then at Kenilworth, of his death.

A number of letters written about this time are extant, one of which, dated August 1832, speaks of the severe ravages made by cholera in Wolverhampton, Dudley, Walsall and Bromsgrove. While in London in April 1833, several of the family were attacked by fever, and the youngest son Henry died, and was buried at Moorfield on the 16th of that month. The touching letter of Mr Amherst to his remaining sons, so full of piety and resignation, deserves to be recorded.

5 Montague Square,

April 17, 1833.

MY DEAREST BOYS,

Under the very severe affliction in which we are, I can hardly write to you, but I think it right to entreat you both to pray with all the devotion you are able for God's protection and recovery of your two little dear sisters, Alethea and Anny, who are both ill; the former is in great danger. Every time you go to the chapel do not forget, for my sake and your poor mother's, to implore the Almighty to spare their lives; at the same time that His holy will may be done. Pray for us also, that we may be enabled to bear these most severe trials as we ought. Your three eldest sisters are sent to lodgings in George Street to avoid infection, and therefore you should also implore the God of Heaven who alone can protect and preserve them to us, to keep them safe from the disease.

As you are now our only sons, I wish to impress upon your minds the necessity of being truly devout and good, that you may become the comfort and support of our declining years.

May God bless you both and preserve you. Be united and affectionate to each other. Your mother also gives you her blessing. Take care of your health.

Your most affectionate father,

WILLIAM K. AMHERST.

Little Alethea Amherst died about this time.

Probably the loss of her children rendered Parndon distasteful to Mrs Amherst by so constantly reminding her of their absence, for she speaks of it as "this dull place"; and in February 1834, Mr Amherst says, "I think Kenilworth will soon be ours," an expectation speedily answered, since in the June of the same year they settled at Fieldgate, Kenilworth. Francis Amherst spent the July vacation of 1838 with the Eystons of East Hendred, one of those grand old Catholic families who have held their estate from Saxon times and never swerved from the faith.

CHAPTER II

OSCOTT

THE time had now arrived when the subject of these memoirs was to go to Oscott—but, be it borne in mind, not the Oscott of our day, the handsome College of our Lady placed in a commanding position amidst beautifully wooded grounds, itself a handsome and conspicuous object, while the view from it extends over miles of most interesting country—no, not this Oscott, but the more modest establishment at Maryvale. Old Oscott, as it is now called, was the destination of the Amhersts—a site replete with associations dear to the heart of every Catholic, associations of the return of the faith to England, of a second spring. For, when the Church was plundered, when religion was divorced from learning, and the old universities of Oxford and Cambridge succumbed to the tyranny of state oppression and received the ill-fitting garments of the “new learning,” the scions of the nobler houses of England, disdaining to barter the glory of their faith for the glory of this world, sought an asylum abroad, until by God’s good will a happier time came and the old faith could be

joined with learning, not indeed at the old seats on the Isis and the Cam, but in new resting places at Oscott, Ushaw and Old Hall Green. Nor is the connection even now severed, for many of those, not least distinguished for learning, not least noble by birth, from the older universities, have with childlike obedience come to these newer seats to learn the older faith. But to return to the account in the autobiography.

“We posted from Malvern, where we had stayed for the vacation in company with my father and mother. We stayed the night at Dee’s Royal Hotel, Birmingham, and there met William and Henry Petre, bound for the same destination and accompanied by their parents, Lord and Lady Petre. The next morning Mr Foley met us at Birmingham and went with us to the college, the Petres following.

“On our way through Birmingham, a desperate though unsuccessful attempt was made to abstract our trunk from the back of the carriage, which so disgusted my father that had it not been for Mr Foley’s presence he would have turned back and sent us to some other school. The first view of Oscott in those days was not particularly prepossessing. The way was through narrow lanes with scarcely room for vehicles to pass; the entrance, a mere white gate, was poor; and the approach firstly through a mean and scanty

plantation, then through a portion of gravelled playground, was not impressive. The house, as plain as a factory, had an attempt at grandeur in the exhibition room and ambulacrum, designed by Bishop Milner. We were kindly welcomed to Oscott by Mr Foley, but past experience had taught me to look forward to no very pleasant hours with him, however amiable he might appear on our first arrival.

“He introduced our parents and ourselves to the vice-president, the Rev. Robert Richmond, a venerable-looking man with powered hair cut quite short, as was the fashion with the elder clergy. His manner, conversation and the aspect of his features were so amiable that I took to him at once, and ever preserved the greatest admiration and respect for him. We were also introduced to Edward Acton (first cousin of Cardinal Acton and of his sister Lady Throckmorton), the only boy about the place at that time, for all the rest were out. After an early dinner our parents left us in charge of the housekeeper, Mrs du Jardin, and of the Procurator, Mr Gascoyne. Shortly before we left Northampton, the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, brother to Lord Spencer and Rector of Brington in Northamptonshire, became a Catholic. I remember seeing him once, shortly after his conversion, at Northampton, but I subse-

quently knew him well and was much thrown with him. This conversion made much stir in the country, for conversions were then rare events, and his being the brother of an earl so well known to the public as the late Lord Althorpe added to the excitement.

“Mr Ambrose Phillipps, afterwards Phillipps de Lisle, became a Catholic a little before Mr Spencer, and I believe his conversion and conversation gave an impulse in the right direction to his friend. Mr Phillipps had had a tendency towards the Church from his youth, and I have heard him relate how in his sixteenth or seventeenth year he tried to induce his uncle Dr Ryder, Bishop of Lichfield, to wear a cope. He had one made of white satin after the pattern of a Spanish cloak ; it was a sad failure as an ecclesiastical vestment, and he could not prevail upon the bishop to use it. He also told me how he presented himself for confession to Bishop Ryder, who tried to put him off, telling him to confess to God. Phillipps, however, persisted and mentioned something in the way of confession, when the bishop said: ‘That will do, boy, that will do, now what sort of absolution would you like?’ I believe it was this adventure that determined Mr Phillipps in the course he was to take.

“We were not long in making ourselves



at home in the new world into which we were thrown, and where we soon discovered old Northampton friends who had preceded us. Next morning we were sent to Mr Gascoyne, the procurator and prefect of studies, and asked a few questions to decide the class we were to enter. The only questions were as to what books we were reading at Northampton, and it struck me as somewhat curious and arbitrary that William Petre and Charles Eyston should be put into Cæsar, while James Wheble and myself, who were equally well advanced and in the same class at Northampton, should descend from Cæsar to Cornelius Nepos; moreover, we had done some Greek grammar, and the class in which we were placed had not yet begun it.

“My brother William, Edmund Wheble and George Eyston were put into the class below ours, of which Mr Fairfax was the master.

“I had little cause beyond a small degree of mortification to regret being in Mr Daniel's class, for he was an excellent master, making our work interesting and ourselves progress rapidly. As I had already advanced farther in Latin than most in the class, I soon rose to the second place, Thomas Ellison, afterwards judge of the Sheffield County Court, being first; and this position I maintained until others, who had been longer at other schools, had better

heads or more application, entering the class, put me down several places. These were, Edmund Gueness, afterwards of the Ordnance Department, Woolwich; Thomas Flanagan, afterwards Canon of Birmingham Cathedral; and Maurice O'Connell, son of John and nephew of Daniel O'Connell. The latter died in the college at a later period.

"I found myself very happy at Oscott, liking the masters and boys and not being averse to study, while we very soon discovered that Mr Foley could no longer carry out his eccentricities. As president, he had little to do with us individually, and when he appeared in the 'Bounds,' as the playground was called, he was pleasant and agreeable.

"How strange it would look now to see the President of Oscott, or of any of our Catholic colleges, appearing in top-boots, leather breeches, an Oxford master's gown and cap covering all. The other priests and divines wore a cassock and a Heidelberg cap, shaped like the old-fashioned Scotch bonnet (not the Glengarry), made of black velvet, with a silver  in front. Mr Phelan, then a layman, who was  Prefect of Discipline, always wore a gown and trencher cap.

"The last-mentioned gentleman will not be forgotten by any survivor of those bygone days; for, as prefect, all corporal punishment was in-

flicted by him, for which purpose the offenders were sent to his room either by himself or the various masters, who stated, in a little note, the nature of the offence. With what terror we urchins used to hear him utter in a tigerish growl the dreaded words, 'Go to my room.'

"The punishments, I must say, were neither very frequent nor severe, unless for serious delinquencies, the usual infliction being from two to four or six strokes on the hand with a ferule. The ferule was composed of a piece of leather, something like the sole of a shoe, fastened to a handle of wood, and was severe enough to make the hand tingle for an hour afterwards and draw tears from the eyes of all but the most hardy.

"I had it but seldom—only three times, I think—and never more than two strokes at a time. Once Mr Daniel kept me after the others had been dismissed. I had said my lesson abominably; in fact, I had made a boat instead of learning it. He said he must send me to the prefect. I begged to be forgiven this time, but in vain. I had no excuse to offer, and that boat had been the cause of former failings. While writing his note, he said, 'Why, my good fellow, I feel it as much as you do, but it is my duty to send you. Don't you think I do?' I answered, 'No, sir, I am sure you don't,' upon which I

remember his looking at me with a queer smile, and saying, 'Well, you speak your mind at all events; you need not go this time.' And as I was leaving him, he added, 'But see that you don't do it again.' There was little necessity for this warning, for from that moment I was devoted to Mr Daniel, and when he left our class two years later was sincerely grieved.

"On one occasion I was sent up by Mr Ilsley, a new man at 'minding the study place.' In his note, which as usual was written upon a mere slip of paper, were simply the words, 'Please to punish this boy,' and meeting a 'big fellow' on the staircase, Dan Cronin by name, I showed it to him. He was a good-natured fellow; but I little thought his good nature would have gone so far as it did, for he said, 'Why, your name is not here, nor what you are sent for; let me take it, and I'll have some fun.' I stared with astonishment at the generosity of the offer, and wished to resist, but he insisted upon going, while I waited at the end of the passage, expecting to hear the strokes descending upon his hand. In a few minutes he came out laughing, and said, 'There is your note signed; take it back.' I thanked him, and asked how he had managed to get off, but he would not tell, and I returned to the study place,

well satisfied as I handed it to the master, who asked no questions.

"Mr Phelan had the misfortune, as I have said, of being general executioner, and, whether from this cause or not, had also the reputation and, I must say, the appearance, of being in a state of chronic bad temper. He was certainly not liked, though at times extremely pleasant, and entirely devoted to those who were at any time sick. He also frequently read to us some interesting book, such as one of Scott's novels, in the big play-room, on a play-day afternoon, during the long winter evenings, and was a promoter of the games by instituting a curious system of rewards for prowess at cricket, bandy or football, which consisted in giving toast at breakfast to those who made the largest score or won the greatest number of goals. We were not so childish as to care for having a bit of rather thick dry toast to eat with our tea or coffee; but it was something among a set of youngsters to have one's name announced in the refectory as being in the list of this 'legion of honour' for the day. A round of toast—a toast it was called—was also given for driving four hoops twice round the bounds with one hand and without letting a hoop fall, as also for every thousand meshes accomplished in a drag-net, which was the joint production of many boys.

A way of so joining the several pieces that the junctions could not be detected was invented by William Vaughan, second son of the late Mr Vaughan, of Courtfield, and now Bishop of Plymouth, for which he very probably received one of Mr Phelan's toasts.

"One cause of Mr Phelan's apparent 'grumpiness' may have been the indifferent health from which he suffered. At all events he was dreaded as long as prefect, especially by those who might justly come under his displeasure; and the mention of his name even now calls forth a smile from those who remember him.

"Other punishments, such as lines to be learnt by heart or written out, were inflicted by the various masters. These were usually short, but I once remember Alban Stonor repeating a task of three hundred lines of Greek without a mistake. He was a nephew of Mr Charles Butler, the well-known lawyer, and grand nephew of the no less well-known Rev. Alban Butler, author of the 'Lives of the Saints' and other works.

"The life at Oscott was a very happy one for those who read well and played well. There was little or no bullying of small boys by bigger ones. The fagging system, common to all Protestant public schools, was utterly unknown, and any act of tyranny committed could scarcely fail

to be punished either by the boys or superiors, while any systematic attempt to domineer or be cruel was very soon checked.

"The prefect system which is maintained in the Catholic colleges and schools is a sound and good one, bringing every boy under the immediate supervision of a responsible superior, generally a man of mature judgement, who will not merely look out for cases of punishment, but will observe character, and by a word or two of admonition, warning or advice, endeavour to correct faults, check singularities and guide peculiar dispositions."

In a journal kept by Bishop Amherst he speaks even more strongly upon this subject, and says :

"I have heard of a circumstance which makes me more than ever convinced that there is something very wrong in the ordinary treatment of boys. The rules of Christian charity do not cease when we come to deal with boys, and every boy has a right, as a member of the social, as well as religious community, to be believed, until he has been discovered to be unworthy of credit. How many noble, generous and truthful boys have been converted into mean, uncandid liars, or at least equivocators, by not being believed ! To me there is nothing finer upon earth than the character of a truly Christian youth.

Truthful, docile and pure-hearted, beware how you let him see that you suspect his words or question his motives, or how you mistake a natural sensitiveness for inveterate pride, or how, while you think you are crushing that pride and humbling a haughty heart, you may be embittering a spirit that would have been truly great but for your coarse, unskilful manipulation. If you wish to eradicate an evil, do it for God's sake with a gentle hand, as if you loved the patient, the subject of your care. I have heard high-spirited boys spoken to in a manner which they would not have adopted towards their father's dogs, much less towards their game-keepers. And what effect has it had? If it does not vulgarize their minds, it creates an intense disgust for the vulgarity of those who ought to be their superiors in more than name.

"It may be asked, 'What prefect is popular?' I have known but one during the many years I have known Oscott, who was thoroughly popular. He, like Mr Phelan, is dead, so I may mention the name of Mr Martin, whose strict impartiality, entire justice, imperturbable good temper, and unceasing interest in every boy's welfare rendered him truly an object of respect and even love. I never hear his name mentioned by those who were under him without an

expression of admiration. He, however, was prefect long after I had ceased to be a boy.

"At Oscott there was no sort of espionage, so common in foreign colleges. We were treated with openness and frankness, and though doubtless some tricks were played on the sly, still the spirit of the house was distinguished for its upright and honourable feeling. Anything like meanness was decried without mercy, and no one would dare, even if he thought of such a thing, to over-reach another.

"Our intercourse with the masters out of study hours was easy and unrestrained, and I do not recollect an instance of its abuse ; they joined heartily in our amusements and games.

"When we entered Oscott, Dr Weedall, who had been president for some years, was in Italy for his health, and Mr Foley had been appointed until his return. At the end of half a year, however, Mr Foley returned to Northampton, and the Rev. Robert Richmond, a man revered and loved by every inmate of the house, succeeded to the reins of government. His fault was being too kind, so that during the half-year he was president studies came rather badly off in consequence of the number of holidays. Once, when we had abstained from asking for one through fear of abusing his good nature, he came to the study-place door, and, calling out Mr Phelan,

asked why we had not applied for a play-day. Mr Phelan explained the cause, upon which Mr Richmond said, 'Then let them have one for their good feeling.'

"The 'Richmond days' were long remembered; but they passed away, never to return, when Dr Weedall came back, whose first presidential act was to refuse a play-day in honour of his return.

"It was a point of honour to the last days of the old college that the boys should all assemble in the big ambulacrum to cheer for a play-day. A little boy was mounted upon the shoulders of a big one, and standing there, holding on by the capital of one of the columns, gave out the half or whole play-day, and the event or person in whose honour it was given. Three cheers were then given for a half, and nine for a whole day, which in the latter case were accompanied by several French horns, not at all in tune with one another. Various parties were then made up, a master being engaged for each, for the games were played away from the college—bandy among some fine beech trees on a hill about half-a-mile distant, and cricket on a piece of ground with the least pretension to a cricket ground that can be imagined. There was just room for a crease on a narrow piece of turf, while heather grew on sloping ground close on

either side, and cart-ruts traversed the whole length. Cricket had not then become the scientific game of modern days; we often played without bails, and runs were marked by notches on a stick.

“Non-Oscotians would naturally think a beech-wood not exactly the place for such a game as hockey, or bandy, as it has always been called at Oscott. But though the spot bears the name of the ‘Bandy Woods,’ it is not so much a wood as four lines of trees planted a considerable distance apart, two at either end forming the goals, and these trees, from generations of use, have become so associated with Oscott bandy that a true Oscott man would view bandy played elsewhere with as much disdain as the captain of a smart cutter yacht would look upon the sailing qualities of a canal barge.

“We had glorious opportunities of skating, there being several fine pools in the neighbourhood, and one—Powell’s Pool—from its great extent afforded abundance of scope for non-scientific skaters, whose chief object was to keep warm and enjoy the pleasure of rapid movement. Dr Weedall, a small, compact man, was the best and neatest skater in the house, and notwithstanding his severity as to play-days, his presence on the ice was always hailed

with delight. We never had a severe accident, though partial immersions happened every winter.

“Perkin's Pool, as we called it, in the midst of Sutton woods, was a favourite skating-place for the elder boys. Its sloping, well-wooded banks, cheerful even in mid-winter with ever-green hollies, had a pleasing appearance; and its sheltered position made the ice here fine and smooth, besides being out of range of mischievous stone-throwing boys.

“Football was also played at Oscott, though rather despised by the advocates of bandy. The game next in rank after bandy at Oscott was ‘bat,’ which resembled rackets, but the bats had a solid head and were so made as to have a good spring in the centre of the handle. The rules also were less intricate than those of rackets. It was perhaps more like ‘fives’ played against a single high wall, constructed for the purpose. Twenty-one points decided the game, which was played by six competitors, three in and three out. It was an excellent summer game, and very much patronized.

“The games were under the direction of the ‘Public Man,’ who was elected annually in a general meeting and chosen for his proficiency, zeal and spirit. He kept the key of the public

box, in which everything appertaining to the games was put. He decided when each game was to commence or cease according to the season, whether a play-day was to be applied for or not, called meetings to decide any questions which might arise, or make any proposition, and was the medium of communication between the bounds, i.e., the boys and the president. His *dictum* was law, with no appeal against it; and I scarcely remember a grumble from those whom it might affect adversely. His exchequer was maintained by a yearly tax of half-a-crown from each boy, which was chiefly expended in purchasing wickets, balls, etc. Questions at the public meetings were decided by a show of hands, or if difficulty arose, by a division into ayes and noes which were duly counted.

"In the year in which we went to Oscott, 1830, at the end of the summer vacation, two popular men were proposed for Public Man, one being the late Sir Thomas Nicholas Redington, sometime M.P. for Co. Galway, and afterwards Permanent Under-Secretary for Ireland, and the other, the late Canon George Jeffries, for several years Vicar General of the Diocese of Birmingham. The former was the nominee of the big, the latter of the smaller boys. The election was maintained with great vigour on both sides for several days. I believe the big boys did

not choose to have a Public Man imposed upon them by a set of brats. Whatever the cause, the struggle gave rise to so much party feeling that the authority of the crown, i.e., the President, had to step in and declare that the next public meeting must be final. George Jeffries was returned by an overwhelming majority, and we never had a better or more deservedly popular Public Man. Sir Thomas Redington has been heard to say that during his various Galway elections he was never so eager or excited as during that one. A report arose that Jeffries' return was to be contested on the ground of bribery by oranges, but the accusation could not be maintained. No subsequent election caused so much excitement as that of 1830.

“Walking, bathing and fishing parties were got up for our play days, our walks leaving little of the surrounding country, within reach during the allotted time, unknown to us. My favourite one was to Sutton Woods, where we were allowed to ramble at will, subject to meeting at a stated time at a place of rendezvous, summoned thither by a horn. The beauty of those woods, the pools lying amongst them, the neighbouring extent of heather-clad park, the oaks, mountain ashes, hollies, gorse, ferns and the song of birds, gave me a taste for woodland rambles I have never lost, though having

had little leisure or opportunity of indulging it.

"It is melancholy to ancient Oscotians to see the changes time has wrought in the park and woods. In these degenerate days the trains bring hundreds to wander beneath the trees or lounge on the banks of the pools, so that police surveillance has invaded these wilds, and one may expect to be called upon to exhibit one's authority ticket. "O tempora!" though I am far from grudging the good people of smoky Birmingham or dingy Walsall their access to the health-giving breezes of Sutton Park, where, afar from the hot stuffy factory, vitiated by the necessities of trade, foul gas and the crowding of humanity, they escape to breathe a pure atmosphere amid scenes of natural beauty. But the railway has been guilty of a monstrous thing, for, not content with Sutton Station, it has poked and bored its way like some irresistible reptile right through the wood, puffing, whistling and screaming in its odious triumph in a way that sorely tries my heart, but I would not let that railway know it and possess that exultation for worlds. Just above the cutting in days of yore was a wild-duck's nest; there a pair of kestrels had their home; there was the haunt of the beautiful smaller pied woodpecker, so rarely seen. It is progress, civilization, utility, you will say. Very

well, I grant it, am charmed with it, hail it—but oh, for the olden days! Those woods! I love them; none other have come up to my ideal as they did. There we might wander all afternoon, meeting no one but our own party, or old Swift the gamekeeper, who had very little game to keep, I believe, for every one in Sutton parish had the right of sporting. He, however, was above the common prejudice against magpies, jays, hedgehogs; even the owls were exempt from hostility on his part, but an occasional hawk fell before his gun, possibly that he might show some zeal in the cause of his masters, the Corporation. Not only the woods have suffered, but in the park a space formerly clothed with purple heather and golden gorse has been ‘civilized’ into a racecourse! This spot I knew as the resort of the lapwing, lark, pippet, bunting and even snipe. It lies between Rownton Well (vulgarly called Rotten Well), over which still rises a tall wooden cross, and what we called Warwick Wood, which skirts the old Chester Road. As for the Coldfield, a large extent of heather which in old times joined Cannock Chase, it is now all under cultivation.

“The Greek play day, which originally was confined to a few boys, took place in May and, since there was scarcely a boy who did not learn Greek, embraced the whole house. Each class,

with its master and usually another master invited to join, trudged off to some town about ten miles from home—Lichfield, Dudley or Wolverhampton were those most frequently visited—at six o'clock in the morning, after a cup of tea and piece of toast. I spent my first Greek play day at Lichfield, and from a visit then paid to the cathedral date my love of mediæval architecture. That beautiful relic of the ages of faith was our first object after discussing pigeon pies, cold chickens and ham at breakfast. Then we took chaises for Beaudesert, Lord Anglesey's place, and wandered about it and the Roman camp, returning to Lichfield for dinner, after which we again took chaises for Oscott pretty well tired. Dr Weedall, in consideration of our fatigue, allowed the following morning to be spent in writing an account of the previous day's adventures.

“When we first entered Oscott there were a number of Spaniards among the boys—nice, hearty, good-natured fellows. They were true Spaniards from Spain, not tropical West Indian youths, and were fine, honourable, virtuous boys. In the year 1832 Asiatic cholera first made its appearance in England; and the news of this, probably in an exaggerated form, reaching Spain, caused an exodus of all Spaniards from Oscott. Cholera in its worst form was raging within a few

miles of the college, but never reached us. The departure of the Spaniards affected our fishing parties. Dragging the river was an annual custom; that part of it which belonged to the college was a pleasant place either for fishing or lounging on the banks among the willows and alders. Within a few yards of the college reach of the river was the Bishop's Pool, planted round with shrubs and having a pretty summer-house at one end. This had been made by the illustrious Bishop Milner, who was very fond of fishing. There was also another pond for those who could not swim to bathe in, while for the swimmers a plunging stage offered facilities for 'headers' into the river. From this stage my brother William saved the lives of two boys, one of whom, a new comer about seventeen years of age, declared he could swim. He plunged in, rose to the surface, struck up his arms wildly and sank in a helpless state. Another boy, John Sullivan, seeing how matters stood, leaped into the river and seized the imperilled boy. A struggle ensued, the elder and stronger boy holding his would-be rescuer under water and both again sank together. The crisis to the non-swimmer on the bank became torturing, when my brother plunged in, and with almost superhuman exertions managed to drag them into shallow water. Mr Ilsley, one of the masters, was also nearly

drowned, being drawn under deep water by the drag net, but he was rescued by Charles John Eyston, the late worthy squire of East Hendred.

"Another extremely popular sport at Oscott was bird-nesting or bat-fowling, as it was formerly called, which was carried on with a lantern at night. The farmers readily gave permission, for we destroyed many sparrows and we met with no opposition except from one old crusty curmudgeon of a small squire, who wrote to Lord Shrewsbury calling us 'the terrors of the country' and begging him, 'for the honour of the Roman Catholic religion,' to interfere for our suppression.

"The produce of the net was prepared and cooked by the boys themselves, divided into several sets for this purpose, and I remember the present [1877] Lord Dormer writing to his father in great glee at being appointed to 'a high office in the college.' The late lord, gratified and surprised at the success of his son, then a boy of twelve or thirteen, asked him the nature of his office and what responsibility it involved. Having been educated in Hungary he was a stranger to English sports, pastimes and nomenclature. He was, therefore, not a little puzzled when John Dormer wrote back that he had been nominated 'head-gutter.'

"I was particularly fortunate in having two

such masters as Mr Daniel and Mr Mitchell, who taught well and knew how to interest us in the books we read. Under the latter our class passed through poetry and rhetoric, and I have a most pleasing recollection of the time, though I got into many scrapes over Demosthenes, whom I hated. I believe I knew the Iliad from cover to cover. At Terence I was bad, but Cicero was a perfect delight. We also read Tasso, and I found the Italian acquired at Oscott most useful in 1842, when I first visited Italy in company with Cardinal—then Bishop—Wiseman, my brother and other Oscott friends. In Philosophy, the highest class, Mr Charles Jeffries took us for classics and Italian, and it was grand to hear him read Prometheus or Medea, or comment on the Divina Commedia. He thoroughly enjoyed a Greek play, and used to shrink and shiver at a weak construction of the text as if a discord had been struck where harmony ought to be. He detested French poetry and the sentimentalisms of Lamartine, only just tolerating Racine, Corneille and Lafontaine. He left Oscott in 1838-9, and I frequently saw him with the North Warwickshire Hounds, then hunted by his cousin Mr Hellier, with whom he lived, mounted on a piebald mare called 'Charlotte.' Having returned to Oscott, he died there February 7, 1870.

"Our French reading was superintended once

a week by the Baron de Saussey, a refugee, who had lost everything in the revolution. One of his sons, unable to repress his French sympathies, had escaped from Birmingham and entered the army of Louis-Philippe as a private. The old legitimist could not forgive him, and said he would never see him again. But his son having distinguished himself by his personal valour at, I think, the taking of Constantine, the poor old gentleman's heart melted, and with tears in his eyes he read to us an account of his son's bravery from some French paper, and told us how he had sent him a gold watch with his blessing. This faithful follower of the unhappy Bourbons was a little man with a sad, melancholy countenance, and, like John Wesley, 'he used to wear a snuff-brown coat, all buttoned up before.' He rode a good horse, which he managed to perfection, and had a military seat, of which we used to say that, though very well for the Elysian fields, it would not do with the old Berkshire.

"Before the days of railways and numberless cabs, every one with the means kept a horse. Priests on country missions usually rode to the monthly conference, and we used to scrutinize the 'mounts' of those who came to dine at Oscott after the general annual meeting at Sedgeley Park.

“Another well-remembered master at Oscott was Mr Parker, the dancing and fencing master. Who can forget him tripping along the ambulatory of the old college or cloister of the new one in his padded fencing jacket and pumps with the agility of a youth, though over seventy years of age?

“As early as 1830, there were two well supplied libraries for the boys. The larger was managed by the boys themselves, who elected their own librarian, sub-librarian and committee. The divines had of course their own library, over the chimney-piece of which was a picture of the Resurrection by Rubens. It was in this room that Dr Weedall gave a dinner to O'Connell during our time at Oscott. The boys were called in to drink a glass of wine in honour of the guest. His reply was an admirable speech on political morality. The great orator told us to form political principles early in life, that we must seek only that which is true and right and do it for ourselves, not taking up second-hand opinions or blindly following the leaders of parties. ‘When you have formed your principles,’ said he, ‘go straight to your object.’ He afterwards told his nephew Maurice, then at Oscott, that he never had such difficulty in making a speech as when his audience consisted of schoolboys. Next day, many of us were

allowed to go to hear him speak at Birmingham on the abolition of slavery. He was then staying with the Rev. Thomas McDonnell of St Peter's.

"Besides the Rubens mentioned above, the only picture I remember as worthy of notice in the old college was one of the Adoration of the Kings, by Gasper de Crayer, which had been presented by the Rev. Joseph North.

"The chapel of Old Oscott still remains as the chapel of the House of Mercy of Maryvale, and could boast of no great architectural beauty, being rather upon a French conventual model. I have a keen recollection of Mr Richmond with his powdered and closely cut hair sitting there daily as he gave us spiritual instructions. Those instructions were among the best I ever heard—and I have listened to many—so clear, precise and delivered with such impressive sincerity. He made one feel deeply not only the importance of religion but also the infinite beauty and harmony of the Christian doctrine.

"Dr Weedall, who occasionally preached, was an orator whose words abounded with eloquent passages, though, perhaps, sometimes too studied and drawn out. He was one of the nattiest and tidiest of men, especially with respect to all that concerned religious services, and so, though the ecclesiastical ceremonies were on no

great scale on account of the restricted accommodation of the sanctuary, yet everything was well done.

"In addition to the religious instruction each class received two or three times a week, and a general instruction on Sundays, half an hour was devoted each morning to catechism, or in the upper classes to a chapter in the Greek Testament on Sundays; and on every evening except Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, a quarter of an hour was spent in hearing Butler's Lives of the Saints read in the chapel. This was an idea of the illustrious Bishop Milner, who thought it unworthy of Christian students to know all about the classical heroes and heroines and little or nothing of the heroes of Christianity. No one could leave Oscott without knowing much of the lives of the saints and history of the Church. One boy, John French Duff, knew not only the lives of the saints but the dates of their canonization and feasts throughout the year.

"Over the sacristy was a little Chapel of the Sacred Heart designed by Milner, that was used for the sepulchre in Holy Week, during which time the Philosophers, Rhetoricians and Poets took it in turn to watch for an hour in the night before the Blessed Sacrament.

"A custom existed in our time at Oscott, which brought a special blessing for the college

from Pope Gregory XVI. Immediately after supper, groups of two or three boys would be seen walking in the bounds in summer, or ambulacrum in winter, all voluntarily saying the Rosary. Beads were then rarities, and we frequently said the Aves on our fingers. A great spirit of religion undoubtedly pervaded the house and a deep reverence for everything sacred, while there was a generous response to every charitable appeal, and unaffected admiration of sacrifice made for conscience' sake. Such was the general spirit among the boys at Oscott.

"In philosophy, the Rev. John Moore took us in hand, and to our reading with him, especially with regard to architecture and mediæval art, I owe a vast amount of pleasure, since these studies invested every town and village with interest.

"Pugin had become famous in 1837, and he made his first visit to Oscott in that year with an introduction from Lord Shrewsbury, who had taken up his views with ardour. The new college, which stands some two miles from Old Oscott, was then approaching completion, and Dr Weedall, recognizing Pugin's talent, confided to him the completion and adornment of the chapel with the furnishing of the sacristies and the principal rooms. He was then not more than two or three and twenty, beardless, with

long, thick, straight black hair, an eye that took in everything, and with genius and enthusiasm in every line of his features. He was a striking figure, though rather below the ordinary stature, and his dress inclined to that of a dissenting minister of that day, with a touch of the sailor. Though eccentric, his words and writing awoke in men's minds both at home and abroad the slumbering love of the beauty of God's house. That beauty and an aversion to everything of purely pagan origin were the mainsprings of his actions and ideas. Catholics had grown accustomed to hold a sort of inferior position, notwithstanding emancipation, which had restored them to Parliament and an almost equal standing with their compatriots; and their places of worship and services partook of this character. Pugin certainly gave an impulse in the right direction in this matter. He would never speak of going to *chapel* as was the custom, but to church, nor would he speak of Mass as *prayers*, a remnant of the days of persecution, when to mention the word Mass was to draw upon oneself instant suspicion, espionage and persecution.

"My uncle, Charles Turville, a lawyer of the firm of Turville, Barrett and Eyston, of Gray's Inn, had the same convictions. He never omitted hearing Mass every morning on his way to his chambers, and if he did not die worth

so many thousands a year, yet he left a name for probity, uprightness and scrupulous exactness in the discharge of duty, of which his family and connections may be justly proud. It was he who encouraged his friend, the late Mr Wheble, of Bulmershe, to erect a church at Reading among the ruins of the old abbey. Pugin's first work, I believe, is the little church at Solihull, near Birmingham. Before his time we Catholics looked at the grand old cathedrals and parish churches of England with admiration of an excellence and beauty unattainable by us; but he taught us that a study of ancient remains, based on a comprehension of the spirit of the old architects, would lead to as glorious and lasting results; and I am convinced that the feeling of which he sowed the seed led thousands of minds to realize the dignity of Catholicity and the paramount claims of religion upon the human soul.

"A curious relic of ancient Catholic times still lingered in the neighbourhood of Oscott. The Staffordshire coalfield lay from ten to twenty miles from the college, and on Palm Sunday parties of several hundreds of colliers were in the habit of coming to receive what they called 'paulm posies.' These were of course the blessed palms, which they placed in the pits as preservatives against fire-damp. And who shall say that their simple faith was not re-

warded? They were all Protestants, or at least non-Catholics, so the tradition about the Oscott posies had its origin in very old times. They behaved very well and were very good-natured, and, I believe, all got a palm and were completely satisfied.

"Our vacations were usually spent at Bosworth, Malvern or Leamington, but our first one from Oscott was spent in London, where we saw much of King William IV. I recollect seeing him arrive at Apsley House on the day of his breakfast with the Duke of Wellington, in a cabriolet, driving himself and attended only by his tiger.

"Our cousin, Colonel Charles Talbot, got us good places on the esplanade to see him review the household troops, and I remember my youthful mind was struck at seeing the king open his mouth so wide when he laughed.

"At Leamington, to which my grandfather removed, taking a house in York Place, we were introduced by my Uncle George to Prince Louis Napoléon, afterwards Emperor of the French, who was staying there with his friends, de Persigny, Morney and Dr Conneau. This took place at the house of Sir Edward Mostyn, who then kept a pack of staghounds at Leamington, and, according to the common saying, came there with forty horses and twenty-one

children—a report not much if at all exaggerated. Sir Edward's hospitality was magnificent, while his kind and genial manners, and the amiability of his family, endeared him to his friends, and the money spent in the then rising watering-place ingratiated him with the townspeople. A dinner given in his honour by the Leamington tradesmen began at 6 p.m. on one day and was not concluded at 6 p.m. on the next, Sir Edward and his sons having prudently retired at about 11 p.m. of the first day.

“I remember once, when with the Warwickshire hounds, which met at Wellesbourne, seeing Prince Louis Napoléon convulsively clasping his horse's neck after jumping a trifling rivulet. Sir Edward, seeing what was wrong, sent his son Pyers, who pulled up the prince's stirrup leathers several holes, after which he got on better, though he never cut a very good figure in the field. My uncle had made his acquaintance at Mannheim, at the court of the Arch-duchess Stéphanie of Baden. My aunt, Mrs Turville, did not look upon the acquaintance as desirable for us, and remarked with a very decided and honest expression, ‘He has always got one or two revolutions in his head’! However, he was taken up by some out of kindness, as an unfortunate prince, while others, of a tuft-hunting generation, thought it an honour to be on speak-

ing terms with *le neveu de mon oncle*. The next time I saw the prince was when he was president of one of the French Republics in 1852, and he was then dashing through one of the streets of Paris in a very low carriage, almost at a gallop, and screened on all sides by a swarm of troopers.

“Dr Jephson was another Leamington celebrity. Originally a chemist's boy, he attracted the notice of the late Lady Burke, of Marble Hall, by the courteousness and propriety of his manners. This kind-hearted lady enabled him to go through his studies for the profession of his choice and patronized him on his first launching into the world. He justified her judgment by becoming one of the greatest medical men of his day, and retired, when blindness compelled him to do so, on a handsome fortune.

“We were fond of hunting, and many of the meets of the North Warwickshire being near Fieldgate gave us an opportunity of doing so. One of my favourite horses, ‘Prince,’ was a capital fencer, and another, ‘Rajah,’ who had been a hunter of Charles Talbot's and was given to us by his widow, afterwards Mrs Washington Hibbert, ended his life with us. Among our set at Oscott, which consisted chiefly of Berkshire boys, the Eystons, Whebles and Barretts, a similar taste made hunting exploits a common topic of conversation.

“Two or three mysterious robberies took place while we were at Oscott, the depredators never being discovered. On one occasion, Dr Weedall's bureau, upon which were marks of a crowbar, had been forced open, and twenty-five sovereigns, a cheque for £70, and a gold watch abstracted. It is singular that the theft must have taken place between four and seven o'clock on a light afternoon, during Dr Weedall's absence. Another audacious robbery took place during night prayers, at half-past eight. The Church students upon going back to their rooms, which were in a part of the establishment called the Laura, found their desks, boxes, etc., broken open and some of them carried away. About this time the country round Oscott was delivered over to terror by the daring exploits of a band of marauders; and it became customary to fire guns from each house at stated periods, to assure neighbours that the dwellers were on the alert.

“It was during this time that Dr Waterworth, Professor of Divinity, and subsequently Provost of Nottingham, went to Birmingham on horseback, concerning the robberies. He returned to the college in the evening much mauled and with a black eye, he having been stopped, dragged from his horse and severely beaten, his aggressors saying that ‘they would teach him to go to the police.’

“Oscott was a most healthy place, but during my time we had three deaths there, which weighed heavily on the spirits of the boys. One was that of Groby Ferrers, third son of the late Major Edward Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton. We knew that he was unwell, but at the same time another boy, Thomas Joyce, second son of the late Mr Joyce, of Merview, co. Galway, was dangerously ill, and prayers had been asked for his recovery ; so that when one night in the big dormitory we heard groans deep and painful, we took it for granted that it was Joyce, and many a fervent prayer was offered for the sufferer. What was our surprise in the morning to learn that Joyce was much better, but that Groby Ferrers was dead ! He was but fourteen years of age, and died of brain fever. I went with the rest and said a *de profundis* by the side of his coffin. He was buried in a vault beneath the chapel.

“Mr Goodrich, a divine, came from the English college at Rome, where his health had failed, and in a few months was laid by the side of Groby Ferrers.

“The last death during our eight years was that of Maurice O’Connell, nephew of the Liberator. A bright, clever, joyous fellow, he was a general favourite and was with me in philosophy. Inheriting a large share of the talent and genius of the O’Connell family, he looked for-

ward to the day when he should make his mark in Parliament, his elder brother, Morgan John O'Connell, having already a seat in the House. He was carried off by a painful internal disease, and I was one of those who bore him to his grave. Poor Maurice was much talked of and missed.

"These deaths were sad enough, but we had to lament those, of which I have before spoken, in our own family. My father died on January 8, 1835, when only forty-three years old. I think my mother did not think his end so near, for we went on a visit to my uncle, Francis Turville, at Hampton Cottage, a mile beyond Warwick. We had been there a day or two, and had planned an excursion for the next day, when my uncle told us that it must be postponed and that he had ordered the carriage to take us to Fieldgate at once. We did not appreciate the sad news until we met Mr Eyston, the surgeon, leaving the house, who to enquiries answered by shaking his head without a word; and on our arrival we heard the ominous words 'sinking fast.' My mother was with him to the last, and he was assiduously attended by Father Cookshoot, the Benedictine priest from Coventry, who told us of his edifying and truly Catholic death. He was buried in the Catholic church at Coventry, there being then no church at Kenilworth. When the

new church of St Osburg was built there by Dr Ullathorne, the body was removed thither and buried in front of the chancel, under a black marble slab with a brass cross ; and it was finally deposited, on the death of my beloved and saintly mother on June 4, 1871, with her in the church of St Austin, at Kenilworth.

“My Uncle George became a second father to us until his untimely death in 1839.

“My father, having made up his mind not to build at Parndon, purchased Fieldgate from Mr Henry Arundell. It had been tenanted for some years by the Hon. Charles Thomas Clifford, brother of the late Lord Clifford, and we knew it from visiting that family. The house was originally built by Sir James Lake, who afterwards considerably enlarged it, extending the drawing-room and erecting several bedrooms. We all took a fancy to the place, and as the Cliffords were leaving to reside upon the family estate of Irnham, in Lincolnshire, my father bought it. Our disappointment was great when, owing to an outbreak of measles at Oscott, we were not allowed to come home to Fieldgate, but were driven off by my Uncle Francis to quarantine at Hampton Cottage. It was a charming little spot, and we found plenty of amusement about the place.

“My uncle was chaplain to Lord Dormer,

and had charge of the missions of Warwick and Hampton-on-the-Hill, where Charles, Lord Dormer, had built a church, in what Pugin would have called the churchwarden-gothic style, the painted windows being more churchwarden still; nevertheless, it compared favourably with the greater number of churches at that day. The altar, of white marble, was quite out of keeping with the architecture, while two transepts gave importance to the general structure. The late Lord Dormer had not yet come to reside at Grove Park, about a mile from the church, and the entrance to which was on the opposite side of the road. My uncle took us to anything of interest in the neighbourhood, amongst others to the election at Warwick, where Sir Charles Douglas addressed the people from the hustings in his first attempt to enter Parliament. He was opposed by two Liberal candidates, Mr Bolton King and Mr Collins, or, as the Warwick people termed them when giving their votes, 'Master Collins' and 'Bolton King, Esquire,' making a distinction between the town tradesman and the country gentleman.

"The only time I saw a person tried on a capital charge was at the Warwick Assizes, and I thought it strange that, when the judge pronounced sentence, the only unmoved person in the court was the murderer himself.

"The more we saw of our new house at Fieldgate the more we liked it. The neighbourhood was pleasant and abounded in places of interest. Kenilworth Castle was only half a mile from us, and the ruins were far more private than now. Then there was the grand old feudal castle of Warwick, the picturesque grounds of Guy's Cliff, the park of Stoneleigh Abbey with its ancient oaks, the commandery of Temple Balsall, Coventry with its magnificent churches and three tall spires, and the modern watering-place of Leamington. I remember when there was no building there but the Pump Rooms beyond the bridge at the end of Bath Street; and in 1831 a circus was pitched in a field near the corner of the present Parade and Dormer Place. At that time we were going from Bosworth to Malvern, and were obliged to remain a night at Warwick, every horse being engaged in taking spectators to or from a prize-fight at Stratford-on-Avon!

"Clemens Street was then the fashionable one of Leamington, Copse's the only hotel of any importance. The Catholic church was a structure of half Grecian, half Egyptian architecture, with an awful statue of St Peter over the door; and so it remained until 1864, when the new church was built in Dormer Place, Mr Clutton being architect.

"Our chapel at Fieldgate was a room of the

house with the altar from Parndon. At first it was served by Mr Marsh, the priest on Lord Clifford's property at Wappenbury, afterwards by one of the priests of Coventry, until the Church of St Austin was built on our land. Besides ourselves and servants, the Catholics of Kenilworth could be counted on one's fingers.

"At that time the only railway line upon which locomotives ran was between Liverpool and Manchester, at the opening of which Mr Huskisson, the minister, was killed. From Oscott, in 1836-7, we could hear the engine conveying trucks to form the Birmingham and Liverpool Junction, as it was called, now part of the London and North Western line. One object for a walk was to see the uncouth-looking engine, with a chimney sticking out in front with a bend upwards, at Perry Barr.

"Our first railway journey was from Bescott Bridge, then the station for Walsall, to Stafford, and in 1838 we went by rail to Coventry on our way to Kenilworth, when I remember asking for *outside* places. The booking took some time, as the names were written in a book as well as on a limp counterfoil which we took as a ticket. In that year the line was opened to Rugby, whence one was conveyed by coach or omnibus to Denbigh Hall, in Buckinghamshire, and thence by rail to Euston.

“Before that time, our journeys were made by coach after a good breakfast at the Swan Hotel, in Birmingham; and very enjoyable they were when the weather was fine. Irish and Scotch boys had a long and tedious journey before them, while at Oscott foreigners spent their vacations at the college.

“Letters in those days never cost less than a shilling, which could not be prepaid; and private individuals in extreme cases went to the expense of sending an express. One method of obtaining a quicker delivery of a letter, if the residence of the receiver lay on the road, was by tying a string round it, thus making it a parcel, when the guard or coachman would for a shilling or so engage to give it out on the road.

“The coach fare from Birmingham to London was £3, exclusive of dinner on the road and gratuities. Some of the coach proprietors prided themselves on the smartness of their ‘turn-out.’ The horses of the ‘Tally-ho’ often wore foxes’ brushes, and many had fine bouquets of flowers. The ordinary pace was about eight miles an hour; ten miles was considered good going, but some coaches attained a pace of twelve and fourteen miles by means of capital horses, good drivers and frequent relays.

“The patent safety coaches came in in 1829, the safety consisting in placing the heavy luggage

underneath, so as not to render the vehicle top-heavy. Severe accidents were not uncommon, especially when two opposition coaches took to racing, laden as they were with the heavy luggage piled up on the roof; and they swayed from side to side of the road in a fearful manner as the horses tore along at full gallop. In point of comfort, the English coaches were far inferior to the diligences of France, and those who could afford it posted with their own carriages.

"One who contributed to the happiness of the life at Fieldgate was Mrs Chambers, a bright-minded, intelligent lady, the daughter of an old friend of my grandfather and grandmother, Mrs St George, whose marriage had turned out unfortunately, and whose fortune had become so restricted that her children were obliged to seek their fortunes as they could. After my sisters went to Princethorpe, Mrs Chambers remained with us for some time; but having met Mother Margaret Hallahan, the restorer of the Third Order of St Dominic in England, she entered that community, where her skill in embroidery was very useful.

"Princethorpe was founded by the Benedictine Nuns expelled from Mont Argis, in France, by the revolution of 1789. Having been temporarily established in more than one house, they determined to purchase a property and build

a convent as far as possible on the plan of that at Mont Argis, of which a cardboard model had been ingeniously made by one of their number. The first prioress of Princethorpe was Madame des Chastulet, a grand specimen of the ancient *noblesse* of France, commanding in her figure and presence, yet with all the courteous manners of a time gone by. The manners and customs of the house were for a long time French, and, to judge from the architecture, Mont Argis must have been erected in the tasteless style which prevailed in the time of Louis XVI.

“While my sisters were at Princethorpe, my mother remained at Fieldgate, interesting herself in the welfare of the people and looking forward to building a church for the Catholics of the neighbourhood, at the same time always welcoming her friends with an open-handed and open-hearted hospitality, and dispensing all her superfluities among the poor.

“Meanwhile, William and myself, at Oscott, were looking forward to entering the world and winning our way by our own efforts; for, owing to a bank failure in India, the means of the family had decreased, and it was necessary that we should both enter some profession. Little did we dream that the day would come when we should both enter the sanctuary. Our early experiences had not prepared us for a reduction

of circumstances ; and though our good mother constantly strove to impress it upon us, we only realized it in a dreamy sort of way, until we found ourselves in the midst of the waves on leaving college.

"Music was not much cultivated in our time at Oscott. I took up the flute, and never played a note after leaving college. I gave my flute and music to Archbishop Polding when he was taking out students and catechists to Australia, and he wrote that they had derived much amusement from them on the slow voyage out. My brother had a good old violin given to him by my grandfather, but I fear it shared an equal amount of neglect with my instrument. Our choir was not at all bad for those days, when ecclesiastical music had not received much attention. We thought Mozart's Twelfth Mass the grandest effort of musical genius, and listened with delight to Zingarelli's *Laudate*, which, however charming, is devoid of ecclesiastical character, though it was sung by Mr Charles Jefferies, whose beautiful tenor voice was only equalled by the taste with which he sang.

"Once a month, each class below Philosophy took its turn to recite short speeches. Those in the class of Poetry recited a composition in verse, while the Rhetoricians gave a debate on some question of the day or literary topic. These

debates were sometimes a little too high for us. It once fell to my lot, in a debate on the literature of various countries, to be the champion of Spain against the rest of Europe, but, knowing little of Spanish literature beyond *Don Quixote* and a few other scraps, I 'abused the plaintiff's attorney,' reducing the pretensions of other nations to a minimum. I believe these speakings to have been very useful in giving us confidence and teaching us not to be afraid at the sound of our own voices; they were certainly very pleasant. Occasionally we had professional elocutionists to give us ideas of speaking, of whom Pemberton spoke magnificently and gave hints full of utility.

"At the close of our time, in 1838, old Oscott was to cease to be a college, the increasing number of boys requiring the building or purchasing of some house sufficient to contain them. At one time it was reported that the neighbouring farm, tenanted by one Wiggins, was to be purchased. At another time Bevere Green in Worcestershire was mentioned, and I believe another place in Leicestershire was also thought of; but there were objections to each and the proposals fell to the ground. At last, the commanding site upon which new Oscott stands, came into the market. It was on the border of lately enclosed and reclaimed land, formerly a

portion of Sutton Coldfield, and the actual site, when I first knew it and when the building began, was a wild piece of common land overgrown with heather and gorse, and having a farm in front.

"Dr Weedall at once appreciated the excellence of the site, and with the sanction of Bishop Walsh it was purchased, contributions flowing in from all sides. The building was commenced in 1835, from designs by Potter, cathedral architect of Lichfield. The plan nearly followed that of many of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, but the front elevation consisted of four storeys, the retiring wings being only three; the fourth side of the quadrangle had then unglazed arches. While the house was being built, several acres were being double trenched for the formation of plantations.

"We all took great interest in seeing the future Oscott rise from its foundations. In the spring of 1836 the first stone of the chapel was laid, at which ceremony we all attended, the Rev. T. M. McDonnell, of St Peter's, Birmingham, preaching. In April, 1837, at the ceremony of blessing the chapel bell, Dr Weedall preached a beautiful and instructive sermon, and on May 29, 1838, the chapel was solemnly consecrated by Bishop Walsh.

"The great public opening of both chapel and

college took place on May 30. Of course we were all present, with our parents and other friends of Oscott, to the number of nearly six hundred, and it was not without regret that we felt that we ourselves were not among the number of those who would enter the new college after the vacation. Little did I think that in three years I should be there once more, in the cassock and biretta of a divine. I was then in my twentieth year and my brother in his eighteenth, a period of life when young men naturally look forward to being released from the constraint of school. We had been very happy at the old college, with all its inconveniences and comparatively rough ways; and if there were moments we could look back upon with regret, the cause of that regret had been of our own thoughtless creation.

“I was very sorry to leave Oscott and my companions, against not one of whom do I remember to have entertained the slightest grudge during the eight years of my time there. The masters, from Dr Weedall down to the lowest, had been good and kind friends to me, and my feeling towards the college may be measured by the fondness with which I thought and spoke of it after I had left, and by the desire which subsequently came upon me to return. Yet I do not think that any of us of the old college ever had that strong and deep affec-

tion which I have seen in students of the *new house*."

Here we come to an end of the interesting autobiography from which the above account has been taken, and we can only regret that it was not continued. The bishop in his diary of 1877 thus mentions it :

"*October 27.*—I saw Caroline this morning and left the MS. of my recollections with her. At present they only come down to the time of our leaving Oscott in 1838. They want me to go on with them, but events which took place after that time are much more dim in my memory than those of Oscott, or pre-Oscott, days."

The autobiography had been principally written at the request of the bishop's sister (Caroline), in religion Dame Mary Editha, a Benedictine nun at St Mary's Priory, Princethorpe.

CHAPTER III

THE WORLD

FRANCIS Amherst left Oscott without any idea of studying for the Church ; and since it was necessary for him to choose some profession, he determined to take up that of engineering. At that time there was a great development of work of this kind in England and other parts of the world ; and having been invited by a friend engaged in the same occupation to pursue his studies in Belgium, he went there in 1839 and remained for two years. During this period, while staying in the house of Mrs Thompson, his letters were often brought to him by a humble and pious maid-servant, who was known to all as "Peggy"; and little did he then think that in her he was making the acquaintance of a remarkable and influential servant of God, for it was doubtlessly through him that his mother, Mrs Amherst, heard of Margaret Hallahan, and it was through Mrs Amherst's judgement and discernment of character that this pious woman came to England, and at Coventry, under Dr Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, introduced into the country the Third Order of St Dominic, which has been the means of saving innumerable souls.

He appears also to have stayed during this time with Mrs Bodenham of Rotherwas, whose son, De la Barre Bodenham, became his constant companion in visiting the cities and villages of Belgium. He soon discovered that engineering was not his special talent, but his stay in Belgium enabled him to see much of the work of the old Flemish masters, and he delighted in the Catholic practices of the people. The young men seem to have had a gay time together, since in letters to his mother Francis Amherst says: "We are going to three balls this week, and at one we expect to meet Prince Albert"; and he makes frequent appeals for money with promises of great economy. Still, cheques for ten pounds melted away with wonderful rapidity, and it was fortunate that his mother was able and willing to bear so many calls upon her purse. She constituted her friend Mrs Bodenham her banker, who was charmed with her young guest; in one of her letters she styles him "a most amiable young man."

In May, 1840, he wrote to his mother: "My mind is nearly made up to study for the Church, and to add my mite to the reconversion of England. My inclinations, I think, would lead me to choose a worldly state of life, but I believe my vocation is to the Church, and if I find it really is so, I must follow that in spite of any

other consideration. I wrote to Oscott to Mr Phelan to ask him to pray for me, and to get the priests there to do the same, and I received a most encouraging letter from him and also one from Mr Spencer. Those two, Dr Weedall and yourselves are the only persons in England who know of it. I should like you very much to talk it over with some one, but some one who can keep the secret, for I do not wish it to be generally talked of, particularly as it is by no means quite certain."

Before returning to England, Francis Amherst made a tour on the Rhine to Strasburg. When at Bonn he met two of the Van der Lanken, brothers of his aunt Mrs Turville, who were with their regiment there. One evening, when admiring the scenery in the neighbourhood of Drackenfels, he was accosted by an old gentleman, who, speaking excellent English though with a German accent, observed that the scene before them had been admirably described by Lord Byron. In return, Francis Amherst alluded to the excellent translation of Shakespeare by Augustus Schlegel, as near the original as possible. The gentleman answered that the author of the translation was a poor professor of Bonn, who had taken all pains to produce good work. On separating, his unknown acquaintance presented his card, whereon

Francis Amherst read, "Professor Augustus von Schlegel," the very man of whom he had been speaking.

He returned by Havre to Southampton, where his mother and family had taken a house for a few months.

As time passed, and his simple human kindness and perfect character as a saint and a gentleman irresistibly attracted all hearts to him, he felt more and more that the enticements of the life of the world might lead him to think too much of it, and the voice of God called him with a sweet power, against which he did not desire to struggle, to the work ordained for him ; so he prepared to leave the world and secular life.



CHAPTER IV

A DIVINE

IN the year 1841 Francis Amherst returned to Oscott to study divinity. Dr—afterwards Cardinal—Wiseman was at that time president, and the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, dean, both filled with zeal for the conversion of England; the one by his writings in the *Dublin Review* was showing the errors into which the Oxford school was falling, and so aiding in bringing into the church many notable converts and finally the leader of the movement himself; the other was gathering together the prayers of the Church to promote the same object. Francis Amherst entered cordially into the spirit of both these great and saintly men. So great was his generosity that it impaired his income and compelled him in later years to be more careful; but, though lavish with his own means, he was most particular with respect to those of others, and when a bishop he never touched certain funds of his diocese which he had every right to use. At Oscott he educated several boys at his own expense, and some years before his death told his friend Mr Whitgreave that he had that year divided his income with a convert reduced to poverty by join-

ing the Church, adding, "I shall do the same next year."

In a letter to his aunt, Miss Eliza Fortescue-Turville, dated November, 1841, he says: "I hope some of you will come to see me soon. I should like Bill to see how comfortable I am here, quite as much so as in my room at home." Having mentioned the reception of Mr Sibthorpe, Mr Grant, etc., into the Church, he continues: "So that however visionary the views of Mr Spencer and Dr Wiseman may have appeared with regard to the Puseyites, this shows that they were not altogether deceived. . . . We have kept All Saints here splendidly. I think we beat Antwerp in magnificence, though not in magnitude. I expect to receive the tonsure about Christmas."

To his mother he writes:

Pugin has been here and was in raptures at the appearance of the church at Kenilworth. I am getting on very well in theology: I never studied anything so interesting, and have two excellent professors and a capital library. A Puseyite parson the other day went to service in Lichfield Cathedral, with his whiskers shaved off, in a cassock and surplice like ours, with a Roman collar and a large tonsure. He immediately received orders from the Bishops of London and Lichfield not to officiate again in either of their districts.

In the summer of 1842 Francis Amherst again visited the continent, going for the first

time to Italy. Dr Wiseman was going to Rome and had been asked to take with him William and John Wheble, of Bulmershe Court, and James Blake, of Cregg Castle, in Ireland. Francis Amherst begged that he and his brother William might join the party as far as Venice, and his lordship kindly acceded to the request. We have the following account from Father William Amherst, S.J.:

“Bruges was appointed as the rendezvous, where all assembled in June 1842, and thence proceeded to Brussels. Dr Wiseman had been invited to stay with his old friend Mgr (afterwards Cardinal) Fornari, then nuncio at the Belgian Court; so, leaving the others at the Hotel de Flandres, he went to the nunciature. However, Mgr Fornari insisted upon the whole party dining with him daily, and during their stay showed them every kindness in his power. From Brussels the party proceeded to Switzerland by the Rhine.

“Bishop Wiseman was a most delightful companion. When starting he told us that if we would look after the luggage he would undertake everything else, and as he would have to pay all the bills we filled his purse as occasion required. He knew the history of the country towns through which we passed, the celebrated men who had lived in them and all that was worth

seeing ; and being a bishop whose name was well known, he easily obtained access to objects of interest where some difficulty might otherwise have arisen. He was a first-rate caterer, liberal without extravagance, and we admired the way in which he looked over the hotel bills, quietly striking out extortionate items, and seldom were his corrections disputed.

“One thing we all found with regard to Dr Wiseman was that he had a European reputation, and was more appreciated on the continent than in England, being treated with the greatest honour and respect independently of his dignity in the Church.

“Once at Milan, in the Ambrosian library, the librarian treated us with the ordinary civility shown to a party of strangers, one of whom was a bishop, and we presently came to a large glass case containing a series of open books and manuscripts in different oriental languages. As we walked round the case the bishop explained the various languages and what the books and MSS. were about, to the evident admiration of the librarian, who presently came up to me and asked if that was Mgr Wiseman. Upon my replying in the affirmative, he went up to the bishop and expressed his great pleasure at meeting him, and at the same time his regret at not having known from the first who he was. It was Dr Wise-

man's reputation for knowledge of eastern languages which made him suspect who the visitor was.

"We crossed over the St Gothard Pass from Switzerland into Italy, and stayed for three days at Stresa, in the house of Signora Bolongaro on the shores of Lago Maggiore.

"Having been accustomed during our travels to order a substantial English breakfast, Dr Wiseman, knowing that such a custom was unknown in an Italian house, suggested that his young English friends should breakfast alone immediately after Mass, instead of waiting for the ordinary later meal. She kindly and readily complied, and next morning all the other guests and servants came into the hall where we were served to see five young Englishmen eating beef steaks at eight o'clock in the morning! The hospitality in the Signora's house seemed boundless.

"While at Stresa we visited the beautiful island called 'Isola Bella' on the day of the feast, when its proprietor, Count Borromeo, had come with his countess from Milan to share in the festivities, a visit to which Cardinal Wiseman alludes in an article in the Dublin Review on national holidays. At Stresa we also had the honour of an introduction by Dr Wiseman to the celebrated Count Rosmini. Thence we went to

Milan, where Dr Wiseman left us, called away on urgent business at Rome.

"On our arrival at Milan we had our first unpleasant insight into the difference between England and Italy, in which the latter did not show to advantage. When the diligence discharged us at the Milan custom-house, the Bishop went to secure rooms, while we stayed with the luggage, and found to our disgust that the custom house officer would not let us take away our trunks until we had paid something to escape an examination which, strictly speaking, I believe he was entitled to do. We of course, like true Britons, declined to give the bribe, and no doubt, declared our readiness to die upon the pavement rather than be imposed upon. After some time the Bishop returned and, understanding the case, spoke a few words apart to the chief of the office, a man not in uniform but dressed as well as any of us, slipping what I believe was a franc, but certainly not more than a florin, into his hand. The officer took off his hat, bowed to the Bishop, and at once ordered our boxes to be delivered without examination. It was the first, but I regret to say not the last, time I have witnessed such a scene. I felt humiliated, and my dislike to the ways of foreigners increased; but I do not remember to have met with such a thing except in Italy.

“Upon Dr Wiseman’s leaving us, the rest of the party went on to Venice, he having previously written to one of the monks of the Armenian Convent, which is on an island a short distance from Venice, telling him of our hotel and asking him to call on us. Though his lordship told us that he had written this letter, some of us, at least, had quite forgotten it. Returning to our hotel one day, after having been out sight-seeing, we found a fine, venerable, handsome old monk sitting upon an ottoman. Upon our entrance he arose, and accosting the first who came in, said in English, ‘I am Paschal Anchor.’ The young man addressed, not having the slightest notion who he was except what his habit betrayed, said he was very happy to see him and asked him to resume his seat. ‘But I am Paschal Anchor—do you not know Paschal Anchor?’ The young man, embarrassed, was obliged to confess that he did not know him but was happy to make his acquaintance. ‘Are you an Englishman?’ said the old monk. ‘Certainly I am,’ replied the puzzled young gentleman. ‘Are you an Englishman, and don’t know the name of the monk who taught Lord Byron the Armenian language?’ We then found that it was Paschal Anchor to whom Dr Wiseman had written. I asked if Lord Byron was a good pupil. He answered : ‘A very good pupil, but a

very naughty man !' Lord Byron mentions the monks of the Armenian Convent in one of the notes to the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*.

"The two Whebles and James Blake followed Dr Wiseman to Rome, but my brother and myself started from Venice to the Tyrol, accompanied by Hugh Cholmeley, an old school acquaintance whom we had accidentally met, and who had lately joined Mr Plowden in his bank at Rome. His father and sisters were staying at Innsbruck.

"Our chief object in returning by the Tyrol was to see the *Estatica* of Caldaro and the *Addolorata* of Capriana."

We cannot do better than describe this visit from an account sent by Francis Amherst to his sister.

Starting from Verona they took the diligence for Trent, "the road," writes the bishop, "increasing in beauty as we got more and more into the mountainous country, and we were glad to find ourselves among the 'green hills of Tyrol.' At Trent we presented our letters to the Prince Bishop, whose permission was necessary to enter the convent to which the *Estatica* had retired. He received us with the greatest kindness and gave the written permission. We, of course, saw the church here in which the great general council was held. Our next march was along

the banks of the Adige to a small post-town on the high road, called in Italian, Egna, in German, Neumarkt, the scenery being glorious all the way: mountains, rocks and castles on almost inaccessible crags. Sleeping at Egna, we began the ascent of the mountains towards Capriana, the village where the Addolorata lives, at five o'clock next morning. As we could procure neither mules nor riding horses, all being turned out to graze for summer, we had to be content with a conveyance which, I should imagine, existed in no other part of the world. It was a sort of box divided into two parts, one for luggage, one for human creatures, into which we squeezed ourselves. The one horse, lame and with every bone showing, was not in shafts but on one side of a pole. The driver was like a mummy with the voice of a little child. Thus we toiled up the mountain for about four hours, the scenery being 'at once lively, picturesque and grand,' as Lord Shrewsbury describes it. The sides of the mountain were covered with foliage, while at a great depth below is heard the roar of a torrent.

"At Lugano, a small hamlet where the principal houses are the little Inn and that of the priests, and where the road begins to descend to Cavalase on the other side of the mountain, we stopped, and, it being Friday, dined on rice por-

ridge, goat's milk and bread, after which we ascended an almost perpendicular mountain, where no horse could have stood on the narrow path, covered in many parts with loose stones. Though the day was intensely hot, we could see the peaks of the mountains covered with snow. At the summit of the hill we passed through the remains of a forest devastated by successive avalanches. Enormous heights towered above us, sometimes of bare rock, sometimes covered with pines, amongst the top trees of which the eagles were circling about. Then would come a beautiful pastoral landscape, with hayfields and quiet meadows, then again the gloom of an Alpine forest, and heaths and flowers of great variety and beauty.

"After about two hours' walking we were charmed to hear our guide exclaim, 'Ecco Capriana,' as he pointed to a village at some distance on the side of the mountain, beyond which was a valley, whose beauty riveted us to the spot. Our joy was, however, mixed with a feeling of awe, for we were about to witness the most wonderful spectacle on earth. An hour brought us to Capriana, and we passed the poor cottage of Domenica Lazzari, the Addolorata, on our way to the parish priest, where her sister and brother with his wife and children live.

"It was about two o'clock on Friday, on

which day, and on Thursday evening, she suffers most acutely all the pains of the passion. After three o'clock, she suffers much less. On drawing near the door we distinctly heard a low moaning as of a person in acute pain, which we knew to proceed from the suffering saint. Her sister, who opened the door, was at first reluctant to permit us to enter, so little do these poor people desire to be the subject of wonder or curiosity, but when we told her that we came from the Bishop of Trent, she admitted us without further opposition.

“On a low bed in a poor room we saw the Addolorata. The first view of the figure of this holy virgin had in it something indescribably awful. Her whole face appeared to be afflicted by a fearful disease ; but on a close examination, I found it to be covered with dry blood, so thin that it was transparent. In places it appeared to be peeling off, and in those parts I distinctly saw the skin, which was perfectly clear and free from any eruption or other malady. The dry blood was of a dark colour. It evidently proceeded (for there was no other source or cause for it) from a row of wounds on the forehead, which appeared fresh, the blood on them being of a much lighter colour than the rest. There was no blood actually flowing. I believe it ceases to flow about twelve or one o'clock. I also noticed

a few of these lighter spots among the coagulated blood a little below the irregular line of wounds. The blood continued from the wounds over the eyelids, nose and cheeks, to a line drawn down over the end of the nose and just avoiding the corners of the mouth to the lower jaw, leaving the mouth and chin as well as the upper lip free. Her hands were marked with a large and most distinct wound, which I saw in the palm as well as on the back of the left hand. The flesh round these wounds was swelled and much inflamed, the edges of the wounds were covered with thick congealed blood, while in the centre of that in the right hand there was a large, clear and fresh drop. The blood had flowed over the wrists, and on the left arm I saw it *clearly* as far as the elbow.

“Her hands are firmly clasped over her breast, and can only be separated by violence and with excessive pain. She opened her eyes and looked at us more than once. In them was an expression of intense agony, combined with perfect resignation.

“We petitioned to be allowed to see the feet, and were at first refused, but the sister afterwards uncovered them for a second or two. My companions being nearer than myself, I was unable to see the wounds, but Cholmeley saw them, at least one distinctly, and that there was

no blood between them and the instep, whilst we all saw the toes were covered with it. It therefore, in this case, flows upwards as the toes are slightly raised, and seemed to me to be resting against a pillow. William saw that the feet were crossed, so that the sole of one was over the instep of the other. The knees were bent and raised, as those of our Blessed Saviour are often represented on the cross.

“After remaining there a short time, we found our presence so manifestly troublesome that we reluctantly thought ourselves obliged to go, but could not resist the temptation of returning about three to offer a rosary upon the altar in her room. I told the sister who had met us at the door that we had come all the way from England to see Domenica, and she readily admitted us.

“She was in greater suffering than before, and her groans deeper, the blood upon her head being all dry. Her eyes were glassy and death-like, her head frequently fell forward and towards the left side. Her mouth seemed dry, her lips were white and parched, and she made fruitless attempts to swallow. Every muscle trembled violently, and had I not previously known the circumstances of the case, I should have said that every breath would be her last. We retired after about ten minutes, when we had asked her

to pray for us and our intentions, in answer to which she slightly bowed. She is said to understand all languages, and has not eaten, drunk or slept, for more than eight years.

"Finding it getting late we journeyed back to Lugano. Our guide lost his way in the mountains, and it was eleven o'clock at night before we reached Egna, having been nearly rolled over a precipice and dashed against a rock by the clumsiness of our driver, the weakness of our steed and the steepness of the road.

"Next morning we started in a somewhat more respectable conveyance for Caldaro, to see Maria von Mörl, the Estatica, rattling along a beautiful valley and reaching that place in about two hours. Cholmeley had a letter to a Madame Schasser, a star of the first magnitude in that retired mountain village. Through this good lady we presented our introduction from the Bishop of Trent to Father Capistrano, the confessor of Maria, who made an appointment to meet us at the Franciscan Convent at six o'clock in the evening. Meanwhile, we strolled into the church and churchyard, from which there is a most beautiful prospect, the hill below our feet, which slopes into the valley, being covered with vines. Beneath was a lake with a village, and on the opposite side the ruin of an old castle on the

summit of a rock, with a background full of huge mountains.

"At six o'clock we were in the convent church, from which we were conducted upstairs to what we imagined to be the confessor's room. Father Capistrano stood at the door to receive us, a saintly-looking Franciscan Friar, the sight of whom was a sort of preparation for the exquisite scene we were about to witness. Upon entering the little room, we found it to be a cell, and Maria kneeling in ecstasy, looking more like an angel than a human being. She was dressed in white and kneeling on the end of her bed, her long black hair hung over her shoulders, her hands were joined before her, her eyes wide open and raised to heaven. She was leaning slightly forward, a position most difficult to assume and retain without support. Her confessor motioned to us to draw near the bed, and though we were standing close before her and looking full in her face, she was totally unconscious of our presence. I perceived the slightest possible motion in her frame caused by breathing.

"Father Capistrano then mentioned her name in a low voice, when she immediately sank back upon her pillow without moving her hands, till she was almost in a lying posture and without the slightest effort. She was then conscious that we were there, and looked at us with a

bright and cheerful countenance and such a smile, it was angelic. Her eyes are large and dark, the expression full of animation. We were standing by her bed when she suddenly grew more serious, and instantly her hands joined and she was again in ecstasy.

“We begged the good father to ask her to give us some little pictures. He recalled her to herself for that purpose, and though he merely mentioned her name audibly, she understood what he desired and made a sign towards a chest of drawers, from which he took a pocket book and gave it to her. She opened it and selected two little pictures, after laying aside some, and gave them to me first, though I was the farthest from her. William came last, and she rejected several before she could fix her choice. Mine were the Crucifixion and St Henry, Emperor, William’s a head of Jesus Christ and St Ignatius. We then asked her to kiss our beads, which she did and returned them to us with another of those heavenly smiles which I can never forget. I then asked her through her confessor to pray, *pro nobis et nostris et pro omnibus nostris intentionibus*. I was obliged to speak Latin, as the worthy friar could speak no other language intelligible to me. She acknowledged that she understood by bowing to each of us. We then turned to leave, and before we were out of the

room she was again in ecstasy. As we left Fr Capistrano gave us his blessing. That night we went to Botzen, and next morning we heard Mass in the beautiful gothic cathedral. The costumes here are very picturesque. Some of the women wear fur caps, like small hussar caps, others wear large green hats with green ribbons and long streamers behind, others have conical hats like the men. The men wear jackets of green or purple velvet, which, like the rest of the dress, have the seams ornamented with gold cord. Their stockings are red, blue or white, with knee and shoe buckles. They have a broad leather strap round their waists, adorned with embroidery and silver ornaments, and also a case in which are a knife and fork with richly worked silver handles.

“In the streets and market place of this town, the French army, in the time of Napoleon, learnt what it had to fear from Hofer of glorious memory. The hills were occupied by Tyrolese, who commanded every portion of the town, so that it was certain death for any Frenchman to show himself. On our road from Botzen to Brixen, we passed the graves of 32,000 French and the scenes of battle described in the life of Hofer. We passed the famous bridge where the French, unable to force the pass, dashed up the side of the mountain to gain a point of vantage,

but every stone, bush and tree concealed a rifleman, and 14,000 French perished before an almost invisible enemy. Further on the French army had advanced apparently in security, when a voice from the hills asked, 'Is all ready?' and another replied, 'Not yet,' so they still advanced foreboding no evil, when a voice called out, 'Now,' and Hofer was heard to exclaim, 'Then in the name of the Holy Trinity let all loose.' In an instant the cords which held the loosened rocks were cut, down rattled the enormous fragments, while thousands of rifle balls helped in the destruction of the invaders, who left 18,000 dead. Poor Hofer was afterwards shot by Napoleon's orders. We saw his tomb at Innsbruck and breakfasted in his house.

"At the last mentioned place, situated at the junction of two beautiful valleys, we met Mr Cholmeley senior and his two daughters, who were living in an interesting old house, formerly a castle of the Emperor Maximilian, whose tomb is in the church below.

"Next day we left Tyrol, quite a paradise of a country, where the scenery is magnificent and the saint-like people honest, pious and brave. We heard the 'ranz des vaches' floating across the valleys, and as the hills became lower so did our spirits, until we entered the great plain of Bavaria, when they became very flat indeed."

After his return to England in the autumn of 1842, Francis Amherst visited his family at Malvern Wells for a short time, then went on to Oscott. He had received the tonsure and two of the minor orders in 1841, and in 1843 had the remaining two minor orders of Exorcist and Acolyte conferred.

In the summer of 1843, O'Connell was holding his "monster meetings" to force the government to entertain the question of repeal. One of the largest of these meetings was held on the Rath of Mullaghmart, and Francis Amherst was present at it after breakfasting with the Liberator at the house of the parish priest.

In June 1844, Francis Amherst was ordained subdeacon, *titulo patrimonii*. He received both minor and holy orders, and eventually his episcopal consecration, at the hands of Cardinal Wiseman in the chapel of St Mary's College, Oscott; whence, no doubt, the devotion which he retained to the last for his Alma Mater and his love and veneration for the illustrious prelate whose memory he always cherished.

He speaks of the day on which he was ordained subdeacon as "the happiest day I can remember," and in reply to some difficulties proposed to him by his brother William about this time, says, "I have not been able to see Dr Wiseman, but have spoken to Dr Errington,

our Professor of Divinity. He says that Freemasons are, or ought to be, debarred from receiving the Sacraments, but that your second difficulty about sitting at table with Freemasons is *humbug*, and that you must not listen to lay divines, who consider themselves more infallible than the ecclesiastical authorities. Errington works us desperately hard, at it all day. I am learning Hebrew ; the attempt to read it is something like trying to read pea sticks in a garden, or rather like the insane attempt to decipher posts and rails and bandies."

In 1844 he again went abroad in July with Monsignor Talbot, Augustus Welby Pugin and Mr Whitgreave, the latter of whom says, "Pugin was as usual most interesting and amusing during the voyage, full of life and spirits." Pugin left them at Ostend ; Monsignor Talbot went on to Brussels while they stayed in Bruges visiting the churches, etc., of that fine old city. Among others they called upon Mr Acton, of Wolverton, who had resided in Bruges for some time, and whose stepson, William de Trafford, joined them as they continued their tour through Belgium, the Tyrol and Italy, where on the lake of Lucerne they met Mr Berkeley, of Spetchley.

In July, 1845, Francis Amherst, Mr Whitgreave and Mr Berkeley paid a visit to Scotland,

being joined at Newcastle-upon-Tyne by Bishop Wiseman. Here they went to Holy Island, Dryburgh, Jedburgh and Melrose; after which they spent some time with Lord Lovat at Beaufort Castle, making excursions in the beautiful neighbourhood, and one day accompanying their host and his sons in a day's deer driving in the forest of Glen Strath Farra. From here they went to visit the Macdonald of Glenaladale, where they made excursions in a fishing smack from Arisaig to the Isle of Skye and other western islands. Unfortunately their visit was too early for them to witness the gathering of the clans at Glenfinnan to commemorate the landing of Prince Charles Stuart in August, 1745.

On June 6, 1846, Francis Amherst was ordained priest by Dr Wiseman, at St Mary's College, Oscott, and continued to reside there as a professor of some of the higher studies until the autumn, when he started for Rome. His sister, Mary Amherst, about this time entered the convent of the Sisters of Providence, Loughborough.

Writing to his mother from Mayence on September 9, 1846, he says: "We have just got here after a most delightful voyage up the Rhine. I said Mass for Mary on the 8th in the Cathedral of Cologne. Yesterday we went to

Coblentz, where I said mass in the cathedral this morning, and gave holy Communion to De la Barri Bodenham, who is staying at Mde Mores' with his mother. We go to Lucerne, where we spend Sunday and hope to meet the Blounts.

In a subsequent letter to his brother he says, "We met Edward and Mrs Blount at the station at Mayence, and went to Frankfort together. We have been received with the greatest kindness by the clergy everywhere. The nuncio at Brussels was particularly kind, and gave us leave to pass the Roman custom without examination."

They were at Milan on September 23, having crossed the Alps by the St Gothard without a cloud, and in his letter of that date he says: "We have said Mass on the shrine of St Charles Borromeo, and also over the body of St Ambrose in the very church in which he said Mass more than a thousand years ago." Next month they were at Florence, and he gives us the following account. "We went to Lucca from Genoa by the celebrated Cornich road, which in many places reminded me of that from Conway to Bangor. One place in particular only wanted Puffin and Anglesea to be very like Penmaenmawr. But the road was much finer, and I had only to look at the vegetation to be satisfied that

I was not in Wales. Instead of the plain elm and ash, we had forests of olive trees, growing in some places up to the very tops of the mountains, sweet chestnuts and peach trees with festoons of vines hanging between them, large groves of orange and lemon trees, aloes and cactuses growing like gorse in the hedges and like house leek upon the walls; sometimes we had nothing but cypress, *lignum vitæ* and what we call Weymouth pine, at others the hedges were full of camellias and large double roses, with sometimes oleanders in full flower. Imagine all that, with the sea on your right and mountains, some of them 5,000 feet high, on your left, with a beautiful road, no dust, an Italian sun and fine sea breeze. It is considered the finest road in Europe, with tropical plants. Many of the women were dressed exactly like the Welsh, with men's hats and red handkerchiefs. Near Sarizana and Lucca we saw the effects of a flood—all the olives destroyed for about twenty miles, the bridges all gone. We could not pass the river Magra in the diligence, so had to bundle into a crazy boat and be paddled to the other side by fellows who looked wild enough to be called *natives*, only I notice that people are never called natives by travellers unless they are savages.

“Lucca is interesting from the number of Italian gothic churches, and from thence we went

to Pisa and saw the leaning tower, duomo and baptistry; also the Campo Santo, a beautiful old gothic cloister covered with frescoes, which enclosed the earth brought by Lanfranc from the Holy Land, and where the nobles of Tuscany are buried.

"In the park of the Grand Duke of Tuscany are fifteen hundred cows and nearly two hundred camels. We were surprised to find the Italian hotels so clean and cheap. In all Tuscany we find that a *paul* (fivepence) goes very nearly as far as a franc in other places. The pictures here are glorious. We go from here to Arezzo on Monday, thence to Perugia, and hope to say Mass on Sunday, the 18th, in St Peter's."

In a letter of October 18, 1846, after speaking of Florence and its magnificent picture galleries, he says: "From Florence we went by diligence to Arezzo, and thence to San Savino to see the Estatica. Mass is said in her room every morning at eight, so we started at five a.m. She is always in bed like the one at Caldaro, and at the solemn parts of the Mass she starts up in ecstasy. We saw her do this at the Offertory, Sanctus, Elevation and before and after receiving Communion. To anyone who had never seen anything like it before, it would have been most startling. Talbot was quite overpowered. I was awestruck, though not so much as I should have

been if I had not seen Maria von Mörl twice. We were fortunate enough to see her complete a miracle. There had been for sixteen years at Volterra two poor women possessed by the devil. The Bishop of Volterra had tried to exorcize them, but without effect ; at last they petitioned that a miracle might be tried. The devil, hearing this, became alarmed, and let out that he was afraid of Domenica (the Estatica), and hoped he should not be sent there, upon which the bishop determined to send them, and they arrived two days before us. The day before we saw her, she had spoken to them, and ordered some blessed oil to be mixed with bread and given to them. One of them took it and was instantly released. The other became frantic when it was offered, and was thrown into all sorts of convulsions ; she could not open her mouth for some time, and when she did her tongue was violently turned and seemed as if someone was pulling it from the root. The devil declared aloud that he would not leave her, or that if he did it should only be to take possession of Domenica. On being told that God would prevent that, he said he would remain where he was. I was assured of this by many eye and ear witnesses, some of them quite strangers, and one of them a German infidel, named Sneider, who had been converted on the spot by the sight of Domenica. Things went on

in this way till next morning when we were at Mass. At the consecration, and when the Communion was carried past the possessed creature to be given to Domenica, the devil made what I can only call an infernal noise. He howled horribly and sometimes gave a short bark: I cannot describe it, but it was more like a bark than anything else, something quite horrifying, such a noise as one might dream of and shudder at afterwards. All this time the poor woman seemed to suffer immensely, and was obliged to almost lie down to prevent herself from falling. After Mass, Domenica spoke to her and gave her some oil, which she received quietly and went away without any trouble, thanking God in a most edifying manner. She instantly consecrated herself for ever to God and the Blessed Virgin." Having asked Domenica to pray for his family, he adds, "she immediately said, 'I will pray for them, and will give you a book for each of them that they may pray for me.' And without my saying the number, she at once counted out six little prayer books and gave them to me, adding a little crucifix for myself with all the Indulgences of the Via Crucis.

"From Arezzo we went to Perugia, most interesting and beautiful, Foligno, Terni, Narni and Civita Castellana, through a lovely country. It is so like Scotland that I can scarcely imagine

that I can see Monte Soracte from my window, and that I am only twenty miles from Rome. On almost every house and wall we see written 'Long live Pius IX,' 'Pius IX, deliverer of Italy,' 'God preserve the Pope,' 'Eternal fidelity to our holy Father,' etc., etc.

"*Rome, Oct. 26, 1846.*—We are in a sort of ecclesiastical hotel here, but all besides ourselves are French excepting Lord Clifford and Mr Walford, a Cambridge convert. We had a magnificent sight the other day. In the morning the Pope went to Frascati, and on his return at night all the people went to meet him. It was very dark, but the moment the Pope's carriage entered the piazza in front of the Quirinal Palace, an immense blue light was burned, lighting the whole place. The people cheered tremendously, calling out, 'Viva il Santo Padre!' As soon as the Pope entered the palace, he appeared in full pontificals on the balcony over the entrance with his attendants, cross, torches, etc. The instant he did so about twenty more blue lights started. The place was as light as day. The people were cheering all the time till he held up his hand, when there was as dead a silence as if they were in church. Every one fell on their knees, and the Pope sang out with a loud voice the 'Deus in adjutorium,' etc., 'Sit nomen Domini benedictum,' etc., and the blessing, the whole multitude

singing the responses. Then the Pope retired. I am going to Monte Portio, the country house of the English College fourteen miles off; several of the students were my companions at Oscott."

In a letter of December 15, 1846, he describes a great flood in Rome: "The Tiber rose to an awful height, the streets were turned into canals. Mr Campbell Smith had seven feet of water in his house. Mr Henry Petre and his wife had to get out of the second storey windows by a ladder and escape in a boat. Hemans, who was then at Rome, had to climb over the roof of his house and get into another. The Misses Poole, converts, had their food sent up to them from a boat by a string. The water covered the High Altar in the Church of the Pantheon. The Piazza Navona was five feet under water with all sorts of goods and furniture floating about. The Government sent a loaf and a candle daily to every blockaded person.

"Prince Borghese and his brother went about in boats distributing bread, wine and meat to the poor. In one house the Prince found a poor, deserted, bed-ridden old woman floating about. He carried her out and saved her life. Dr English saw a man sailing on the roof of his house, which had been washed away during the night. Compton Hanford and his sisters were kept at the gate two days."

They were themselves more fortunate, for he writes : " We have a very nice party in our hotel. Charles Weld is going to join us : he will be an acquisition. It is said that Dr Ullathorne is coming. I see a great deal of the Blounts : they are in a particularly nice palace."

In a letter of January 8, 1847, he gives an account of an enthusiastic reception by Pope Pius IX of a deputation from Bologna, and at the conclusion says : " It is reported here that Faber is dead ; we hope it is not true. An English lady, Mrs Lott, was received into the Church by Cardinal Acton a few days ago. Dr Polding, Robert Berkeley and Mr Heptonstall arrived with Whitgreave." With some difficulty he had obtained leave to say Mass for an invalid daughter of the Blounts in a room in their house. Mrs Blount writes of this most gratefully, calling him " the comfort of her life."

On January 18, 1847, he writes : " Yesterday, St Anthony, the horses were all blessed. They were driven to the Church of St Anthony, dressed out in ribbons and feathers. Prince Doria's were the smartest, driven eight in a carriage, with ostrich plumes on their heads and the grooms in green velvet. I often say Mass for you. It is a great consolation to do so on the tombs of the Apostles and Martyrs. Tomorrow I am going to see several bodies of

martyrs removed from one of the catacombs, a most interesting sight."

In a letter of January 28 of the same year he announces his intention of joining some friends and spending Easter at Jerusalem, adding: "When I have seen Jerusalem I shall be satisfied with travelling." He speaks also of the death of the youngest son of Prince and Princess Doria, which had taken place a few days before, of water on the brain, and mentions the Scott-Murrays, of whom he saw "a great deal—they are very nice people."

Mrs Amherst, in reply to her son's intention to go to Jerusalem, replies: "Go by all means, and may God bless you, guard you on the way and send you safe to us again. I ever place you under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary; may she be a Mother to you. Pray assure Mr Whitgreave of my very best wishes. Mrs Blount will be sorry to part with you; she writes to everyone that you are her greatest comfort."

Before starting for the Holy Land, he was presented to the Pope to get his blessing, and in a letter of February 18, says, speaking of Pius IX, "He talked to me a great deal about it (i.e., the journey to Jerusalem), and said he wished he could go also. He went to the Apollinare on the feast of the church and gave Communion. Simpson and his wife received from him. After

Mass I was asked to breakfast with his Holiness in the great hall of the college. He sat at a little table by himself, we all stood in cassocks and surplices, coffee, chocolate, ices and cakes being handed round. Next day was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament in St Peter's ; the Pope walked after it, and I got close to him, by Cardinal Lambruschini."

He started upon his journey to the east full of keen anticipations, and calls it "great sport," his love of adventure and exercise added to his taste for all that was beautiful making the journey one full of interest for him, while his knowledge of the country and intimacy with the life of our Blessed Lord aroused feelings of piety and devotion.

The bishop has left a detailed account of his pilgrimage to the east well worthy of publication ; and though it is too long to be inserted here, a few particulars culled from letters will show the course of his journey. "Starting from Rome on Wednesday, March 3, 1847, they next day sailed from Civita Vecchia, and passing Naples went to Malta, whence, by steamers, they proposed to cross to Alexandria, and so either to Beyrout or by the Nile to Grand Cairo, and across the desert to Jerusalem, arriving there for Easter." Writing on March 8 he says : "We are now passing Catania, under Etna in Sicily, formerly de-

stroyed by an earthquake and once or twice by eruptions.

"When we passed Naples, Vesuvius was under a cloud and did not show itself. The weather was bad, so the bay looked dismal rather than otherwise. The Straits of Messina are very pretty, high mountains on each side, but I am quite disappointed to find that Etna is not even smoking. We have several English officers going to Malta, an Englishman and his wife going to Jerusalem, three priests and two Sisters of Charity going to Athens, three Franciscan friars to Smyrna, some few persons to Constantinople, and several nondescripts going nowhere. I am letting my beard grow, as I shall not be allowed to say Mass in public in the East without one."

They arrived at Jerusalem on the night of Maundy Thursday shortly before twelve o'clock, and had to pitch their tent outside, the gates being shut. On Good Friday they entered the city, and Francis Amherst passed some time at three o'clock on Mount Calvary in devout prayers. Next day he said Mass at the Holy Sepulchre. On April 4 they started for Jericho with some Jesuits who were going with Father Ryllo to central Africa. Visiting the Jordan and Dead Sea, they returned to Jerusalem by Bethlehem, whence after a time they went to Nazareth,

the Sea of Genesareth, etc. In a letter to his brother William he says : " We got through the desert very well ; its dangers and fatigues are much exaggerated. The whole journey from Cairo to Gaza occupied nine days. First day we rode eight hours, second six, third and fourth ten, and the rest eleven hours, with a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning during the first night. We had two days' quarantine at Gaza, a beautiful place with a glorious view from the terrace where we were allowed to walk. From Ramleh we got horses to Jerusalem ; not sorry to leave our camels—tiresome brutes always doing what they were not intended to do. We have seen all the sanctuaries of Jerusalem, but I should never advise anyone to come here for devotion at Easter time. The ceremonies are made positively disgusting by the schismatical Greeks, who make the most awful noise imaginable. We saw the pretended miracle of the Greek fire from the triforium of the Church. The uproar was horrible ; the Greeks seemed possessed, rushing about in crowds, dashing round and round the Sepulchre, carrying half-naked madmen on their shoulders, insulting the Catholics, yelling, pushing and fighting like fiends. The Turks are, after the Catholics, the only well-behaved people here, and it is a degrading sight to see Turkish soldiers keeping

order among Christians in church with whips. The weather is delightful, hot in the middle of the day but the mornings and evenings delicious. It is the best time for Palestine, since in summer everything is parched up, while now the country is green and covered with flowers. We go from Nazareth, by Tiberias, Mount Carmel, etc., to Beyrout and thence to Damascus for a few days. Yesterday I said Mass at the Manger in Bethlehem, and we saw the *hortus conclusus* and *fons signatus* of Solomon—the former an exquisite little garden in the midst of barren mountains, the latter a stupendous work consisting of a fountain and three enormous tanks for supplying Jerusalem, ten miles distant, with water. We are with the Franciscans here. Food not quite *à la Soyer*; bill of fare: boiled goat, hard eggs and tripe. On Mount Sion is the new spruce English church, and an English shop where London stout and Bass's pale ale are advertised vice '*Sion lugent.*' Thank goodness, the gardens of Olives and Gethsemani remain unbuilt upon, still olive gardens. The view of Jerusalem from the former over the valley of Josophat is most beautiful."

From Jerusalem to Nazareth they passed through Nablouse, the ancient Sichem, Samaria and Jenu, a valley with streams and mountain torrents flowing in all directions, and instead of

the barren hills of Judea both hills and plains were covered with foliage, oranges, lemons, olives, vines, roses, pomegranates, cypresses, mulberries, etc., which seemed to grow wild. The pomegranate is the most beautiful tree of the East, about the size of a Portugal laurel, leaves delicate as those of a myrtle, and a profusion of deep red flowers. Samaria has the remains of the chancel of a crusader church and numberless columns of the great city built by Herod.

From Nazareth they visited Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, a lovely lake, and saw the sites of Capharnaum, Magdalum, Genesareth, Corozain, Bethsaida, etc., returning by Mount Thabor, where our Lord delivered his sermon and multiplied the loaves of bread, where also the Transfiguration took place. It rises alone to a height of about 1,000 feet from the plain of Esdraelon, and is covered with woods and flowers, such as the gum cystus, cyclamen, anemone, ranunculus, iris and everlasting flowers, all which are common in Palestine. Englishmen they met everywhere, two parsons on the top of Mount Thabor, and a large party who had followed the track of the Jews through the desert from Cairo to Jerusalem.

Passing by Mount Carmel, St John of Acre, Tyre and Sidon, they rode by the seaside to

Beyrout, where they found an European hotel close to the sea with a fine view extending over the Lebanon, the highest points of which, 9,000 feet high, were covered with snow. Hence they returned to Rome and so to England.

But while recounting the exterior life of Bishop Amherst, the desire of seeing somewhat of that interior life, from which good actions spring, naturally arises. It is not, however, easy to satisfy this desire, for the lives of saintly men lie, for the most part, deeply hidden with God. We may obtain some glimpses of his interior life from the following passages taken from a meditation on the obstacles to a priest's advancement in virtue: "The great thing to remember is to do *all* for God from getting up to going to bed, and not let *self* have any part. If we are not very vigilant we shall fail in this and allow self-love to corrupt even our pastoral duties. Thus many a man does that, where he finds gratitude or amiability, which he would not do out of a sense of cold duty.

"O God, give me a deep sense of the immense heinousness of mortal sin. Imagine standing in the presence of the great God and deliberately, insolently, madly committing sin. O God, rather let me die a thousand deaths than ever commit a mortal sin. Teach me to love Thee with all the powers of my soul; let

me see myself as I am in Thy sight. Holy Mary, sweet Mother, pray for me. I wish I could love God perfectly, without thought of self, hoping for heaven because it will give me God. So I wish to avoid sin, purely because it is against God whom I wish to love so much. I say *wish*, but by the help of Thy grace I *will* love Thee, dear Lord of my heart, and avoid sin. I will hope in Thee, my Jesus, and kiss Thy sacred bleeding feet like Magdalen, and I know Thou wilt forgive me, Thy heart is so tender, so loving; and I have a friend always at Thy side begging Thee to forgive me, Mary, my and Thy sweetest mother.

“Dear Lord, what more couldst Thou do for me than Thou hast done? Thou hast a right to me entirely, to every sense of my body and power of my soul, every thought, word and deed of my life. Oh give me grace to remember this always. Mary, pray for me, especially when I am most in danger of falling into sin.

“If we would see how just is the punishment which God inflicts upon mortal sin, we must view it not from our position, but as far as possible from that of God, considering His infinite goodness and excellence, and how every creature is indebted to Him and dependent upon Him for everything.

“But if we find the atrocity of mortal sin in

any creature, how infinitely more atrocious is it in a priest, God's chosen friend, the man of His heart, to whom He has confided the sacred mysteries? Oh, sweet Jesus, give me a great horror of sin. Let me see its atrocity in its true light and never offend Thee.

"But to avoid sin I must mortify myself. Much depends upon correspondence with grace. Thy grace is sufficient for me, may I never by negligence or opposition counteract it. Let me never consult my own ease when Thy interests and my duty are in question. Mary, pray for me.

"How terrible is the thought of hell! Imagine a soul alone there, raging waves of crested fire all around tossing it about in all directions; every nerve quivers with fiery pain. A shoreless pitiless sea stretches in every direction for all eternity. No use will mitigate the pain, no time deprive this fearful solitude of its terrors, shut out of all good for ever.

"Or suppose a soul in hell with others, devils and damned souls. They believe, so must tremble; they have no hope, so must despair; they have no love, so must curse and injure and hate for ever. In unspeakable torments, they howl and yell and scream without cessation.

"What horror to be thrust into the coffin of a half decomposed human being, or a furnace of molten metal! Yet what is this to the fire kept

alive by the blast of the nostrils of an angry God?

"There too may be the souls of those whom we may have led towards damnation, of those whom we might at least have done something to save, of those whom perhaps it was our duty to save.

"Are there priests in hell, will there be any more? What shall I wish, O Lord, at the hour of my death? Only that I had loved and been faithful to Thee, and avoided sin all my life long. Let me think every day of death, not shrink from the thought. Dear Mother Mary, pray for me now and at the hour of my death. I feel confident that thou wilt be with me then, for I resolve to love thy dear Son and do nothing that will displease Him.

"Death, the moment when the light of God's face breaks upon the soul! What joy for the good priest, what fearful horror for the unfaithful servant! When shall I die? this week? I know not; to-morrow? I know not. At that judgment everything will be seen just as it really is, everything scrutinized by the eye of God: no shams or deceptions will pass there. The man who has taken in men will not be able to take in God. Oh Christ, assist me in that terrible day; Mary, be my help.

"My God, let me see the malice of venial

sin and the consequences of thinking lightly of it. The captain of a vessel would be mad to allow small leaks and damages to go unrepaired. How mad is it then to neglect smaller faults which weaken the soul and let in the waters of sin and destruction. O Jesus, if I truly loved Thee I should not think so little of offending Thee. I have chosen Thee, my God and my King, for my leader ; Thee will I follow whithersoever Thou goest. So I say. But Thou knowest my weakness and how apt I am to be led to follow anything but Thee. I cannot refuse to respond when Thou callest upon all who have courage to enrol themselves as Thy soldiers to conquer the world, the devil, the flesh. I cannot refuse and proclaim myself a coward. But how long will my resolution last ? O grant it may be for ever.

“Thou dost not require of me more than Thou hast done Thyself. A priest, my Lord, must be a man of prayer, for he has to do Thy work, and how can he know Thy will and interests without prayer ? Let me imitate Thee and always seek after my Father's interests. But to follow Thee truly, I must not complain of fatigue, nor of unpleasant duties, nor of the various disagreeables arising in the discharge of duty. Why should I be solicitous about the things of this world if I really wish to follow

Thee? Suppose my days were spent in poverty, Thine were so. Suppose I am deserted, despised, cruelly treated at my death, Thou wert so.

"Oh, detach my heart from all earthly things, especially money and comfort. Give me a great diffidence in my own judgement, but promptness of decision for Thy glory.

"Mary, sweet Mother, who didst stand at the foot of the Cross, pray for me."

In 1848 the Rev. Francis Amherst again visited Ireland accompanied by his two friends, Robert Berkeley and Francis Whitgreave, the latter of whom says: "The only drawback to our pleasure being the evidence which remained in the country and among the people of the appalling famine of the year before." He spent the summer of 1850 in visiting one of his Oscott friends, Richard Irwin (afterwards Colonel), of Rathmoyle, co. Roscommon. While here, his ardour in the pursuit of ornithology nearly cost him his life, for while driving one day in an outside car drawn by a high-mettled mare he espied a yellow-hammer with a pure yellow head, and regardless of consequences fired from the car. The mare bolted and he fortunately "jumped out of the car at the very instant it struck against a stone wall." Speaking of the state of Ireland he observes that yesterday he "met a man who always goes about

with a body-guard of six with loaded muskets" ; and a few days previously he saw another who two years ago took possession of a property with which he had nothing to do, and received the rents for eighteen months ; he had no idea of refunding and yet was allowed to run tame about the country !

He visited Fingal's Cave and the Giant's Causeway, but says, "the Causeway did not come up to my expectations : it ought to be seen before Fingal's Cave."

For some time past, the Rev. Francis Amherst had entertained the thought of joining one of the Religious Orders ; and in order to obtain light upon so important a subject, he made a retreat under a father of the Society of Jesus, a wise and holy man, who advised him to select an Order which was not only strict but austere. He first thought of joining the Redemptorists, but having been told that that Order was not sufficiently austere for him, after taking a considerable time to consider the matter, he decided to ask admission amongst the Dominicans. Before, however, carrying out this resolution, he determined to go to Rome and obtain the holy Father's blessing on his undertaking.

In his journey to Rome, the Rev. Francis Amherst was accompanied by his brother William and the late Mr George Mostyn. They started

on February 7, 1852. All went well until they approached Chalons in a steamboat. They were sailing quietly on the Saône, when suddenly the man at the wheel put the helm to larboard and drove the boat against the shore. The shock was great and all the passengers rushed forward, those in the cabins running up in a great fright. Having observed a dense smoke from the engine room, their first idea was that the boat was on fire. A plank was put from the vessel and the passengers landed in a great hurry. On coming forward they perceived that the hold in the fore part of the boat was rapidly filling with water, but, there being no immediate danger, they ran aft to secure their luggage from the other hold, and with the partial assistance of one Frenchman pulled up all the packages belonging to the passengers. It appeared that on the way the vessel had sprung a leak; those in charge had been seized with panic, and hence the determination to run her aground. The shock had nearly broken the boat in two. Mr William Amherst, who describes the scene, says: "What most astonished me was the conduct of the men in charge of the vessel. They all left the boat helter-skelter, and seemed to lose all presence of mind; no one attempted to take a lead in anything, and all was confusion."

At Lyons, the situation of which is exceed-

ingly fine, they visited the chapel of Notre Dame de Fourvières. The body of the chapel is modern or modernized, the tower and spire in excellent taste, and over the west entrance is inscribed "A Notre Dame de Fourvières, Lyon reconnaissant d'avoir été par son intercession préservé du cholera 1832 et 1835."

From a journal kept by Mr, now Father, William Amherst, S.J., we learn that at Marseilles they saw the chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde situated on a hill, whence is a magnificent view over the town, the Mediterranean and Bay completing the prospect. The figure of Notre Dame holding the Holy Infant in her arms, put up in 1837, is in silver. The walls of the chapel are garnished with pictures representing perilous situations from which the pious votaries have been delivered. Here they "put up a large candle for the safety of (their) journey."

From Marseilles they went to Nice by diligence, through a pretty country with hills covered by olive gardens, and in the latter part seeing the snow peaks of the Maritime Alps. Here they found the climate most disagreeable, a hot sun and cold north-east wind, so that in walking about many took a great coat as a protection from the one rival, and an umbrella as protection from the other; "yet this is the climate delicate people from England are advised to

come to." The neighbouring scenery is very beautiful, and it is strange to English eyes to find in February the ground covered with violets and rosemary which scent the air, and the geraniums in full bloom. There are groves of oranges, lemon and lime trees, and the fashionable part of the town is like an English watering-place, the chief occupation being picnics on the summer side of the hills in the morning, and balls at night.

At Genoa they especially admired the church of the Annunciata, with its rich decorations and paintings, and visited the Palazzo Brignoli Sale and those of other noble Genoese families, admiring their collections. They reached Rome towards the end of February and found many friends there, Messrs Hugh Chomeley, William Eyre and George Manley being among the first to welcome them.

While there, they attended the churches where the Quarant Ore was going on, and those of the Stations, the Rev. F. Amherst offering up Mass in the privileged sanctuaries of Rome, and his brother serving with equal devotion; amongst others he said Mass in the room where St Ignatius died and in that of St Philip Neri.

In the journal above quoted, it says that on the first Sunday of Lent "we went to High Mass at the Sistine Chapel, where I saw Pope Pius IX for the first time and received his bless-

ing." Among the sixteen cardinals who assisted were Cardinals Franzoni, Fornari, Altieri, Mai (librarian of the Vatican), Ferretti and Brignole. The Procurator General of the Dominicans preached a short sermon on the Gospel of the day in Latin, likening the attempts of Satan against our Lord to the attacks of infidels and radicals against the Holy See. The Pope was several times in tears. In the chapel they met Mr Laird Patterson and Count de Herries in his uniform, "looking like a dandy of James I's reign."

Mr William Amherst called upon Father Young at the Gesu, who introduced him to Rev. Father Roothan, general of the Jesuits. Speaking of his wish to establish the company in Scotland, the Father General observed that he was frequently requested to do things which were out of his power. He found himself between two fires, that of the enemies who wished to extirpate the company, and that of the friends of the company who urged it to do more than it could wisely undertake. It was an honour to be persecuted by the former, but the latter always pained him. The Father General invariably called it "the company," not "the society."

At the English College they called upon the President, Mr Cornthwait, and afterwards on Messrs Herbert Vaughan, Palmer and the Carington Smythes.

They had an audience with the holy Father on March 5, and before leaving Rome the Rev. Francis Amherst had a private audience, during which he mentioned his intention of entering the Dominican noviciate, the only answer he got from the Pope being, "Religious Orders are very good when they keep their rules."

He puts down March 25, 1852, as a day to be remembered all his life, since on it he received holy Communion from the hands of the holy Father in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, in the Basilica of St Mary Major.

While in Rome, they saw at the studio of Hoffman, a German sculptor and convert, the image of the Blessed Virgin intended for the chapel of Ushaw College, of which Dr Newsham was then president. They were much struck by Rhoden's picture of the crucifixion, also for Ushaw, which represents the moment when our Lord said, "Behold thy Mother!" and were subsequently introduced to the Dominican artist, Père Besson, then the Prior of Santa Saluna, *Salerna* who was decorating the walls of his convent in the style of Beato Angelico. They visited the catacombs under the direction of Dr Grant, then President of the Scotch College.

In a letter to his sister Annie, the Rev. Francis Amherst speaks of visiting Pompeii, and going with Lord Feilding to Pagani, St

Alphonsus' place. He left Rome by sea, "in company with George Mostyn, the two Riddells (Tom and Clifford) and Mr Virtue, an English priest." With him he brought for the church at Kenilworth a copy of one of the most miraculous Madonnas in Italy, to which the Pope attached an Indulgence of three hundred days for saying the Litany of Loreto before it. He had kindly obtained some relics for which the nuns had asked, and observes that the Pope, while giving his blessing to all the family, "was delighted to hear of our having two sisters nuns." At Florence they met and were accompanied by Mr Charles Berington, of Little Malvern.

He returned to Oscott to find the Bishop of Birmingham, Dr Ullathorne, in prison, and saw "Dr Moore carried off by a sheriff's officer to join the Bishop" at Warwick. The Bishop had been made responsible and sued for debts belonging to another person and of which he was entirely ignorant, a very unjust affair.

In a letter from Radford, Stafford, April 25, 1853, he remarks, "I hope to be at Clifton on Thursday evening, and have written to Vaughan to ask for a bed." This refers to the Rev. William Vaughan of the Courtfield family, who subsequently became Bishop of Plymouth. Very shortly afterwards he entered the Noviciate at Woodchester.

CHAPTER V

A DOMINICAN NOVICE

A REVIVAL of the ancient discipline of the Order of Friars Preachers, commonly called Dominicans, had been inaugurated under Father Jandel in Rome, and Lacordaire in France. Its influence had extended to England, and in no house of the Order could the life be found more severely observed than in that at Woodchester ; perhaps, indeed, it was even more austere than the rule absolutely required. But the Rev. Francis Amherst desired an austere life in becoming a religious. He was anxious to love and serve God more perfectly than was possible in the world. His ambition was to do all he could to contribute to the revival of the faith and Christian ideas and practices in this country. He felt, moreover, that a life lived under a rule might aid him to undertake, or at least, not to avoid obligations which he found painful or unpleasant, and which there was always a temptation for one ordained upon his own patrimony to put aside. With a voice so rich and sweet that those who have heard it can never forget, he combined a natural talent for preaching good useful sermons.

His matter was never dry, his diction was excellent, while his manner and delivery showed that he was himself convinced of the truth of all he said and earnestly wished to convince and move his hearers.

The picturesque monastery which attracts the eye of the visitor as he advances up the Woodchester valley was not built in the Spring of 1853, when the Rev. Francis Amherst joined the community, and the Friars and Novices had to content themselves with very unsuitable quarters in the neighbourhood. Writing in May of the above year he says: "I got here safe on Saturday, and am to be clothed to-morrow: pray for me. I of course take no vows until my noviciate has expired; you will be delighted with the new convent: the situation is one of the most beautiful I have seen in England. We have a beautiful church, and hope to get into our convent in August. Our present house but a poor one."

In a letter of November 11, 1853, he says: "I thought of you all much yesterday and said Mass for William. However much you must have felt the parting, you cannot but rejoice that he is accomplishing what appears to be the will of God—that is your only wish with regard to us all. Do not be afraid that my health is not taken care of: I meet with nothing but the greatest

kindness." The allusion to his brother William refers to his having entered the Jesuit Noviciate at Hodder. The Rev. Francis Amherst took the name of Alphonsus in religion. He was very happy as a novice, loving both the Order and the rule, and writes at Christmas of that year, "We are busy preparing the church for Christmas. The Clarkes have got for us a most beautiful Crib. Poor Mrs Capes has been very ill, but is better, though quite blind. I am delighted to see William is so happy."

Francis Amherst's health, though good, had never been very robust, and it began to be evident that it was not equal to sustaining the life of a Dominican. It was thought that perhaps a change would restore his strength, and in a letter of August 21, 1854, he says, "I am going to Leicester to-morrow; I did not know it till this morning. I think I shall like it—plenty of work to be done there." He also mentions having seen the De Barys at Weston, whose boys were going to Oscott.

In the Autumn of 1855 he made a tour in the Highlands with the Rev. F. Kirsopp, by which his health was considerably benefited. During his noviciate at Woodchester he was a model of strict observance, amiability and cheerfulness, and though a man of independent thought, the then Prior of Woodchester speaks of him as

"docile as a child." He was long held up to other novices as an example of determined perseverance so long as it was possible.

He always spoke of Woodchester and of his novice master, the celebrated preacher Father Thomas Burke, with great affection, and undoubtedly materially strengthened himself during his noviciate in that perfection which was required of him in the high office he was afterwards called upon to fill. It gave him also a just appreciation of the religious Orders, though that was owing in a great degree to the grand Catholic instinct and extreme fairness of judgement which he always possessed and showed.

Ultimately he was obliged to content himself with being a member of the Third Order of St Dominic, since his health did not improve; and upon leaving the Dominican Fathers, offered himself to his old friend and diocesan the Right Rev. Bishop Ullathorne, returning once more to his beloved Oscott. Here he resumed his office of professor, teaching some of the higher classes and enjoying his last few months of tranquil college life, so congenial to his tastes, in the society of many friends within the college where he was greatly beloved. Like his patron St Francis to him all nature was living, intelligent and sympathetic: woods, trees, birds and flowers spoke to him of God, their Creator; and it is a character-

istic entry in his diary of May 23, 1856: "The nightingale was heard in the plantations for the first time since the college was built." The previous day had been the Feast of Corpus Christi, which is always kept with great solemnity at Oscott with a procession round the terrace, and though it is one of the days on which many were admitted to the grounds, yet they all preserved the greatest reverence and decorum.

Some quotations from the diary of 1856, which was carefully kept, may be of interest as showing character.

May 25.—The oak in leaf earlier this year than for several years past. Began to read "Fabiola" in German.

May 27.—Read some of Gordon Cumming, a book which I dislike exceedingly for its exhibition of wanton cruelty. The pleasure of shedding blood must be low and morbid. Besides, Mr Cumming confesses tricks in barter with poor, untaught, unsophisticated savages which would have called forth his most severe animadversion if practised towards himself.

May 29.—This day was observed as a general holiday throughout the country in celebration of the peace with Russia.

May 30.—Received news of the death of my uncle, the Rev. Francis Turville. He was educated at Crook and Ushaw, served the mission

at Hampton-on-the-Hill, Warwick, for at least twenty years, then removed to Bloxwich, where, his health rapidly declining, he took up his abode with the Rev. Walter Lovi, at Walsall, remaining there until his death six years afterwards. He died in his sixty-seventh year. R.I.P.

Hampton-on-the-Hill was near Lord Dormer's property, and there is in the possession of Miss Fortescue-Turville, of Bosworth Hall, Leicestershire, a very handsome embossed snuff-box, given by his cousin, Evelyn Piepoint, Lord Dormer, to the Rev. Francis Turville.

June 3.—Drove with the Rev. H. Richmond to Walsall to attend the funeral of my uncle, the Rev. Francis Turville. Called on the Miss Richmonds, and saw several young friends among her scholars. Two or three broods of teal have been hatched in the neighbourhood of Miller's Pool. *Mem.*—The teal, when disturbed with its young, quacks, though its usual note is a whistle. I think the black grouse has quite disappeared from these parts, in consequence of the late extensive enclosures. More wild ducks than usual have remained this spring.

June 10.—I started after breakfast to Kenilworth to assist at the opening of the girls' school-room (Mrs Amherst, to support the mission and school at Kenilworth, had given up her carriage

and converted a portion of the stables into a very good school). Met at Fieldgate Mr and Miss De Bary, Mr and Mrs Colegrave, and Miss A. Blount. The school-children had a feast in the new room which is admirably constructed, large, cheerful and airy, and then games on the lawn.

June 11.—Heard from Morrogh that the Rev. James Hamilton, whom I formerly knew well, and who for some years had been reading and travelling in North Africa and Arabia, had got into some scrape with the Turkish Government, probably in the Arab insurrection. He was condemned to be shot, but on the intercession of the English Consul, the sentence had been commuted to perpetual imprisonment.

June 15.—The Rev. H. Davies sang High Mass for the first time. Took a beautiful walk with the Rev. H. Souter all round the Sutton Woods. In after times the Rev. H. Davies became a Canon of Birmingham Cathedral, and was instrumental in completing the handsome church on St John's Hill, Wolverhampton. The Rev. H. Souter also became a prelate and canon, and served the church at Leamington.

June 20.—Mgr Parisis, Bishop of Arras, formerly Bishop of Langres, accompanied by the Bishop of Birmingham, the Vicar-General of

Arras and others, arrived at Oscott. Father Ambrose St John, Superior of the Oratory at Edgbaston, met them at dinner, to which Dr Morgan and myself were also invited. The college band played during dessert. Afterwards the Bishop met the students in the library and received an address to which he replied and then gave his blessing.

June 21.—The Bishop of Arras and suite left for Dublin on a visit to the Archbishop. The examinations ended, and after supper, according to custom, the vacation was proclaimed from the top of the tower and St George's flag hoisted. The proceedings were enlivened by the figure of a man being thrown from the window of the theatre into the quadrangle, to represent the peaceful departure of the last scholastic year.

After night prayers, received the sad news of the death of the Very Rev. John Moore, D.D., at Handsworth. He was educated at Sedgeley Park and Oscott, ordained priest in 1832, soon after which he built the church at Sutton, and served the mission on Sundays while continuing his professorship at the college. He was one of the strongest promoters and supporters of the gothic movement, and it was through him that Pugin was first invited to Oscott and introduced to Mr Hardman, his future friend and zealous co-operator. After serving the mission at Sutton

for some time he was removed to St Chad's, Birmingham. Here he built the cathedral, during which Mass was said in the new schools and the clergy lived in St Paul's Square. In 1849 he was commissioned by Bishop Ullathorne to succeed the Rev. H. F. Cologan, D.C.L., as President of Oscott, where he remained four years. He was then appointed to the mission of Handsworth and became chaplain to the Convent of Mercy, founded there by Mr Hardman, Senior.

After Easter, 1856, he went to Rome and, returning about Whitsuntide, fell dangerously ill, when he was taken to Mr Hardman's house and most kindly nursed by his hostess, Mrs Hardman, and the nuns of the convent. Having preserved his senses until nearly his last moment, he was surrounded by the nuns and many of his flock, to each of whom he spoke in private, giving each some words of advice. He told one of the sisters that she would soon follow him, and that he should look for each of them as they entered the next world. The whole scene is described by those present as being like what one reads of the deaths of many of the saints. His brother, the Rev. James Moore, vice-president of Sedgeley Park, and the Very Rev. George Canon Jeffries, Vicar-General of Birmingham, were with him in his last moments, which were happy and

peaceful, as became a zealous missionary, an exemplary priest, a firm friend and one of the most humble and forgiving of men. May God give a speedy rest to his soul. The funeral took place on the following day in St Chad's Cathedral. The bishop and between fifty and sixty of the clergy assisted at the obsequies. He was buried in the crypt by the side of Bishop Walsh.

At the beginning of July, the Rev. Francis Amherst and Mr William Colegrave set out with the intention of visiting the Grande-Chartreuse and then going on pilgrimage to La Salette. The former thus describes their journey:

"We left Lyons at eight a.m. for Voiron, where we were to stop in order to visit the Grande-Chartreuse. The whole road is fine and through a rich country abounding in corn and vines. It became much more varied as it reached Voiron; there were high hills on either side, and one caught glimpses of the Alps, some of them covered with snow. Voiron is on an eminence, looking over the valley, which is bordered on the eastern side by magnificent mountains and watered by the Isère.

"We got a carriage to take us to St-Laurent-du-Pont, whence the ascent to the Chartreuse is made. The scenery was grand in the extreme. Passing through the village of St-Etienne, then through a grand gorge between lofty overhang-

ing rocks, while the valley is well cultivated and abounds in chestnut and walnut trees, in about two hours we reached St-Laurent and, putting our bags on a pony, walked to the Grande-Chartreuse.

"The way lies through a narrow defile bordered by lofty mountains and hanging rocks. The sides of the mountains are clothed with timber trees, especially beech and pine, while the road winds along above a roaring torrent, sometimes crossing it by handsome bridges and frequently passing through short tunnels.

"On our arrival we were most hospitably received by the inmates, and ushered into a large dining-room, which, with its spacious table and good fire of pine wood, reminded one of the great halls of the middle ages. Some of the liqueur for which the convent is famous was then given to us to prevent any bad effects from our warm walk, and after a short rest by the fire, an excellent meagre dinner was brought in for us.

"The cells in which we slept were clean and good, and those who pleased were awake at half-past eleven for matins. We heard the high Mass at seven o'clock, and I said Mass about half-past eight in a pretty little chapel. After breakfast, we took a walk to St Bruno's Chapel in the desert where the saint first settled, about

half-an-hour distant from the convent. It is a plain edifice on a rock surrounded by forests of pine and beech. Below the chapel is the fountain of St Bruno, entered by a low archway and surmounted by a stone cross, where two copious jets flow into the basin. At five p.m. we left the convent, and on our descent to St-Laurent, were even more struck with the beauty of the scenery.

"The following day we went to Grenoble and called at the seminary, on Canon Rousselot, for whom we had a letter from the Bishop of Birmingham. He received us most kindly, and we found that he was himself going next day to La Salette with seventeen seminarists.

"We started at eight o'clock a.m. from Grenoble on July 14, having for our companion the Curé Doyen of Rochelle, an agreeable, clever person.

"The country to Corps is delightful, the road passing over a considerable mountain, by the side of three small lakes and through the towers of Vigille and La Mure. We reached Corps too late to present our letters from the Bishop of Birmingham to the archpriest; however, we quickly got some mules and, in company with another abbé, were soon en route for La Salette.

"The road, none of the best, winds along the sides of a noble gorge varied with rock, tor-

rent, forest and cultivation ; but on nearing La Salette, all growth of trees ceases, though the hills are covered with excellent pasturage.

"At nightfall we entered the dark clouds, from which we only emerged shortly before arriving at our destination, when we found a bright sky overhead, the transition from the dark clouds into the starlit sky being magnificent.

"The first habitation visible is the hut of a recluse, who has lived here for nine years. She attends Mass in the church, and in her solitary walk thither is generally followed by her goat.

"We arrived in time for Benediction, after which we had supper and were shown to our room. On arising next morning, July 15, we found a perfect sea of cloud beneath us, the mountains looking like a bold shore. I said Mass at St Joseph's altar, and then went to pay my respects to the sanctuary. The whole consists of a portion of a handsome Romanesque church, unfinished, with a convent in the same style on either side, one for the fathers, the other for the nuns. About thirty or forty yards from the door of the present church is a little chapel of white stone, beautifully ornamented, which marks the spot where the vision disappeared.

"At the foot of a steep but short declivity is the fountain which sprang up at the time of

the apparition. It is enclosed by a square grille of iron, and the water flows firstly into a small stone basin, from which it passes to an exterior one by means of a pipe. The water is icy cold and entirely without taste. Within the iron grille are two rough stone benches, the upper one being that upon which our Lady sat when first seen by Mélanie and Maximin. She afterwards moved to a short distance, where she gave them her admonition. This spot is marked by a cross. She then moved up the declivity, without however touching the earth; this line, which is zigzag, is also marked by crosses forming the stations and lead up to the chapel where she disappeared.

“The order of the day for pilgrims is simple: Mass at almost any hour from five a.m. to eleven, breakfast at eight; dinner at twelve, supper at half-past six, after which, night prayers, etc.

“M. Rousselot was most obliging, and allowed us to join his party whilst he took them round and gave explanations, at the close of which we all sang the *Salve Regina* on the spot where our Lady disappeared. As we descended we saw the other pilgrims making the stations, and could hear them singing far up the mountain; and in the evening we heard a sermon on the love of God from *Perè Sibillat*, after which *Cantiques* and *Salut*.

"Next morning, July 16, was the close of the mission given by Père Sibillat, and there was a beautiful procession of all the pilgrims (the priests in surplices) round the hill and down to the fountain, singing the Cantique of our Lady of La Salette, etc. The effect of this was most moving. Then Missa Cantata and sermon, before which, as usual, the intentions of the pilgrims, and amongst them of the two *English pilgrims*, were announced. There was a large number of them and many clergy. The family of the Roskells left the day before we arrived.

"In the afternoon at two o'clock were Vespers, sermon and Benediction with Cantiques, the last of which, Les Adieux, was most beautiful and touching.

"At length we were obliged with deep regret to leave this happy place, where primitive Christianity seems to have taken up its abode, and where we formed acquaintances almost amounting to friendships; so we put our bags on 'Follet,' our favourite mule, and were conducted down the mountain by a mountaineer girl named Mianon, a friend of Mélanie.

"Returning to Grenoble, we continued our journey to Annecy, where I said Mass at the altar of St Francis de Sales. We then passed through Bonneville, which we found enlivened

by a fête which was to take place next day. The bands of all the surrounding communes had arrived for a musical reunion, and were parading and playing round the 'Place.' Their intentions were better than their performances, at least it is to be hoped so, but the banners hung from every window, and the various uniforms of the bands had a gay appearance."

The travellers passed from France into Switzerland, returning to England at the end of July. The Rev. Francis Amherst spent a few days at Fieldgate with his family, then went up to Stonyhurst to see his brother, who had just finished his time at the seminary. To continue the diary :

"*August 5.*—Academy day at Stonyhurst. Several visitors came whom I knew, among them Mr Maxwell of Everingham, Mr Joseph Tempest, the Welds of Leagram, Mr Herman Walmesly, Mr Daniel Wheble, Mr Frank Whitgreave, Captain Mowsley, Mr Butler Bowden, etc., etc.

"The academies began at eleven a.m., and were conducted on a system lately introduced at Stonyhurst by Fr Gallwey, Prefect of Studies. The boys examined each other, and the prizes depended upon the result. I thought the plan excellent and the whole very interesting. There

was a little music and speaking between the different contentions.

“About one hundred and fifty persons were present; and after dinner, prizes were distributed to the successful candidates, consisting of well bound books and medals.

“Walked to Hodder Place, which is now merely a preparatory school, in which are about twenty-six boys. It is much improved since the novitiate was there!”

About this time, Dr Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, offered the mission of Stafford to the Rev. Francis Amherst, which had been served for twenty five years by Canon E. Huddleston, who was retiring to Aston, near Stone. Aston had formerly been a possession of the family of Stanley, of which Sir Thomas Stanley married Maud, daughter and heir to Sir John Ardern, of Elford, by Catharine Stafford, who brought to this family a claim to the Barony of Stafford, of Clifton. Sir Thomas Stanley's eldest son, John, was Lord of Elford, Pipe, etc., in Staffordshire, and of Sibertofte, in Northamptonshire; and his second son, Sir Humphrey Stanley, who is styled of Pipe and Aston, dying in the twenty-first year of the reign of Henry VII, was buried in Westminster Abbey.

He is said to have conceived some ill will

against William Chetwynd, of Ingestre, who also held an office at Court, and, the latter having been inveigled by a forged letter to repair to Stafford at an early hour in the morning, was assailed on Tixall Heath by a body of armed men and slain, while at that instant Sir Humphrey passed by with some twenty-four persons on horseback under the pretence of hunting a deer.

The Rev. Francis Amherst, though willing to undertake missionary work and labour for the salvation of souls, had a great dread of the loneliness of a missionary priest's life, which he thought was not good for him. He therefore laid this difficulty before the bishop, and left the decision in his hands. His lordship agreed to let him have an assistant priest, and so the matter was settled, Dr Weedall, the President of Oscott, consenting with some reluctance to let him go.

Speaking of Stafford in a letter to his mother, the Rev. Francis Amherst says: "I am of course sorry to leave Oscott, but I think the arrangement will suit me very well. It is one of the best missions in the diocese and well endowed. I shall have Frank Whitgreave for my neighbour, and shall be no further from you than I am now, so far as time is concerned. I shall want a little instruction in housekeeping, and I dare say

shall be one of your numerous applicants for servants." This refers to one of Mrs Amherst's numerous acts of benevolent charity, for she always had, besides her own staff of faithful servants, a young girl, whom she instructed and trained for "a place." Brought up in so admirable a household, these girls invariably obtained good situations, and Mrs Amherst had numerous applicants for servants from all sides.

On August 10, 1856, Bertram Arthur, Lord Shrewsbury, died at Lisbon in his twenty-fourth year, to the inexpressible grief of all who knew him and the irreparable loss of the Catholic Church in this country. He had succeeded his cousin in 1852 as seventeenth Earl of Shrewsbury, and was the son of the late Mr Charles Thomas Talbot, whose widow afterwards became Mrs Washington Hibbert. He left two sisters, Lady Annette Mary, wife of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bart., and Lady Gwendeline, wife of Mr Edward Petre, of Whitley Abbey. Francis Amherst, who was related to the house of Talbot on his mother's side, felt this death very keenly, and constantly recurs to the sad event in his diary and letters. To return to the diary :

"September 1.—I went to Stafford, my future mission, on a visit of two days to the Rev. Canon Edward Huddleston, and found him exceedingly

kind ; he introduced me to several parishioners. Next day, I went to Stone by train and walked to Aston to see the house which Huddleston had built. It is by Pugin, and with the church and new school forms a beautiful group. The house bears a strong family likeness to that of Fr. Whitgreave, at Burton. This I like : it is like the hand of a sculptor or painter."

In his diary, the Rev. Francis Amherst recounts many conversations and walks with his friend, the Rev. C. Meynell, e.g., "Walked with Meynell after dark. Talked of the natural proofs of the Divinity of Christ and of the love of God, arising from the study of His greatness and of our dependence on Him. . . . Walked with Meynell to Warwick Wood. I always get some good out of talks with Meynell when he avoids metaphysics. . . . Took a moonlight walk with Meynell. Talked of the Gallican school and exulted in its downfall.

"*September 18.*—Went to Stafford to settle with Huddleston and spent the day there. Talked of old Oscott times. He remembers Dr Weedall the primmest possible little divine, with hair powder and every hair in its place, and having neat little shoes in a chronic state of high polish.

"*September 26.*—Walked in the afternoon to Maryvale. Shown over by the Rev. Mother.

There are now there forty orphans, four professed nuns and several novices.

"Why should we not promote an asylum for deaf mutes, for whom a sound religious education is so desirable? Much has been done in this way on the Continent and in Ireland. Want of money is always the excuse. I will think about this. Would it be beyond the province of the Dominicans of the Third Order? Cannot we trust a little to Providence? 'They that trust in the Lord are as Mount Sion.'

"*September 27.*—Went to help Bathurst at Stone, his *confrère*, Northcote, having gone to preach at Stoke.

"*September 28.*—Sunday. Preached in the morning on the Dolours; in the evening on the Gospel, 'Unless you see signs and wonders, you believe not.' In the afternoon, walked to Oulton and was much struck with the beauty of the conventual church. The reredos of Caen stone, with its overarching canopies and panels representing types of the Blessed Sacrament, its light pinnacles surmounted by exquisite figures of delicate angels, is beautiful, the encaustic tiles good, and cornices and string courses finely carved in grapes and roses. The singing of the nuns is better than usual. The Rev. F. Fairfax is chaplain.

"*September 29.*—Returned to Oscott. Old

Birch, the grocer, when lamenting his misfortunes a few days ago, told me that he had 'amalgamated with a man as had inveighed his property unaccountable.'

"The Benedictines from Subiaco are taking possession of St Augustine's, Ramsgate, built by the elder Pugin, adjoining his house. It is remarkable that this church is near the site of the landing of St Augustine, a monk of the same order and house."

On October 5 and 6, he was packing up to leave Oscott for the fourth time, and observes: "I am so accustomed to change that these things disturb me less and less." Next day he took leave of his friends at Oscott, and left the college at one o'clock, calling on the Bishop of Birmingham and reaching Stafford at six, where he was kindly received by Canon Huddleston. On Sunday, the twelfth, he writes: "Poor Huddleston, quite overcome by preaching his last sermon." After vespers, a meeting in the boys' schoolroom, at which an address from the congregation was read and a handsome chalice presented to Father Huddleston, who next day left for Aston.

"*October 13.*—On this day I entered on the possession and duties of the Stafford mission. May God assist me to do my duty."

From his entrance upon the mission, the Rev. Francis Amherst was the model of a zealous and devoted pastor, thinking only how to promote the spiritual welfare of his flock, and with this intention he had a mission preached in the parish as soon as he was settled, finding that the people required an impulse to bring them to the sacraments.

He made a daily round of visits to the sick, the gaol, the workhouse, etc., bringing consolation to the afflicted, and was most devoted to the children of the congregation, himself preparing them for their first Communion and gaining their deep affection. But whilst thus working for the good of others, he did not neglect his own sanctification, the simple cry of his heart being, "O my dear Lord, give me grace to do Thy holy will, that I may be a good priest and may see Thy face in heaven. Sweet Mother Mary, pray that I may do my duty." The will of God and duty were what he sought. In another place he says: "I trust that God will inspire my people with great love of the Blessed Sacrament, devotion to our dear Lady, and affection and thought for the souls in purgatory. I hope to have the grace and means of directing my energies to these great distinguishing devotions of the Catholic Church. St Dominic, pray for us."

Like most parish priests, with a soul for

music, the Rev. Francis Amherst had his trials with his choir. Its members perplexed him sorely. He did his best to produce harmony among the choristers, but not always with success. He asked the advice of his more experienced neighbours, and evidently the "differences" in his "unhappy choir" troubled him not a little.

"November 1.—A great number at confession, which is more cheering. Last night there were children singing hymns at the door, which they call 'All hollering' (All hallow e'en), one of the hymns ends, 'God grant rest to their souls.'

"Talking to Whitgreave of apparitions, he told me among other things that the late Lady Stafford, mother of the [then] present Lord Stafford, had one day put into her hand by her husband a box containing documents relating to the Stafford family. Upon coming to the last she found it to be a sealed packet, tied across with ribbons and marked, 'My general confession.' She knew it to be the handwriting of the Lord Stafford who was executed in the time of Charles II, from having in the course of her researches read many letters of that nobleman. After much hesitation between curiosity and a sense of right, the former prevailed, and she was in the act of opening the packet when she felt a jerk given to

the papers, as if someone had snatched them, and then saw them burning upon the fire.

"*November 4.*—Sent for to the workhouse to see old Ward, aged ninety-eight. The old man only wanted to have a chat about 'his old honour, Sir Thomas Clifford,' with whom he had lived as coachman for many years. He told how Lady Blount had been burnt to death, 'all along of stannin' with her backside agin the fire.'

"Had a discussion with Bathurst upon death-bed repentance. I am for giving the utmost limits to God's mercy and hope, at least, for the best for all who send for the priest and participate in the sacraments.

"Talked of the accusation, or rather the objection, which Protestants bring against the Catholic religion, about the inferior state of civilization in Catholic countries. There is no use in shirking the question. Grant it. What does the Church pretend to do? To make steam engines? To sweep streets, or *to save souls*? This is her mission. This she engages to do. Then faults in mere social life cannot be ascribed to her, as she does not pretend to deal with purely secular matters in the most perfect way. But come to spirituals, what then? If she were to fail, her mission might be questioned. But where has she failed? Whatever may have been the faults of men, they have proceeded from

neglecting the precepts of the Church, from despising, disdaining her, and thinking that they knew better than she did. *Deus misereatur nostri.*"

In January, 1857, the Rev. J. Dowling came to live with the Rev. F. Amherst and assist him in working the mission. A great blessing appeared to attend their combined labours, the church soon becoming too small for the congregation who flocked to it.

"*April 22.*—Went to Wolverhampton to assist at the requiem Mass sung for Bishop Milner [he died April 19, 1826], to whom the Rev. George Duckett is trying to erect a monument.

"*April 28.*—Baptized Humphrey George Joseph Whitgreave, second son of Francis Whitgreave, of Burton Manor. On the first Sunday of May the church was crammed morning and evening. *Sta Virgo Virginum, ora pro nobis.*

"*May 6.*—Saw Prince Albert on his return from opening the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester."

The Rev. F. Amherst, in company with Mr Whitgreave, visited this collection some days later, and remarks, "It is a magnificent gallery, well arranged. The Vandyks are numerous, chiefly forming part of a grand gallery of portraits connected with English history. Of Raffaelles,

there are very few and not of the best, some beautiful little Peruginos, Fra Angelicos, etc. The rest of the exhibition consists of engravings, ceramic works, ivories, gold and silver works, armour, enamels, lace, etc. It is proposed by sanguine Protestants to educate and moralize the masses by such an exhibition, *nous verrons*. Met Molyneux Seale, Tom Ellison, etc. Went in the evening to Pleasington Hall, near Blackburn, on a visit to the Butler Bowdens'.

"*May 13.*—Walked with F. Whitgreave to Houghton Tower, the delapidated residence of Sir Henry Houghton, who lives at Brighton and leaves his ancestral castle to fall into ruins. It is picturesquely placed on the summit of a high, well-wooded eminence, commanding a fine extensive view. The windows are broken, the ceilings falling, and grass and other vegetation forcing its way through the pavement of the courts. In the great hall, James I, on his way from Scotland, conferred the title of baron upon the well-known joint of beef.

"*May 15.*—Left Pleasington for Manchester. Met Lord and Lady Hatherton, and was introduced by the former to his brother-in-law, Dr Wellesley. Met also the Lomaxes of Cleighton, Mr H. Walmesley and Father White, S.J.

"*June 12.*—Sent a petition to Lord Edward

Howard to present to Parliament against the divorce bill. What is the country driving towards? By this atrocious bill, the last remains of Christianity are to be undermined, and the floodgates opened to immorality and disorder. Society must be undermined, and what will this lead to but revolution? This is, perhaps, but the beginning of those evils so often predicted as hanging over this land.

"*May 16.*—Attended the examinations at Wolverhampton for a short time. Accuracy seems to be wanting in school learning now-a-days. I observed this at Oscott and Sedgley Park. I often find that I know passages which I have not seen for more than twenty years better than boys who have just pretended to learn them. There is no true scholarship without accuracy.

"*June 22.*—To Oscott for the exhibition. Met there Sir Pyers Mostyn, Mr and Mrs Vincent Eyre, Sir James Tichborne, etc. *Hamlet* was performed, and a good appeal for a new room was made in the prologue, immediately responded to by Sir James Tichborne offering twenty-five pounds.

"John Wyse, who has met Hamilton at Athens, says that he is living in comparative poverty, and is writing an account of his detention at Constantinople.

"August 4.—St Dominic's Day. Sang High Mass at Stone, meeting my family, Mrs Witham and her sister Miss Salvin.

"August 10.—Went to Rhyl to spend a few days with my family. My brother William, from St Beuno's, is with them. He and I walked to Rhuddlan to see the ruins of the castle, and witnessed a curious fight between a small black spaniel and a cormorant, in which the latter would have been beaten if he had not been rescued by some boys, who threw him into the river Elwy and kindly pelted him with stones. He seemed, however, to escape."

During the autumn of this year, the Rev. Francis Amherst made a tour in Wales with his brother and Mr Whitgreave, and afterwards visited his friend, Mr De la Barre Bodenham, of Rotherwas, where he remarks in his diary: "The style of living here is quite foreign. The visitors have their cup of chocolate in their rooms, and people meet for the first time at half-past eleven at a *dejeuner à la fourchette*. Dinner is nominally at six."

Speaking of Oscott about this time, he says: "The chapel at Oscott has undergone a great alteration. The screen has been taken down, a handsome row of oaken seats for the choristers placed before the stalls, the floor laid with en-

caustic tiles, and the chancel re-gilt and painted. The appearance is magnificent. To my taste there are few things so handsome in England."

On September 24, he went to St Benedict's Priory for the clothing of Miss Louisa Weld and Miss Riding, and spent some days next month with his family at Fieldgate. One night he passed at Teddesley (Lord Hatherton's seat near Penkridge), where he met Lord Stafford, Mr Spencer Lyttelton and Mr Osborne, a son of Sydney Godolphin Osborne, whose signature S. G. O., was well known in the writings of that day. His influence and conversation always did much good in Protestant society. He found Lady Margaret Littleton, the wife of Colonel Littleton, "a most Catholic-minded person."

The last entry of this year is an act of kindness to one of his servants at the infirmary.

"*November 20.*—Saw Mary at the infirmary."

"*1858.*—During Lent of this year I preached every Thursday on the Passion of Our Lord, which I think, by the blessing of God, did much good. *Qui passus es pro nobis, miserere nobis.*"

"*May 4.*—The Diocesan Synod at Birmingham, to which I went and made the profession of faith in my capacity of missionary Rector of Stafford.

"Little did I think what was transpiring in Rome on that day. On my return home I found a telegram from my friend, Monsignore George Talbot, in these words, '*Vous êtes nommé évêque de Northampton.*' Astonished, bewildered, and with a deep sense of my own unworthiness, I knew not what to do.

"My first impulse was to go instantly to Rome to beg the holy Father to reverse the decision. I then went to the Blessed Sacrament and made an offering of my entire self to God, which offering I wish and intend to renew every moment of my life. However painful to myself, I wished to accept the charge, if it were God's will, as involving a sacrifice of every feeling, which I trusted would be pleasing to God. I put the whole in the hands of our Immaculate Mother.

"Comforted and encouraged, I sent a telegram to Talbot, begging him, if it were possible, to induce the Pope to hesitate before anything final was done. The telegram was in these words, '*Si fieri potest transeat a me calix iste.*'

"Such a terrible mess was made of this in transmission that Monsignore Talbot could not make it out. He took it to Pope Pius, who was equally puzzled, and giving it back to Talbot said, 'It does not matter; it no doubt means that he does not want to be a bishop.' Pope Pius

in his private capacity never said a truer thing."

The Bishop of Birmingham (Dr Ullathorne), to whom the Rev. Francis Amherst had written at once, came over to Stafford the next day and gave him much encouragement and good advice, telling him it was useless to petition Rome.

In announcing the appointment to his mother he says, "I have received a telegram from Talbot in Rome, telling me that I am appointed Bishop of Northampton. I would do anything to escape the appointment, for which I am in no way fitted, if I thought it possible; but I suppose it is the will of God, and I must submit. The thing is not public yet, so it had better not be spoken about. But I thought I would be the first to let you know. I only got the despatch to-day (May 7, 1858). I hope you will all pray for me."

On this occasion, Cardinal Wiseman also wrote to Mrs Amherst from Leyton. He says, "Dear Mrs Amherst, accept a hasty line of congratulation on the merited elevation of your dear son Francis to the episcopal dignity. Mgr Searle joins me in these feelings.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

N. CARDINAL WISEMAN."

The bishop-elect made a retreat at the house of the Redemptorists, Bishop Eton, Liverpool,

before his consecration. Meanwhile, the grief and sorrow of the people of Stafford was great when they heard that they were to lose their beloved pastor, whose gentle and amiable character had endeared him to all. He was leading a useful, happy life as parish priest in their midst when the blow fell which was to separate them for ever. His charity to the poorer members of his flock was unbounded, and he was solicitous for all ; but the children of the congregation had always been the special objects of his love and care, while his sermons and instructions bore witness to the refinement and zeal of his character. Before his departure from Stafford his flock there presented him with a handsome pectoral cross and chain.

CHAPTER VI

BISHOP OF NORTHAMPTON

ON July 4, 1858, Dr Amherst was consecrated bishop in the chapel of his beloved Oscott. Cardinal Wiseman performed the ceremony, assisted by Dr Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, and Dr Vaughan, Bishop of Plymouth. There were also present the Bishops of Clifton and St John's, Newfoundland, as well as his mother, brother and sisters, with many other friends and members of his late congregation.

It may perhaps be said with truth that much of Francis Amherst's earthly happiness ceased with his accession to a mitre, but with the fortitude of a good Christian and a true Englishman he determined to do his duty, and he did it generously and nobly. He strove earnestly for the advancement of the Church in a part of England where there was no opportunity of display, and, so long as his health and strength lasted, laboured quietly in his poor and Protestant diocese.

The feelings of love and respect which had grown up while he was at Oscott manifest them-

selves in the following touching address presented by the students.

“MY LORD,—Although for weeks we have all been anxiously looking forward to your lordship’s coming amongst us, and have been keeping our hearts warm to welcome you, yet now that we would give full vent to our feelings, utterance well nigh fails us and the tongue refuses to interpret the heart.

“We would wish to express our admiration, our respectful affection; but even amid our congratulations deep sentiments of regret will naturally predominate.

“During the whole period of your lordship’s connection with Oscott, its students have invariably witnessed, in your relations with them, those characteristics which ensure love as well as respect, and well nigh merge the superior in the friend.

“We gathered from the traditions of past years the genial virtues of your college days. We came to look upon your lordship as one whom the genius of Oscott had chosen from among her favourites to stand as a model of what she would have her children become. Our wishes begot the hope that this would be the permanent scene of your lordship’s labours—that though circumstances might separate you from us for a while, we trusted in your speedy return to link your future with the future of Oscott.

“Now that the wisdom of Rome has entrusted to your lordship wider interests of the Church, it would seem to become us better to claim condolence from others than to join in congratulations. Still, my lord, we feel a pride in your elevation, because we know that your honour will be reflected on us.

"We congratulate the church of Northampton, and bespeak from its clergy and people that honour and filial reverence which was awaiting your lordship here; and, my lord, we know that the bonds of union are stretched but not broken, that you will always feel an interest in us and find a pleasure in revisiting your former home.

"We fondly hope that among the reminiscences and associations that will crowd upon your lordship from walls and walks, an additional pleasure will be added from the consciousness that Oscotians will ever be happy to welcome you and flock around you, eager for your lordship's recognition and benediction.

"We remain, your Lordship's children in Christ, the Students of St Mary's.

"Signed, in behalf of the students,

"J. G. LYNCH, *Public Man.*"

One who had known Dr Amherst long and intimately, and was well qualified to judge, writes:

"In my opinion, St Mary's lost a great deal in more ways than one when Francis Amherst became a bishop. A period of service on the mission might have been extremely useful to him, as it is indeed to every priest; but, that period over, he should have returned to Alma Mater. He certainly had some qualities which eminently fitted him for the episcopal order, but, considering the whole of his constitution and disposition, he was much more fitted for the responsibilities of college life and parochial life than for those of an office in which weightier and more harassing cares bear so heavily on one who, with the sensitiveness of a woman and a horror

of giving pain to anyone, combined the strong good sense and high notions of honour of an English gentleman."

Two days after his consecration, Francis, Bishop of Northampton, came to take possession of his See. Stopping at Weedon, he was there met by the late vicar-general, the Very Rev. Dr Oleron and Canon Bernard Smith, of Great Marlow, who conducted him to the little chapel where he vested in his episcopal robes, and, thus attired, drove direct to the cathedral in Northampton.

He was received in great state by the chapter assembled in the church, and was at once enthroned as Bishop of the Diocese. The cathedral then consisted of only a small portion of the present one, which was built by Dr Amherst himself, from designs by Augustus Welby Pugin.

On July 8 of this year, in a letter to his mother, the bishop says: "I got here all safe, and was very much gratified by my reception by the clergy. The ring, crosier and mitre have been much admired; I must again say how much I thank you for them." Somewhat later he writes: "I have just received a long and beautiful letter from His Holiness (Pope Pius IX), which gives me great consolation." Unfortunately this letter cannot now be found. It was an honour accorded to very few, and marks the sig-

nal favour in which Dr Amherst was held in Rome.

On October 10, 1858, he writes to his sister, then superior of the convent at Loughborough :

“I always intended to pay you a visit before going to Rome. I think my journey may possibly be delayed till November, so I cannot fix the day of my departure, nor when I can go to see you. You say rightly that the episcopate is no light burden ; you know something of the troubles of a superior. I can only trust in God and in the prayers of His blessed mother and of good people, for grace and strength to do His will. I hope you may get stronger for our sake and that of your community, although I cannot help feeling that it is a privilege to be allowed to suffer for the sake of Christ. My poor diocese is in a most destitute condition, fifty years behind the rest of England. I am in sad want of priests and money. You must pray for us.”

He went to Loughborough on October 27, and was received with every demonstration of joy and affection. He says in a letter to his sister two days later :

“I am quite sure that I did not express my gratitude sufficiently to the good sisters for their most kind reception. It was not because I did not feel it, but because I never know what to say on such occasions. Will you tell them this, and that I shall never forget their goodness? I shall keep the poem and snuff-box in grateful remembrance of my visit. God bless you all.”

These were not mere words, for among his papers forty-one years later was found, intact and entire, the very pretty poem entitled "A welcome to the good Shepherd."

Somewhat previously, the bishop had been invited to assist at the Jubilee celebrations at Ushaw College, where he spent "a most delightful week."

He held his first ordination at Northampton on July 26 of this year, and it was arranged that he should go to Rome at Christmas.

It must be remembered that a very heavy burden and responsibility fell upon the earlier Bishops of England after the restoration of the Hierarchy. In many parts the policy of vigorous persecution, relentlessly carried out by the Protestants, had been so successful that very few adherents of the old faith remained, and these few had been ground down by fines and impositions until comparatively a small number of Catholic families of opulence survived. The restoration of the Hierarchy meant the planting of many centres of Catholic activity, but it also entailed very great expense; and so the earlier bishops had to contend with a double evil—the difficulty of obtaining and supporting a sufficient staff of priests to administer the sacraments to and look after a thinly scattered flock, and the difficulty of obtaining sufficient money to carry

on the necessary expenses of an episcopal establishment. Dr Amherst had succeeded Dr Waring, who had formerly been Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern District, and thus, as second Bishop of the Diocese, inherited a mass of difficulties and trials within the fold, besides the determined bigotry and aversion of those outside the Church. The strain which came upon him had been overpowering, and he looked forward with pleasure to his journey to Rome, so that it was with a great sense of relief that he found himself, in company with Mgr Howard, once more among the snows and mountains of Switzerland.

He writes from the Vatican, December 3, 1858.

Mgr Howard and myself arrived here after a most pleasant journey on Tuesday evening. I have a very nice room in the palace, with a beautiful view of the Apennines on one side and the Alban Hills on the other. There are several people whom I know here; I saw Dr Pagani yesterday; he desired to be kindly remembered to you all. I have not as yet been to the Pope, but shall see him soon, etc.

On January 21, 1859, a letter from Rome says:

I shall stay here for the Purification, and think of starting soon afterwards. Rome is full of English and Yankees and lots of crowned heads this week. The Prince of Wales is expected on February 2. The poor old King of

Prussia goes about with his mouth open, looking quite idiotic. He washed his hands in the soup the other day, dining with the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

I was asked to a great dinner by Cardinal Antonelli, the Secretary of State, and met all the ambassadors, etc. The Pope is very kind and has sent me presents of cakes and oranges, etc.

In a letter to his mother from Rome, January 29, 1859, he speaks of his intended return to England with Mr Patterson, going by land as much as possible, since both dislike the sea. He was to have his last audience with the Pope in a few days, when he intended to ask for "all the blessings," and looked forward to being at home again, though regretting leaving Rome. He had been spending some days at Albano, making expeditions round the lakes, and mentions that Mother Margaret has not been well for some time. She had an attack of erysipelas as well as fever. Her business is not yet settled, so that it is uncertain when she will leave Rome.

Dr Amherst had a deep love for Rome. Shortly after his return thence, in February, 1859, he speaks of the eternal city in glowing words. "Rome is the home on earth of every true Catholic, and nowhere else does he really find himself so much at home. Where shall the Catholic heart find a home on earth if it be not here? Here, where the voice of the world

seems hushed that heaven may speak, where every spot is consecrated by some fond Christian remembrance! Where the cross of Christ, which it has been taught to love, is lifted upon tower and dome and ancient obelisk! Where the image of our dear Mother, with its burning lamp, meets the eye at every turn!

"The churches stand wide open to receive and welcome all. In them all may meet together as one family to visit their Father's shrine and to offer their supplications to the King of kings. The rich, the poor, the simple and the learned, are of one mind when gathered there. These are true palaces of Christ's poor, where all may turn for the moment from the sorrows which are written in the book of each one's life. The Pope, surrounded by his bishops and priests and his beloved people, is the royal father with his children, the crowned shepherd in the midst of his flock.

"It is not merely in public that the children of the Church have the opportunity of looking upon their spiritual father. Where are the barriers which surround royalty so easily cast down as in Rome? Where is the voice of each one so readily heard and his wants attended to? Where do we find so willing an ear, so much affectionate regard? Surely nowhere so much as in Rome. Accessible to each, the Holy Father seems to con-

centrate his attention upon each, as though the one before him were the only object of his care. This is not imaginary, we have ourselves experienced it ; when we knelt before the Holy Father and spoke of our diocese and of its capabilities and its wants, he addressed us as a most kind parent, asking questions, giving counsel and uttering encouraging words, inspiring fortitude and taking away uneasiness, with so much tenderness that the memory of it will remain as long as we live."

In one of his pastorals, written the same year, when speaking of the evils of the time, he calls especial attention to the attitude of parents to children, so marked in modern times. "The world has ever been opposed to the kingdom of God and to the cross of Christ. But there is one evil peculiar to our time which seems to have set in with a full tide, and which increases as wave on wave of the generations of men succeed one another. It is an evil which makes the heart of our Mother Church tremble for her children, which gives trouble and distress to our spiritual Father, the Sovereign Pontiff, and which causes guardian angels to weep. I mean the disregard of those relations which should exist between parents and children, the neglect of due parental authority on the one hand, and the early assumption of independence on the other. To

this lamentable evil may be traced many of the misfortunes and crimes of the present day.

“Let men write and speculate as they please on the cause of the moral and social disorders of the times, the true investigator will have little difficulty or hesitation in finding the solution in the absence of parental duty, and the consequent want of filial respect and love.

“How mistaken is that affection which ever yields to a child’s waywardness and is afraid to correct faults! It seems strange that fondness and neglect should exist together, but the secret is that the fondness is not based on the love of God, that religion is not made the primary mover of all action of mind and body. So it comes to pass that, the religious principle being not acknowledged or forgotten, fondness in the parent is overmuch indulgence, indulgence begets a bearing with faults in children, a negligence with regard to their religious duties, to their moral conduct, to their education in Catholic schools, to the companions with whom they are allowed to associate, to their being obedient to their parents and superiors. This is the neglect which, in the end, breaks the mother’s heart and sends grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

“Think not that I would urge upon you a too great severity. The severity which springs from the love of God must of its nature be calm

while it is firm. Let parents conduct themselves towards their children as they would if they saw Jesus Christ standing amongst them and beseeching them 'to suffer little children to go to Him.'

"We cannot dismiss this subject without recalling to your minds that Jesus Christ, in His infinite goodness and mercy, when He took His visible presence away from us, would not leave us without a master and a father. He would not leave us without one around whom we might cluster like children about a parent, one who is on earth the centre of the church, one to whom all eyes look for guidance, to whom all hearts turn in love. Such is the Pope, and we have the additional consolation of knowing that his spiritual supremacy is of divine origin and institution, and can never cease but with the end of time."

Among the more arduous duties of a bishop is that of visiting his diocese, in which he frequently meets with considerable inconveniences, especially where the missions lie far apart and the means of transit are not easy; nor is bodily weariness the only trouble, for the bishop is called upon to deal with matters calling for the greatest tact as well as firmness and kindness. This duty Bishop Amherst began in 1859, continuing it in the following year. Some idea of his labours may be gained from a letter to his mother

from Northampton in May: "Next Sunday is my visitation here, and the Sunday afterwards at Weston Underwood, from which I go to Clifford (diocese of Leeds), for the consecration of the church. From Clifford I visit the chapel at Salt Hill. On the twenty-ninth I shall be at Great Marlow, the Sunday after at Aston le Walls. Then comes our clergy meeting, chapter and retreat, so I have plenty before me. I hope you will all pray for me, etc."

Writing from Ipswich, March 23, 1860, the bishop says: "I am thinking of making this my headquarters till I have finished the visitation of Norfolk and Suffolk. I find it more healthy than Northampton, and much more convenient for these two counties. I shall go to Northampton for Holy Week. I will turn out at once if some nuns will take this place. There is a capital enclosure, in all two acres, and quite retired, with a good chapel capable of holding four hundred persons easily."

Shortly afterwards the religious of Jesus and Mary came into possession of the above-named convent, where they soon happily settled and started a flourishing ladies' school and an orphanage.

A favourite project of Dr Amherst was the rearrangement or division of the Diocese of Northampton, which at present consists of the

counties of Northampton, Bedford, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Norfolk and Suffolk. What he suggested was that the diocese of Westminster should give up Essex, which with Cambridge, Norfolk and Suffolk, should constitute an episcopal see, having its cathedral at Ipswich; and that Birmingham should cede Oxford which, with the remaining counties, should form the Diocese of Northampton. He says: "In arranging dioceses in these days in England the various systems of railway ought to form a considerable element. In the proposed diocese of Ipswich the Great Eastern system would answer all requirements (except that of speed). It traverses the whole length, like a backbone sending out ribs in all directions, and a bishop could simmer about his diocese placidly, always keeping on the same meek and tranquil line without any fear of meeting with violent and outrageous disappointments and difficulties arising from opposing companies. Whatever might occur to ruffle or disturb an impetuous episcopus, he might, at all events, look forward to arriving at his journey's end in safety some time or other."

The first church in his diocese opened by Bishop Amherst was that at Ipswich, which had been built from funds left for that purpose by the Rev. M. Sionon, a refugee priest. Of this opening a somewhat amusing incident is related.

There being, of course, no choir attached to the church, Father King was asked to take the arrangement of the music during the opening ceremony. He was a great lover of music, and had gathered together a choir of much excellence; but the style of music executed by them was so little to the taste of the bishop that, when the soprano had finished a solo in a very magnificent manner, Dr Amherst exclaimed: "Why, she is like Mary Magdalene before her conversion." Nor was this the sole shock which his feelings were to experience on that occasion, for, it being a sultry summer's day, the Reverend conductor took off his cassock and appeared in a red garibaldi shirt to begin his duties!

The bishop was fond of a good but simple style of music, and often helped the singers in his own church. He advocated congregational singing, and gave very efficient aid in carrying it out. At the evening services he was always in his place, and his rich sweet voice could be heard clearly and distinctly leading the congregation, both in the English hymns and in those sung during Benediction. He used to say that nowhere did he so thoroughly enjoy the evening devotions as in his own poor cathedral. The music might be grander in other churches, but in his own it was more devotional, and the evening services were well attended.

Northampton is not a town of so great a size that there is a difficulty in getting beyond its precincts, but the arduous work of a Catholic bishop did not permit Dr Amherst to indulge in those woodland rambles or sylvan meditations which, as a member of St Mary's College at Oscott, he loved so well. This must have formed one among the many acts of self-denial which he was called upon to practice, for he had a very real love of nature, as the following lines, written at an early period, show.

Ye leafy groves, ye green and flowery dells,
Ye sunlit glades and deep secluded ways,
Where the wild hyacinth its azure bells
Waves in the gentle breath of springtide days,
Where the tall oaks their thousand arms extend,
Joining o'erhead in many a verdant arch,
Where darkly bright the holly spires ascend
In contrast with the young, green, tender larch ;
Oh ! how I love ye, woodlands ! and ye streams !
Trilling so gently o'er your pebbly beds,
Where oft the bright wing of the halcyon gleams,
While o'er ye willows hang their silver heads ;
I love the sound of rushing waterfalls,
The bank whereon the lake's soft pulses beat,
The sedgy island where the mallard calls,
Or the reed warbler pipes his lay so sweet,
The sunny upland where the breezes blow
On many a wild flower jewelling the sod,
Tossing their tiny censers to and fro,
Wafting sweet fragrance to the throne of God.
The trusting redbreast hops from spray to spray,
Peering with curious eye the leaves among,
Or with dilated throat pours forth his lay,
As from a heart brim-full of joy and song ;

Oh ! what a lovely choir of sweetest praise
Nature rings out from all her forest aisles !
Oh ! who could rather love the artful maze,
Where fashion masks her emptiness with smiles ?
But woe is me ! if 'mid the sounds which float
Up to the seat of God's High Majesty,
My heart should strike the sole discordant note
To mar the beauty of such harmony.
Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.

The weight of episcopal cares and the bodily fatigues necessarily undergone in the visitation of his straggling diocese bore heavily on the health of Dr Amherst, whose strength never equalled his energy and will, so that the year 1860 was not more than half over when he found himself in the hands of his physician, Dr Monk, who advised rest and change, recommending the bracing air of the highlands of Scotland.

Acting upon this opinion, and accompanied by Mr Kirsopp, the Bishop left London on July 10, 1860, and proceeded as far as Preston, where, to use his own words, "we saw a great deal of smoke, and breathed more of that invigorating substance than of the element which usually supplies the lungs of living creatures. However, we met with many kind friends, saw the Catholic churches, and devoured a quantity of food." The following night they passed at Glasgow, not in the most comfortable manner, for "sleep was frightened away by a succession of thumps,

screams, groans, rattling of chains and burning of unearthly lights, and this in no ghost-haunted castle of the middle ages, but in an otherwise modern hotel. Steam engines seemed to be in direst agonies, and, if the wandering spirits of departed railway carriages ever haunt their former localities, they did so that night till two a.m. At four a.m. the live ones began to snort, whistle, creak and roll, so that, the only thing to propitiate these unhappy and restless beings that suggested itself to our minds being an immediate surrender, we took our places and allowed ourselves to be whirled along by them to Balloch, on Loch Lomond, passing Dumbarton Castle on the way."

At Balloch they embarked on a small steamer, which carried them along the beautiful Loch, among islands covered with timber and wildflowers, while delicious weather contributed to their enjoyment. An incident on this little voyage appealed to the Bishop's sympathy and ornithological instincts. "A little fleet of birds came close in front of the steamer before perceiving it, and it was curious to observe the struggle between maternal solicitude and personal fear which evidently took place in the old duck's mind. The latter, however, prevailed, and she flew off with hesitating wings. The instinct of self-preservation was strong in the

little creatures, and in the moment of danger they dived under water, and we watched them anxiously as one by one they popped up again and collected like frightened children round the mother who had circled to meet them."

The Loch lies embosomed in high mountains, Ben Lomond having for a time been a rival to Ben Nevis as to altitude, but finally Ben Cruachan carried off the palm. The British word Ben or Pen signifies the head or top of anything. A more modern name attaches to "the Cobbler," a mountain of striking form, bearing a very far-fetched resemblance to a mender of shoes striking in the nails as he sits upon his form. They landed at Invernarn, a place situated at the end of the Loch and twenty-four miles from Balloch. Here they took a coach, which carried them through beautiful highland scenery, by mountain, glen, hayfield and wild moorland, until they came to Loch Awe, with its hills, woods and islands, and having on a promontory the ruined castle of Kilchurn, the former residence of the chiefs of Breadalbane. The Pass of Awe leading from the lake is a grand defile, in which King Robert Bruce defeated the Lord of Lorne. In some parts the purple heather, foxglove, cornflower, bog bean, wild vetch and a profusion of wild roses mingle their colours with the green grass, fern and bog myrtle, and combine

beautifully with the grey and brown rocks and the projecting roots of the firs, oaks and birches; while, elsewhere, all cultivation is impossible, though the hills, covered with short grass, afford pasturage to some thousands of most picturesque sheep, having horns and black faces, and an agility equal to that of a goat.

Through the Pass of Awe they arrived at Loch Etive, an arm of the sea running several miles inland and guarded by Ben Awe and Ben Cruachan. In his diary the Bishop exclaims: "How beautiful would this country be if only its inhabitants were Catholic and one could hear the sound of the Angelus or the bell for Mass rising from the glens, or falling, refreshing as a summer shower, from some village church among the heights! And if one could but know by the cross on some spire that the sweet sacramental presence of our dear Lord were there! But our Lord is forgotten, and those who bear the name of Mary know nothing of her who gave it such holiness and consecrated it by so many bright virtues."

Passing along a lovely drive by the banks of Loch Etive, then striking inwards, they arrived in the evening at Oban, a pretty town built in a semicircle upon a bay in the Strait of Kerrera, in the sound of Mull, where they found excellent hotels and plenty of English travellers.

On Loch Etive, not far from Oban, is Dunstaffnage Castle, a fine ruin, celebrated as being the place where the coronation stone of the kings of Scotland was formerly kept before it was transferred to Scone. It is now in Westminster Abbey, under the chair in which the kings and queens of England are crowned. Dunolly Castle, another fine remnant of antiquity, stands upon the northern point of the Bay of Oban.

Upon asking at what hour the steamer for Kyle Akin, in the Island of Skye, started from Oban, our travellers were informed that they must breakfast at a quarter past seven at the latest ; so, notwithstanding the fatigue of the previous day, they got up at half-past five a.m., hoping hour after hour for the appearance of their boat ; however, they did not find themselves actually on board until half-past two p.m., and then the steamer was crowded with people from all parts, and heavily loaded with odorous barrels of herrings. The Bishop composed some amusing verses for his younger friends on this episode.

Kyle Akin, in the Isle of Skye, presented but a dreary appearance as, wrapt in their plaids to keep out the morning cold, and in a drizzling rain, they were pulled towards the shore in a highland boat piled high with herring barrels, among which they were stowed ; but, restored by

a good breakfast, they started for Balmacarra, a village on the mainland, about six miles distant, and thence on to Strome ferry, on Loch Carron.

The Lochs are for the most part inlets of the sea, surrounded by lofty wild mountains, and one sometimes sees beautiful woods of oak and larch, or of birch, so peculiarly characteristic of Scottish scenery, with its slender branches, delicate foliage and silvery gleaming bark. These trees give forth a strong aromatic scent, particularly on a dull misty morning, as the bishop observes in his journal. "But," he continues, "oh, for the roses of Scotland! Those who have seen only our poor English dog-rose, the weak and pale nurseling of a strong hedge, can form no idea of the highland flower. Hardy and independent, it constitutes a glorious bush, covered with its blossoms of red or pink or pure white. Sometimes you find a community of rose-trees—a perfect natural garden; at other times you discover a hermit rose upon some lonely bank, its sole companion the rock, the fern and the heather, or the little humble flowers that cluster like disciples at its foot, and seem to look up to it as the emblem of all that is beautiful, noble, sweet and good."

After passing along the side of Loch Alsh and crossing a lofty brae, a fine view of the mountains about Loch Lung and Loch Diug is obtained, and from thence, by a rapid descent,

Jeantown, the principal place on Loch Carron, is reached. It consists of but one street and a few good houses of stone, the other dwellings being mere huts of one low storey, thatched.

The highland hut has usually no chimney, and the smoke of the peat fire escapes through the door, window, or any cranny in the walls or roof. Dogs, fowls and pigs walk in and out as they please, and play with the children. It is surprising to see so many tolerably well-dressed people, and hear such excellent English spoken. Great numbers speak nothing but the ancient Gaelic tongue, which is known by all, so that many speak two languages.

From Jeantown to Applecross is some twenty miles of mountain road, performed by the bishop in a light carriage; and, he observes: "With a glorious sky above us we traversed one of the grandest scenes that I ever beheld"—a high encomium on Highland scenery, from one well versed in the beauties of so many Continental countries.

After passing Loch Kishorn the road enters a gorge between two mountain ranges, rising on either side to a height of two thousand feet: the sides furrowed by *corries*, the beds of winter torrents. Many wild deer feed on the herbage growing among the crags. Towards the top of the pass the road becomes a zigzag, like

those in the Alps ; and at the summit you see the lofty sides of the Balloch, like a gloomy frame enclosing the shining waters of Kishorn, and mountain after mountain rising in tiers.

"It was upon this pass," relates the bishop, "that having lost all sight of the road, and wandering over the deep snow that covered everything, and which, when falling, shut out all view, that F. Kirsopp, my companion, and Captain Chisholm, passed a terrible night one October—a night that will never be forgotten by either. When looking upon the scene, the lofty rocks which stand up like enormous bastions, the deep hollows, torrents and tarns, which were covered with the treacherous snow, one cannot resist ascribing their escape to the intercession of our dear Lady, so ardently invoked by both."

At length they saw Hartfield, their destination, lying peacefully in the valley of Coille vowry (our Lady's Wood) and the woods of Applecross.

Upon their arrival, their host, Captain Chisholm, was not at home ; but they were received by Mrs Chisholm with the greatest kindness and hospitality, and "here we spent many happy and pleasant days, to be remembered with gratitude for numberless kindnesses."

Upon Captain Chisholm's return, they made an excursion to Kintail to lay the foundation stone of a new church at Dornie, which lies at

the junction of Lochs Duich and Lung. The party consisted of the Bishop, Captain Chisholm, and the Revs. McRae and Bonneyman. Dr Amherst remarks in his journal: "Our little vessel must have made a fine figure with the Applecross signal flying at the main-top, Captain Chisholm's flag in front, the Union Jack at the mizzen-peak, and at the main-peak a large flag representing our Lady of Victory surmounted by a cross, and St Peter and St John on either hand. Beneath was the motto in Gaelic, 'Ban Rìgh nam Baugh' (Queen of Victories).

"Mr Lamont, the good priest of Dornie, has been stationed there for seventeen years, and is well known in the greater part of the Highlands. His church has been but a thatched hovel, poor in the extreme, only exceeded by the modest but hospitable poverty of the dwelling-house; but better days are dawning upon the little fishing village: the Duchess of Leeds is building a beautiful church and priest's house."

Captain Chisholm laid the stone with due honour; and the party returned through the exquisite scenery of Loch Duich, on an island in which stands the ruined castle of Dorman, the great stronghold of the Clan Mackenzie. "The bright verdure and rugged crags were both in golden sunlight, and a perfect, glorious rainbow spanned the lake from shore to shore. It was a

wonderful picture, and an exclamation of surprise and admiration burst from us all."

Passing Invereinch, the beautiful seat of Mr Matheson, and Rattachan, the former residence of Captain Chisholm, they reached Invershiel, at the foot of Scourooran, the great mountain of Kintail, whose name formerly formed the war-cry of Clan McRae ; they were then on their road to the falls of Glomach, of which the bishop says : "I have seen most of the finest falls in Switzerland and Italy, but anything so wild and almost terrible as the falls of Glomach I have never beheld. The river, which flows from a loch, suddenly plunges headlong down into a dark and gloomy ravine, 360 feet in depth. To see the bottom of the fall, we had to lie down and peep over a jutting rock which overhangs the glen. The latter is very narrow, and the whole scene is only redeemed from being absolutely fearful by the rich verdure and purple heather which grows among the crags, where scarcely a wild goat could find a footing."

When returning, they stayed a short time at Doras Dunan (the door of the dark river), where the stream rushes through a narrow, dark passage into a more open bed.

The names of these Highland places are very poetical : e.g., the name of the next house at which they called was Liamessie (the mead-

ows of peace), which name is well deserved, the green crops and flowery hedgerows contrasting strongly with the wild scenery higher up the mountains. Speaking of the Cuchullin mountains, the bishop says: "They are a magnificent range, and often remind me of a picture I have seen of the angels carrying the body of St Catherine to Mount Sinai."

Applecross, the district in which Hartfield, where the bishop was staying, is situated, takes its name from some singular apples which grow there. The original trees are said to have been existing when the monks of Iona, in the eighth century, came to convert the pagan inhabitants of the Western Highlands.

They first settled on a small island, near the coast still called "Saints' Island," and after a year came over to the mainland, where they founded a monastery.

The natives at first refused to hear them, but said that they would receive Christianity if the religious would cause their apples to grow with a cross upon them. Next season, the fruit appeared distinctly marked with a cross; and to this day there are two trees in the Applecross garden which bears fruit similarly marked.

In the same neighbourhood are two old stone crosses, both unfinished, which probably

date from the time of these good apostles of this country. One is at Applecross, the other about four miles off, at Cammus Terrach.

The mountains around Hartfield, though there are few trees except near the burns, constitute a deer forest—that is, a large tract preserved for red deer—and at the house is kept a tame eagle, which was taken, when quite young, by Captain Chisholm out of its nest, around which was a well-stored larder, containing thirteen grouse, three hares and two lambs; so the eagle finds no friend in the gamekeeper or shepherd!

On their return journey they were met at Brenty, in Inverness-shire, by Dr McRae, with whom they made an excursion up Strath-glass to Fasmakyle, a house, or “place,” as it is there called, rented by an English gentleman, Colonel Inge, from the Chisholm, chief of the clan of that name. Colonel Inge keeps his place in admirable order, so that it is quite a surprise to find it surrounded with shrubs and flowers in the midst of the wild scenery of a northern glen. Being also an enthusiastic sportsman, but unable, through having grown very stout, to walk about the mountains as formerly, he harnesses two Highland men to himself, and is thus dragged like a cart up the hills. A most kind-hearted and hospitable man.

They visited Glasburn, where there is a Catholic church, and drove along the beautiful road called the Drhuime, pronounced Dream.

The bishop remarks : "The Highland people have a curious manner of using the words 'east' and 'west.' Thus, at Bruiach, if you enquire for Mrs McRae, and the servant tells you that she has gone west, you know that she has gone to the garden. If the doctor has gone to Inverness, he is said to have gone east. If what the Scots call *pogues* have attacked your left temple, you are said to have been *bitten* on the west side of your head. Sometimes it is difficult to know what exactly is meant, for I was once told that I had left my umbrella east. It was in a corner of my room, which happened to be north."

Passing from Fort William, they journeyed south by coach, through the romantic scenery of Glencoe—the black mount, from which herds of deer looked down upon them—Tyndrum, Loch Lomond, and thence by train to Stirling. Here they spent Sunday, and were strongly recommended by a waiter to go and hear a Presbyterian sermon! The bishop says: "We dined at a place called the Bridge of Allan, at a most melancholy *table d'hôte*. The Scotch have peculiar ideas with regard to the "Sabbath," as they call the Sunday, thinking it wrong to look up or even take a walk. Not a word was spoken

at dinner, until some bold Scot asked a lady how she liked the sermon in the morning. This subject was considered sufficiently spiritual, and a dreary conversation ensued on the merits and demerits of various preachers. This becoming exhausted, silence again fell upon the company who, when dinner was over, separated in a mournful manner."

They spent one day in Edinburgh visiting the Catholic establishments there, and so returned home. Speaking of this visit in a letter to his mother from Hartfield, Dr Amherst gives the following description of the place: "We met with a most hospitable reception from Captain and Mrs Chisholm, who live here. Mrs Chisholm is a daughter of Mr Lynch, who had Fieldgate when the church was commenced. This place is quite out of the world, being situated in a deer forest belonging to the Duchess of Leeds, on a bay opposite the islands of Skye and Raazay, of which there is a magnificent view.

"The priest and the Presbyterian minister are the only neighbours, but the latter will not speak to the family. There is one other house called Applecross, belonging to the duchess, where there is no one but a housekeeper.

"We are surrounded by mountains, excepting on the sea-side, and the house is a true Highland one. The hall and staircase are ornamented

with deer's antlers and skins and old Highland weapons, and we are waited on by a page in a kilt. The post only comes and goes twice a week over a magnificent pass, equal to Tyrol, which we crossed yesterday. We can see snow still lying on the Skye mountains (date, July 15, 1860). The air is most delicious, and has done me a great deal of good. I feel quite different from when I started. We have the Duchess of Leed's yacht, whenever we want it, for fishing and going from one place to another."

The bishop returned from his northern excursion to his cathedral with renewed health and vigour ; but the latter part of the year 1860 was to bring him fresh trials in the death of his sister, Mary Barbara Amherst, in religion Sister Mary Agnes, superioress of the Sisters of Providence at Loughborough. She was the cleverest of the family, bright, pious and extremely pretty ; a great favourite with her cousins, Lord and Lady Shrewsbury, and spent much time with them at Alton Towers, where she was staying at the time of the great reception given by the earl and countess to the Duc de Bordeaux. Like the rest of her family, she was devoted to gothic architecture. She died on September 24, 1860, much to the sorrow of the members of her convent and many other friends, both Catholic and Protestant. The bishop was present at the

funeral, but her brother, Father William, S.J., was unable to be there. Father Pagani, Superior-General of the Institute of Charity, has left a written attestation of his having had a mysterious intimation of the departure from this world of the servant of God, Mother Mary Agnes Amherst, he being then in the house of his Order at Stresa.

The memory of his sister's death may have been present to the bishop and influenced his words when he said : "The life of man is ever hastening to its final close in this world. How little do men think of the end ! The interests of life distract men from the interests of the life to come because the interests of this life are immediate and pressing, and this causes them to forget that all this life and every moment of it is intended by God but as a preparation for the life to come—a life in which labour will be repaid by rest, in which sorrow will be compensated by joy, and the earnest striving for the highest good will be rewarded by eternal happiness.

"It behoves us who are still struggling here below on our way to the eternal paradise to be mindful of those who have gone before us. There is something singularly sweet and consoling in the Catholic doctrine of purgatory, for we believe the inspired words of Scripture that nothing defiled can enter heaven; and were we to reflect

upon this and upon the numberless stains which even the just contract in this world, apart from purgatory we must either yield to despair or flatter ourselves with a most impious presumption ; but, holding the doctrine of purgatory with the Church, we can escape from either, and look with a blessed hope to the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Again, it is a sweet thought that we can communicate with those whose bodies have gone down to the grave but whose souls live for ever. And though they are content to suffer in accordance with God's will in that ineffable peace which reigns in purgatory, still their longing to be with God is in proportion to the enlightening of their understanding and the purity of their will.

"It is probable that we have dear relatives and friends in this state of probation, and there may be souls there on our own account, souls we may have wounded, souls which have loved us, souls who have directed us, souls we may have guided. Is it not consoling to think that all is not over between us, that we can repay love and kindness, or compensate for an injury even after death has separated us?"

The month of May, 1862, found the Bishop of Northampton with his chaplain, the Rev. J. C. Kemp of Ipswich, journeying to Rome to assist at the canonization of the Japanese martyrs; and

his lordship writing from Chateau Bretquercque, Boulogne, says: "We have just arrived and been hospitably taken in by the Cliffords. The passage was beautiful, and here they are in full summer, the lilacs going off and the nightingales singing. I met Miss Lucy Mostyn on board, going to Rome with Mr Montgomery."

They were in Rome by May 26, when the bishop writes: "We are thoroughly enjoying Rome. The heat is great, but I do not suffer from it at all.

"The consistories, at which all the bishops had to give their votes for the canonization of the new saints, are now over. Each lasted five hours; there were two of them, and they were rather fatiguing. After the first, the Pope made us an address, most beautiful and very touching.

"To-day, the Pope has been invited to St Philip's. We went to the Vatican to see him go, and fortunately got close to the carriage door. The *cortège* was magnificent; and when he returned, we got to a door where he was to pass. When he saw me, he stopped and shook hands with me. The Swiss Guard were drawn up across the staircase to prevent people from passing, but a troop of French ladies made a violent charge, and some succeeded in breaking the line of soldiers and rushed upstairs. The poor men

looked very confused and did not know what to do.

"The enthusiasm for the Pope seems to be increasing, and one would think that Victor Emmanuel has no chance here."

How sad a comment on such sanguine expectations have subsequent events proved! It was computed that there were fifty thousand strangers in Rome at that time. The Pope presented each of the bishops with a present of books and a magnificent silver medal.

On June 3 the bishop says: "I am almost melted. There is no sun, but we are in a perpetual Turkish bath. I am going to dine with Talbot, after coming from an Armenian High Mass and a sermon by the Bishop of Orleans."

The whole city, as the day approached, was in a state of furious preparation; and on June 7, the day preceding the ceremony, carriages were in such requisition that some bishops paid five pounds to go to the Vatican and back. Dr Amherst was more fortunate, for he tells us: "Robert Selby has very kindly lent me his; he will be on duty at the palace at 4.30 a.m., and sends it back for me at 5.30. The ceremony will begin soon after six, and is expected to last five or six hours."

On the previous day, the Pope had received the foreign priests to the number of between five and six thousand. All the cardinals and bishops

dined with his Holiness on the following Monday, covers being laid for four hundred in the Vatican library.

Unfortunately, the bishop's letter describing the ceremony is missing, and we next hear of him on his return journey when he arrived at Marseilles, three cardinals and thirty-three bishops being on board the same steamer.

At Lyons, Dr Amherst was seized with a sharp attack of Roman fever, and remained for five or six weeks in the hands of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, who most hospitably and assiduously nursed him in their convent at Fourvière, which is situated on the top of a hill eight hundred feet above the town.

From this hill Mont Blanc can be seen on a clear day, and within a hundred yards is the most celebrated sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin in France, to which there are pilgrimages daily. The church itself was being finished when St Thomas of Canterbury was passing through Lyons on his way to England. The canons asked him to whom it should be dedicated, and he answered: "To the next martyr." In a few weeks they heard of his martyrdom, and the church is dedicated to St Thomas à Becket.

While here, the bishop speaks with regret at hearing of the death of "poor Lady E. Howard. R.I.P." He received every attention

from the Cardinal Archbishop, who was staying at his country house near, and sent his vicar-general several times to see him. Many other visitors also called, among whom he mentions "a family of the name of Loughnan from Bombay, whose daughter was professed in this Order in India two months ago. Mrs Loughnan told me she was related to the Selbys and Stricklands, but I forgot to ask her name." He characteristically speaks of the neighbourhood and of the garden where "they have two most beautiful trees covered with flowers something like hollyhocks, and plums, apricots and vines in abundance. The Saône is just below the garden and the boats look like ants."

The bishop was very weak for some time, so that it was July 10 before he said Mass, and he was then looking forward to reaching England by easy stages and staying a day or two with the Neaves at Boulogne. While here, he writes: "Mr Neave is going to England the day after to-morrow, and I shall take the opportunity of going with him. I have got up my strength wonderfully here, but it takes some time to get quite right after a fever. I saw Mr Patterson here the other day, etc."

The bishop, on his return to his diocese, met with an enthusiastic reception from both priests and people. The Chapter presented an

affectionate address, congratulating their beloved pastor on his safe return and his recovery from so severe an illness, and all prayed that he might be spared to them for many years.

During the years 1863 and 1864, Dr Amherst was engaged in superintending the building of his cathedral at Northampton, which occupied all his care and attention. He attended the usual meeting of the bishops in London that year, and was at the opening of the Italian Church, spending the afternoon of the same day at Eltoe, Cardinal Wiseman's country house. He remarks: "I also went to the private view of the Princess's wedding presents, but the crowd was so great that, after being squeezed for an hour, I got away without seeing anything."

He had in the spring of the year paid a visit to the Irish village of the High Fen, frequently mentioned in Mr Colpman's letters to the Catholic papers, and says: "The people there are very primitive and good, as they are in Ireland. There are only three English houses in the village, and the Irish population varies from one to two hundred, of whom only two get a little too much beer occasionally. The policeman goes there only during harvest, and last year had not a single case of any kind. The oratory is very poor and small, built of planks, but they are very proud of it. Two of them

were married at Wisbech the Sunday I was there ; the bride had no bonnet, but one of the Prince's wedding favours was stuck on the top of her head."

In September, 1863, Mass was said in the chapter room of the new cathedral, and the partition separating it from "old St Felix" was taken down. Old St Felix was the original chapel—a very modest structure, which had been built by Dr Waring, the first Bishop of Northampton, and which had so far done duty as the cathedral of the diocese. A new altar of the Blessed Sacrament had been given by the Vicar-General, Canon Oléron, to the new church.

During October the bishop was at Danesfield, the seat of the Scott-Murray family, and mentions as fellow guests the Pereiras and Stornors, "also the Galtons, who became Catholics last year, and Mr Murray, a cousin of Scott-Murray, who had just been received into the Church."

Among the relics of barbarism and persecution left in England is the toleration of men—for the most part of very degraded character—who, in the name of religion, go about trampling upon the most sacred feelings of those who differ from them, and causing riot and ill-blood. The Diocese of Northampton was disturbed by such a person in the November of 1863. The bishop,

in a letter to his mother, says : " You will be sorry to hear that the ' Baron de Camin,' an anti-popery lecturer, has created a riot at Ipswich, during which the priests' windows were broken and the convent threatened. No damage was done to the latter. The ' Baron' was formerly shoe-black to Mr Smith, who was priest at Aylesbury and rescued him from starvation. Dr Waring also treated him very kindly here till he found that he was a rascal, when he turned him out ; and the ' Baron' got baptized in a Baptist chapel the same day and started upon his anti-popery career.

" He creates rows wherever he goes ; and the last I heard of him, before the Ipswich affair, he was in prison. The ' Baroness' is sister to Mr Scott-Murray's late gardener."

In January, the bishop started for Sheffield. He had been asked to enquire about Father Faber's reception into the Church in 1845 by Father Gloag, who was writing his life, and curiously enough observes : " There is no mention of Faber in the registers."

On his journey to Sheffield he met Father Lockhart at Rugby ; and in the same carriage from Leicester was a person so closely resembling Cardinal Wiseman that the bishop thought it was he, and a parson got out of the carriage telling his friends : " There's old Wiseman!" He

and Canon Fisher stayed with Mr Gainsford at Darnel Hall, near Sheffield.

Speaking at this time to his people on the value of time, the bishop says: "Nothing is more precious than time; but, alas! there is nothing which is made of less account. It has pleased God to give us the absolute disposal of every moment as it passes; we have the power of abusing it or of turning it to good account, since God has endowed us with freedom of will in our choice between good and evil. If we choose the evil it is our own doing, and we alone are responsible for it. Time is lost in many ways—among others, in reading worthless books, which are constantly issuing from the press. Read, for honest recreation, what may please and amuse you; but let it be such as you would not be ashamed your guardian angel should read with you. Again, time is lost, not only when we do things which are wrong, but when we do otherwise than our duty demands at any given moment. God has blessed some with ease, comfort and riches: let them consider the responsibility which these involve whilst thanking God for the good things and their opportunities of doing good. To some He has assigned labour; and a life of labour is an honourable one, and dignified far beyond that of the rich man by the example of

many years of labour passed by our Lord at Nazareth. Let those who have to labour with body or mind do it because it is God's will, sanctifying each moment of their time by purity of intention, cleanness of heart, justice and truth."

Knowledge of all kinds was dear to the mind of the Bishop of Northampton; and we find him visiting a factory of Mr Browne, in company with Mr Michael Ellison, to see the rolling of armour plate for vessels and fortifications, and the Bessemer process of making steel. *Nihil a me alienum puto!*

On January 19, his lordship was present at a great re-union in the Town Hall of Birmingham, where Lord Edward Howard was chairman, and there were 2,200 persons present. Next month he visited Oscott, to talk over the question of Catholic University education with Dr Northcote, a matter in which Dr Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, had already moved, having procured the statutes, etc., of the University of Oxford and forwarded them to Rome. Dr Northcote spoke of Dr Manning's idea of founding an English College *dei nobili* at Rome.

On Septuagesima Sunday this year, the bishop had ordered the *Te Deum* to be sung throughout the diocese for the birth of the son of the Prince of Wales: thus marking the well-

known loyalty of Catholics to the throne, and the interest they take in the welfare of their country.

This Lent we have an entry in the journal :
"Trying to fast ; may God give me strength."

The bishop took great interest in the beatification of Margaret Mary Alacoque, and ordered Exposition in all convents on March 1, when the miracles performed by her would be discussed by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. During the spring he paid a visit to Fieldgate, where the Rev. Mr Trenor (the translator of Montalembert's "*Lacordaire*") lately ordained at St Sulpice, was acting temporarily. He had also the pain of hearing from a friend—Mrs Arkwright, of Goldington—that her husband (Robert) had been disinherited by the will of his father (the Rev. Joseph Arkwright, lately dead) because *she* had become a Catholic ; so £25,000 per annum was left to a younger son and a small annuity to Robert. The time may come when Englishmen will look with wonder and disgust on the narrow bigotry which extinguished justice and right feeling in the hearts of men who professed to be religious.

In March this year (1864), Dr Amherst went up to London to ask Cardinal Wiseman to preach at the opening of his new cathedral, which was fixed for April 28. He casually men-

tions that, during this visit to London, he saw the Irvingite Church in Gordon Square, and that of All Saints', Margaret Street, which were then held to be two of the most beautiful specimens of modern Gothic outside the Church. He was again in London in April for the bishops' meeting ; and during his stay—as was usual with so kindly and accomplished a man—was in great request among his friends. Thus we have the entries : “Dined with Tom Stonor and met there Dr Brown [Bishop] of Shrewsbury and Mr Wallis, editor of the *Tablet*.” “Met the Cardinal and most of the bishops at the House of Lords.” “Saw Herbert's grand picture of Moses coming down from the Mount—magnificent!” “To the Hospital of St Elizabeth. Sir George Bowyer showed us over the new church and hospital.” “Walked with Father Albert Buckler to Zoological Gardens,” etc.

The day for the great event of the opening of the new cathedral at Northampton arrived ; and the ceremony went off to the bishop's satisfaction. He remarks : “I never heard the cardinal preach better ; and he said he had never seen a ceremony better performed. The *Times* had a short but pleasing account yesterday.” Amongst others who assisted the bishop by preaching for him during this period was Dr Brown, Bishop of Shrewsbury.

Cardinal Wiseman's sermon was published, bearing the dedication : "In the delivery of this sermon many thoughts were compressed, others entirely suppressed, to confine it within reasonable limits. In preparing it since for publication, some attempt has been made to remove these defects. Such as it is I place it in the hands of the Bishop of Northampton, at whose request it was preached and is now published, both as an attestation of my brotherly regard for him, and as a small offering to his beautiful church.

"Signed : N. CARDINAL WISEMAN."

In the autumn of 1864, Dr Amherst paid another visit to his friends, Captain and Mrs Chisholm, at their Highland home.

The year 1865 opened for the bishop with the sad loss of a dear friend and revered superior. In a letter of February 6, he writes : "I fear the cardinal is gradually sinking. I have a very bad account of him from Canon Morris." On the 9th : "I went to London yesterday to see the poor cardinal, who is utterly prostrated in strength. He was too weak to be told that I was there, and did not know that I was in the room. If he does not sink through mere weakness, the medical men still have hopes of his recovery. He has had two carbuncles opened—one on the temple and one over the nose. The

wound on the temple is, I was told, a most fearful one; and the surgeon who opened it (Mr Hawkins,) said that his knife was within the thickness of a sheet of paper of a main artery, the wounding of which must have proved fatal. The Rev. Mother of the Hospital of St Elizabeth attends him."

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman died on February 15, 1865; and in a letter of February 15, Dr Amherst writes: "The poor cardinal is to be buried on Thursday. I shall of course go. I am sorry the funeral is to be at Kensal Green. I think it would have been so much better at Old Hall. We shall never replace the cardinal. His last days were most edifying: he prepared for death as calmly as he would have vested for Mass."

On his return to Northampton, February 25, he writes: "I got home last evening. Everything passed off as well as possible at the funeral. The crowd was enormous, and was dense all through London: a distance of about five miles. They behaved with the greatest respect, all taking off their hats when the hearse passed. Most of the people—in carriages stationed along the streets, and in balconies of houses—were in mourning, and every shop was closed. One Protestant national school was hung with black drapery, and I saw black hangings at other

houses. The procession was about two miles in length: sixty mourning carriages and four, several with a pair of horses, besides one hundred and forty private carriages.

"The scene at the grave was beautiful. It was getting dark, and there were several hundred priests in surplices, all holding lighted candles and chanting the *Miserere* when we arrived. It must have made a deep impression on all who saw it. London certainly made a reparation to the cardinal for all the abuse which he received some years ago. We got back to York Place about seven p.m., having left it at nine in the morning."

The death of Cardinal Wiseman, with whom he had been so much associated, and for whom he had the greatest veneration as a man and affection as a friend, deeply affected the Bishop of Northampton, who preached a panegyric upon him in his cathedral church on the Sunday following the obsequies.

In May of this year a mission or retreat was held by Fathers Clare and Lee of the Society of Jesus, the former of whom strongly felt the contrast between the large congregations to which he was accustomed in the churches of Lancashire, and that in the cathedral of Northampton; but "at least," he said, "I always had the bishop, and that was edifying."

This year Mr John Eyston made a handsome Easter offering of a large stained glass window to be placed in the chancel of the new cathedral. This was a pleasure to the bishop, though he was at the same time inconvenienced by Dr Richmond of Northampton being appointed Vice-President of the College at Lisbon, which caused many changes.

The bishop writes : "I am to preach at the opening of the church at Stanford on Whit Tuesday, and Dr Manning has asked me to preach at his consecration on the Thursday of that week, June 8." Subsequently he says : "All went off well at the consecration, but the heat then and yesterday was more like Roman heat than anything I have felt in England. Manning insists upon my sermon being printed. I never write sermons, and cannot put them down as I preach them ; however, I will try. I was hard at work all the time I was in London."

It is interesting to find Dr Amherst taking part in the consecration of one of our great archbishops, a man eminent for learning and, as all who knew him must feel, one with a pure intention and intense desire of doing his duty to God and the Church, a character too lofty to be appreciated or understood by a meaner intellect perhaps, but which in its

beauty and strength will long outlast the petulant scribbling of idle gossip.

Whether from heat or fatigue the Bishop of Northampton during the summer lost his voice, so that he broke down in preaching and was obliged to have recourse to change and the bracing air of Scotland, where he went salmon fishing with Lord Lovat and the Master of Lovat. While staying there Father Harrison and Father Rowe of the Oratory at Brompton joined them.

In November he visited Trafford, near Manchester, "which is now Trafford Hall, no longer Trafford Park. Sir Humphrey (de Trafford) has built a most beautiful church at Stretford, about four miles from the house, and is building a still more beautiful one at Barton, near the gates adjoining a magnificent chantry for the burial place of the family, and they have a very nice chapel in the house kept in perfect order by Lady Annette."

It is a little sad to think that this old estate has now been severed from a family seated there from Saxon times, but it was virtually swallowed up by Manchester and became unfitted any longer for the residence of a family of distinction, though the good deeds of the de Traffords and their piety towards the Church will long render their name laudable in that district.

In January, 1866, the bishop spent some time with the Arkwrights, of whom he speaks very highly, admiring especially the way in which Mr Arkwright spoke of his father and brother, who were very bitter against Catholics, returning the persecution he endured with charity and kindness. It is difficult to see how Protestants can vindicate their persecution of Catholics and at the same time loudly proclaim their advocacy of liberty of conscience.

In March he writes: "I hope the report of Dr Pusey is true. It is true about Mr Gurdon and his family and Mr Lane Fox." This refers to the rumours so constantly circulated of Dr Pusey's reception into the Church which, alas for him, never came. Mr Gurdon was related to the Wellesleys, and his many friends will remember Father Gurdon for his sound common-sense and kindness and for the excellent advice he gave as a preacher and director of conscience.

After the bishops' meeting this year in London (in which place Dr Amherst mentions having met Major Stapleton), he went to Great Yarmouth, where Father Walter Clifford "was doing much good," to hold a confirmation, and from thence to Bergholt and Princethorpe.

In July this year the bishop was again in

Scotland, and "lunched at Abbotsford with little Miss Hope Scott, who is not fourteen and who does the honours of the place perfectly. It belongs to her and not to her father." At this time Mrs Amherst was at Stone, for in a letter to her he says: "I trust you are pretty well and enjoying Stone. Remember me very kindly to Mother Margaret."

After a short visit to Beaufort Castle, the bishop went "to see the Alaster Frasers at Eilan Aigas. He is an old Oscott friend and lives in one of the most beautiful places in this part of Scotland." He also mentions calling upon "Mr and Mrs Merry, who have a son at Mr Bickmore's"; so that he did not neglect old friends. Indeed his thoughtfulness for others is emphasized by the fact that, although he was engaged to assist at a function abroad, he found time to make a visit to Stamford in order "to confirm a little girl of Mr and Mrs Eaton's who is very ill."

On August 28 he writes to his brother, Father William Amherst, S.J.: "I have been here (Château le Cordier, Boulogne) since Thursday last for the consecration of the cathedral and the annual August procession. All has gone off very well. I was particularly pleased with the procession, though it was rather tiring to walk in the heat from Notre

Dame to the port and back in full fig. I consecrated one of the altars on Friday (the Bishops of Arras, Amiens, Kerry and Clifton did the others) and sang High Mass, *Coram Episcopo*, on Sunday. They say there were thirty thousand strangers here on Sunday.

"When you see Lord and Lady Henry Kerr, will you tell them that their daughter Alice called on me this morning with Miss Bell and that she is very well? Yesterday I found Mrs Saunders (A. de Barry) in a lodging here; she thinks everybody has deserted her. I am with the Miss Eystons; George senior leaves to-day," etc.

In a letter to his mother of September 30, 1866, we read: "On Tuesday next we all go to Weston Underwood, and on Thursday I preach at the opening of the new church at Peckham. On Saturday I go to Peterborough for confirmation the next day, and on Monday to Ramsay.

"I heard the other day that Sir Roger Tichborne was to arrive in London on Tuesday last. I met a daughter of the *emigration*, Mrs Chisholm, who was going to the docks to meet her mother, and she told me that Sir Roger was in the list of passengers. It is very curious: I always thought that Tichborne might turn up some day."

On October 28, 1866, the Bishop of Northampton assisted at the consecration of the Right Rev. James Chadwick, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, which took place at Ushaw College and, afterwards, attended a lecture by Archbishop Manning on education at Newcastle.

In a letter of about this date he observes : "The poor dear old Major (Stapleton) will be missed by everyone. R. I. P. Mr Eaton gives £10 to our Stations."

The bishop, amongst other virtues, lays great stress on that of humility, and his words are still more applicable to the present day than to his own. "It is truly said that humility is the foundation of all virtue, but humility cannot possibly exist without obedience and self-denial; they are her very food and, deprived of them, she does not simply languish but absolutely ceases to exist.

"We know that to preach obedience in this self-praising and self-sufficient age is to speak a language utterly foreign to ordinary ideas. It sounds strange to a world which is resounding with insane cries about emancipation of thought and liberty. The tendency of the times is to overthrow every restraint upon the mind and heart. According to the teaching of modern times, man has to live for himself alone, and conscience is reduced to a mere adherence to

conventional form. God is put out of sight as if He had no right over the souls which He created and as if no account were to be rendered to Him."

But though, where need required, the bishop could speak strong words of warning and advice, his kindly heart and disposition rather urged him to convey lessons he desired to inculcate in a pleasing and gentle manner. The following amusing letter to his sister, the Benedictine nun, shows the solitary state of Catholics in Northamptonshire in 1867 :

MY DEAREST SISTER,—I shall be most happy to make the acquaintance of Mr Macdonell, and sent him a message to that effect the other day by Dr Oléron. I cannot tell you what pleasure it would give me to be able to introduce him to any Catholic families in the neighbourhood, as this supposes the existence of such phenomena in Northamptonshire; but the longest sighted telescope and largest double-nullion magnifying microscope would be at fault in trying to discover *one*! The only Catholics who have property in the county are Frank Turville and Mr Plowden, the latter of whom only comes at rare intervals to shoot a few partridges, and vanishes with the smoke of his own gun. The former, as I daresay you know, has a small property at Rothwell, commonly called Rowell, which probably he has never seen, and between which and Sydney there is not, as yet, any railway communication. I shall, however, be delighted to see Mr Macdonell if he will take us as we are, iso-

lated from the world. I feel rather like St Simon Stylites, without his sanctity in my little room here, but I am very happy at my *post* and have got accustomed to the solitude. No one cares to settle in a town of cobblers, and even we *look down* upon the staple of Northampton commerce and irreverently *tread it under foot*. The professors of the *heeling* art are not all doctors here, and whatever may be said of the Northamptonians they remain true to the *last*, and the main body of the people is engaged in looking after the *soles* of others and their own to *boot*.

What would you think of seeing such a notice as this stuck up in a window: "Ten good strong stabbing girls and a Prince of Wales finisher wanted"? or this: "Wanted, four black hands, several skivers, clickers and a rough stuff-man"? or again: "A good blocking-boy, and Singer's hands may apply"? Such announcements are enough to frighten anyone who does not think that "there's nothing like leather." God bless you.

Believe me,

Your most affectionate Brother, etc.

It was proposed to raise a monument to Cardinal Wiseman amongst his friends, each subscribing five pounds, and Monsignor Searle wrote to the Bishop of Northampton to request him to ask his mother to join in this good work, "as Cardinal Wiseman used so often to talk of pleasant days at Fieldgate in former times." This monument was to be erected at once, for "the cathedral is too great an undertaking to be accomplished in many years."

On May 15, 1868, the bishop speaks incidentally of the death of Mother Margaret Haloran, which took place on May 11 in that year. She was buried at Stone, and the Bishop of Birmingham (Dr Ullathorne) gave a long sermon recounting her life and virtues, and mentioning that Mrs Amherst had brought over Mother Margaret to Coventry.

On December 20 of the same year, he mentions in a letter to his sister the case of a lady, high church, ritualist, and "I believe her to be a really good person. She is going to join an Anglican sisterhood, for which purpose she is now in a novitiate. But this novitiate consists in living where she likes, going about as she likes and doing what she pleases. I believe she has some religious exercises to go through, and make visits to the Blessed Sacrament in her bedroom. When staying with the —s she never appears when there is anyone there besides themselves and never takes her meals with them. But on the other hand she never goes to church, as the parson does not come up to her idea of an English priest, and the services are not *high* enough. Pray for her; she ought to be a Catholic, but is under the spiritual domination of an Anglican director." In the same letter he continues: "That poor old lady, the English Church, is very seedy. She has lingered on for

three hundred years—the proverbial term of a heresy's existence—and now seems to be sinking fast. The doctors have settled that, so far as Ireland is concerned, she has nothing to do but to make her will; and as for England, a good test was shown the other day. The late Duke of Norfolk left a clause in his will to the effect that the Church livings on his estate should be sold and the proceeds applied to certain specified objects. Last Tuesday the livings, twenty-four in number, were put up by auction. There were only two bids; and those were so absurdly small that every one laughed, and the auctioneer had to shut up his book and pocket his hammer. Church livings are now looked upon as a very insecure investment. What we are coming to we cannot see; but there are plenty of signs that the name of the Protestant establishment will in a few years be a matter of past history. The serious and really good members of the old lady's family are tending unconsciously to the Faith, while the naughty children are rushing into rationalism and infidelity. Who would have thought, a few years ago, that a religious habit would be respected in the streets or railway stations? But now the sight is so common in London and most large towns—even in Oxford—that no one turns a head to look at them. The signs of the times are curious to

us who have the opportunities of observing them : and they arise continually. This town was the lowest of the low, and is so now, as far as most of the clergy are concerned ; but the laity are going ahead—so much so that there is a Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament among the Protestant young men, who have built an oratory of their own, where, I hear, there is a large crucifix. Some of them frequently come to our church to make their visit, and daily say the ‘ Hail Mary.’

“ At Cambridge, the other day, the ritualists got up what they called *a solemn Requiem Mass* for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. Imagine such a thing ten years ago ! All this must accustom the country to the name at least of Catholic things, and under God prepare it for the better reception of the only right thing. They are all sighing for union and unity, and for the sacraments and a priesthood. I speak, of course, of the advanced party, which increases every day ; and I cannot but think that the coming General Council will help immensely to stir up the leaven of truth and make it ferment to some purpose. There will be a curious gathering in Rome. Many of the Orientals have expressed a desire for re-union, and have accepted the Pope’s invitation. The English are annoyed at not being *invited*, which

in itself is a good sign ; but being heretics as well as schismatics they could not be. Yet many mean to go to watch the proceedings, and get some good out of them.

“ Another good sign of coming truth is that there is scarcely a family of distinction that has not one or more Catholic members. This must soften down prejudice, and inoculate numberless persons with Catholicity. The lower classes frequently supply us with converts ; but the middle class does not budge. Well-to-do tradesmen who count the money in the till every night ; merchants who are intent upon making gold of everything ; fat, jolly farmers, with plenty of beef, bacon and beer, have not much time or inclination for spirituality. They want praying for ; and I am afraid that the particular devil that obsesses them is only to be cast out by prayer and fasting—not much of which will be done by themselves.

“ The struggle in a few years will be between Catholicity and infidelity, as it is on the continent—at least, in France, Spain and Italy ; and though infidelity will carry off a very great number, the sense of the necessity of religion will prevail over a vast crowd of people whose only refuge will be the Church.”

CHAPTER VII

THE COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN

THE great event of the year 1869 was the opening of the General Council held at the Vatican, which naturally caused all educated Catholics to call to mind the last great Council of Trent, and to take a retrospective view of the action of the Church since that period. Thus in his Lenten Pastoral of this year the bishop, speaking of the Church, points out the lives of her eminent children, the Saints, as showing how those who obey her directions follow ever more closely the example which she upholds before them—that of her Divine Spouse, our Redeemer and Lord Jesus Christ:

“A close observer may discover the exercise of heroic virtue beneath a veil of modest unconsciousness and simple-hearted humility, and may find the imitation of Jesus Christ carried to great perfection, where ordinary minds, unenlightened by faith, would least think of seeking it, and where the proud and worldly would fail to discover it. But what is it that leads these souls, and guides them in the imitation of our Lord? It is simply the Church.

Examine their lives, and you will find them regular in every observance enjoined by the Church. Faithful in assisting at Mass, in approaching the sacraments, in obeying the laws and injunctions of the Church, they are strengthened to fight the battle with the enemies of the soul."

The month of November found the Bishop of Northampton, in company with Dr Errington (Archbishop of Trebizond) and Dr Clifford (Bishop of Clifton) *en route* for Rome. After seeing his brother, Father William Amherst, S.J., he started for Paris, where we hear of him saying Mass at St Roch, dining with his relations, the de Selbys, and calling on the Blounts. The party then proposed to start for Lyons, and so by Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, etc., to Rome. Intending to go over the Simplon Pass, upon their arrival at Sierre they found that so much snow had fallen that the road was stopped, so they had to turn back and proceed *viâ* Geneva and Chambéry. At St Maurice, the bishop remarks upon the curious costumes of the people: "It is difficult," he says, "to tell the old women from priests at a little distance. There was a great funeral to-day at Sierre; and all the female relations put on albs and girdles and white veils in the church, and the men white linen hoods."

They were doomed to another disappoint-

ment at Mont Cenis, the pass being covered by snow; "but there we met the Henry Kerrs, and some Irish, American and other bishops, in the same case as ourselves. And so we went on to Avignon, and dined on Sunday with the Archbishop." On arriving at Genoa, they found a deputation of the gentlemen of the town awaiting them on the quay, who assisted them, offered them hospitality and to show them over the town. "On board I met the Marquis de la Vega, known at Oscott as Vista Hermosa. He recognized me at once, and brought me to another Oscotian, Quintana."

They arrived in Rome on December 3, 1869, and took up their quarters at 85 Via Condotti. Next day was spent in business; but in a letter to his brother on the 6th, the bishop tells him that some anxiety on their account had been felt in Rome, since a report had arrived there that an avalanche had fallen upon them at Mont Cenis; "that Clifford was killed by being carried down a precipice, and that both my thighs were broken. But we had not a single mishap, and were as happy as schoolboys. We reached Rome at 10.30 p.m., tired and hungry and on a Friday. Mgr Cataldi met us at the station with carriages, and the not unwelcome intelligence that the Holy Father had sent a dispensation, and that we should find a good sirloin of beef

at our lodgings. Thirty-seven bishops were detained for four days knocking about Elba, Vaughan among them. Brundrit, a priest from Birkenhead, was upset three times on Mont Cenis, and has his leg badly cut by glass. I am told that the fate of Clifford and myself was the talk of all the *tables d'hôte*, and that bets were taken at one hotel as to which of us was killed and which had his legs broken. The hall of the Council is admirably managed. You see nothing of it on entering the church, so that strangers obtain the full effect as usual. It is in the right transept as you go up, and is walled off by what looks like a massive partition of solid marble of various colours, with an immense pair of bronze doors. But the whole thing folds up like a screen; and on the opening day, and other public functions, there will be no obstruction to the view from the dome and the opposite transept. There are reading-rooms, drawing-rooms, etc., managed in an extraordinarily clever way."

In a letter to his mother, of December 6, the bishop writes: "We have returned from the great ceremony of opening the Council, which lasted from 8.30 a.m. to 3.30 p.m.; but it was magnificent beyond description, and well worth a little fatigue. As far as I can make out there were 659 bishops present; and the effect of all that number, with the Pope on his throne at

their head, all in white copes and mitres, is quite indescribable. We all walked into St Peter's behind the Pope, who was carried on men's shoulders in his chair of state. The Zouaves kept a narrow passage open for us, the enormous church being literally crammed.

The Blessed Sacrament was exposed on the High Altar, and we only genuflected and passed on into the Hall of the Council, at one end of which is the altar for Mass, at the other the throne.

"The cardinals sit in a large semicircle on each side of the Pope, and the patriarchs in a smaller and inner one; then there are eight or ten steps down to the floor, and the bishops are placed at each side of the Hall in five rows of seats rising one above the other. The seats are very comfortable, and each has a small table which hangs by hinges on the back of the bench in front, and can be used either sloping as a desk or flat like an ordinary table.

"All the people in the church joined in the *Veni Creator*, the Litanies, and the *Te Deum*; and those who were outside say the effect was wonderful. They tell me that there were 50,000 people in the church.

"Our next great session will be on January 6, but will not last above half the time; meanwhile there is plenty of work for us to do.

"The Borgheses have been particularly civil and kind, and I have seen the Colegraves. I feel better than I have done for years."

December 19 (to his sister).—"The preliminaries are necessarily very slow, and we hope to settle down into better working order soon.

"The other day there was a great review of the Papal army in the park of Prince Borghese's villa. We were invited to the private garden to see the 'march past.' The Squadriglieri, or troops to pursue brigands in the mountains, struck everyone as a magnificent corps.

"Afterwards there was an open-air concert. The day was like a fine July day; the sound of the music over the lake quite fairy-like; while the costumes of the bishops from various countries of Asia and Africa, mixed with those of Borghese's tenants, formed a curious scene. There were no ladies except those belonging to the family, and the Empress of Austria, Queen of Würtemberg, and divers grand dukes and duchesses.

"It is difficult to get through our calls—the Actons, Denbighs, Lord Bute, John Dormer, Farrells, Monteiths, W. Vavasour, H. Stourton, G. Lane Fox, and others. Mr Scott-Murray has been ill with bronchitis.

"This afternoon I give Benediction at Sta Maria in Monte Santo, and am engaged in

the evening to the Borgheses, Butes and Monteiths.

December 20 (to his brother).—"We are not yet progressing *à grande vitesse*; the preliminaries, such as voting for the various commissions or congregations, are slow work. The scrutiny of the votes takes at least two days for the larger congregations: seven hundred times twenty-four votes to be counted and balanced!

"There is much talk in the town about Dupanloup and the other side of the question of infallibility, and it is rather difficult sometimes to be quite guarded in our obligation of secrecy and to avoid anything which would look like party work.

"I am sorry that the *Tablet* should have given currency to a stupid story about the Emperor having offered the See of Lyons to Orleans, on condition of his taking the line of opposition. Such stories only do harm; and this one, I firmly believe, has not one atom of foundation of truth.

"The French are enraged; Dupanloup's antagonists are either maliciously exulting or becoming charitably much more moderate in their expressions and ideas about the whole question—in fact, as I hear, altering their opinions to a certain extent out of sympathy with the man. I only say what I hear in public. I

have just come back from a Congregation. They only kept us an hour and a half, including Mass; and we cannot have another before Christmas. On Thursday, Cardinal Pentini is buried.

"I heard Father Tom Burke preach an excellent sermon yesterday on knowledge and education.

"Dr Etheridge sits next but one to me in Council; and between us is a good old Spanish bishop, who makes odd remarks from time to time. The secretaries were three hours the first day trying to scrutinize the votes, but could not get through; and he said: *Defecerunt scrutantes in scrutinio!* On my left is a gangway, which is a comfort; it gives more room."

"*December 27.*—Christmas Day was rather a tiring time for us. We went to hear the Pope sing Vespers on the Eve, came home, dined, and at 8 lay down till 10.30. At 11.30 I went to the Bodenhams, having leave to say three Masses at midnight in their private chapel and to give Communion to any who came. At 2.30 to St Peter's for Matins and High Mass in the canon's chapel. This office, called the Pastorale, is supposed to be in special commemoration of the song of the angels and joy of the shepherds. Anything more exquisitely beautiful I never heard. We had places in the stalls, and I had to give out one of the antiphons. The hymn

at Matins was just such a song as one could imagine the shepherds singing after hearing the angels: joyful beyond expression, yet quite in character with good church music. There was a bass voice which sounded like the great bell at Bruges booming away, while the little trebles seemed to dance among the stars. Then there were stops in the organ to imitate the song of birds as an accompaniment, and the air kept coming in in unexpected places in the responses to the lessons and throughout the Mass. I thought I could listen for ever. It lasted till 6.30, when we came home to breakfast, then off to old St Peter's again for the Pope's High Mass.

"Imagine a great church with a high throne at the altar end of cloth of silver, backed by a canopy and hangings of crimson damask and gold extending quite across the church. Imagine the Pope on this throne and the altar for his Mass about two hundred feet down the church, and on either side, in five rows of stalls, seven hundred cardinals, patriarchs and bishops, all in white copes and mitres, except some of the Orientals, who wore gorgeous dresses of all colours and crowns of gold and silver. Then the various members of the court in robes of the middle ages, some in cloth of gold, others in black velvet and point lace; the noble guard

in full armour; gentlemen of all nations in the uniform of their countries, some in the red of England, as Mr Monteith, Lord Denbigh, etc. In a balcony or gallery of red and gold are the Empress of Austria, the Queen of Würtemberg, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Tuscany, the King of Naples and other royal people; in another lower down the ambassadors in brilliant uniforms, stars and garters; a dense crowd in the church, the country people being in bright costumes. And then imagine, at the Elevation, the sound of the silver trumpets pouring down from the dome and filling the whole of the immense church, seeming as if it came from heaven, and you have some idea of the Pope's High Mass.

"You must not believe one word that the Protestant papers say about dissensions amongst the bishops, etc., etc. The *Times* says that the general congregation last week broke up in great agitation, the fact being that we walked out as quietly as if we were going from the dining to the drawing-room at Fieldgate, and with just as much dissension as usually occurs under that roof. And so it has been throughout. Even the *Tablet* is misinformed and tells stories, particularly about the poor Bishop of Orleans, which have not the slightest foundation.

January, 3, 1870.—"We are at last getting

into full work at the Council; but the debates go on slowly, owing to the number of people who want to speak and great length of the speeches. However, the Italians, who are not accustomed to hard work, are at length seeing the necessity of it. We were in Council from 9 a.m. till 1.30 p.m. to-day, and only had four speeches!

January 4.—"We have got home from a meeting of the Council where we were almost stunned by a Swiss Bishop, who spoke for an hour, and roared as if he were talking from one mountain to another against wind and thunder!

January 13.—"A torrent of rain, which was snow on the mountains. Yesterday and the day before the Tiber overflowed; and in some streets they were going about in boats, especially in the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter. We could not get to St Peter's by the bridge of St Angelo. There is a great meet of the fox-hounds to-day at the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and a lunch to the Empress of Austria. They are asking fifty francs for a horse, merely to go to the meet; but half Rome is gone.

"During the Octave, and for a week after, there are Masses in some Oriental rite, and sermons all day in different languages. Drs Manning and Ullathorne are the English preachers; Moriarty the Irish, with some Americans, French, German, Spanish, etc. This takes place in St

Andrea della Valle ; and there are English sermons besides every Sunday and feast in Sta Maria in Monte Santo.

"The Bodenhams have a reception for Bishops every Wednesday evening, and have fitted up an Oriental divan for the Easterns, where they sit cross-legged and smoke and drink coffee. The hour for the reception is 8.30 ; but the Orientals seem to like it so much that, yesterday, they arrived at six, before their hosts had dined !

"About what goes on in council we are not allowed to speak. I envy the Hungarian bishops their facility in speaking Latin, which they are so accustomed to that they talk as easily as if they were chattering the language of the country. Two of them, Strossmayer and Haynald, together with the Archbishop of Malines, formerly Père Deschamps, C.S.S.R., have made the most eloquent speeches I have ever heard.

"The Council-Hall has been re-arranged, and we hope it will do and so save the expense, trouble and disappointment of removing to the Quirinal.

"The Pope continues wonderfully well. Fifteen hundred French people were presented to him the other day and, I am told by some who were there, behaved as badly as only

French people can. They do not care how much they tire him, and all want a word and made him speak French.

"I am getting accustomed to the noise of this street; carriages never cease till 12 or 1 at night, while at 4 a.m. the vegetable and wine carts begin, and the game is kept up once more.

"The jewellers' shops and those of the bronze-workers are most tempting, their taste is so good: very much improved of late years. The curiosity and old painting dealers would extract a fortune from any one who had one and a taste for such things.

"In five minutes we can get to Monte Pincio, the great promenade of the Romans, a beautiful garden or park on a hill overlooking the city, where are palm and other trees, cactuses twenty feet high, hedges of aloes and Indian fig, mixed with the newest pines and cedars which grow grandly here.

"We went the other day to the Villa Pamphili, Prince Doria's country place, and I saw for the first time the word 'Mary' (his wife) planted in evergreens on the side of a sloping bank.

"I am sorry to see a lecture in the *Tablet* by Father Christie, in which he speaks of the Bishop of Orleans as being in an 'intrigue'

against the definition of infallibility. I wish they would let the poor man alone. There is no such thing as an intrigue. He merely has expressed in the most open way his own opinions, and no one has been received with greater kindness by the Holy Father.

"*January 21.*—I never read anything so absurd as the accounts of the Council in the *Times* and other English papers. They don't know what to write and are obliged to invent. Nothing can be more quiet, orderly and cordial, than the relations of the bishops at all the meetings, and the liberty of speech is perfect, anyone saying just what he pleases on the subjects in question. In fact, unless people in England know things for certain from other sources, they may put down all they read as *lies*. All is going on in perfect order, and the questions before us are being thoroughly discussed.

"The Cravens are here and remember you all at Brussels; I have also seen the Couches. John Dormer is there; Mrs Higgins, two daughters and one son; the Scott-Murrays with the whole family; George Morgan with his niece and another young lady. Besides these we know so many people, Italian, French, German, English, American, etc., that it is difficult to get half-an-hour to oneself when

at home. The Austrian, Prussian and French Ambassadors have asked me to their receptions, but I have not been able to go to them yet.

"I have made the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Amberley, in whom William is interested. Lord Amberley is the eldest son of Lord Russell. I will ask you all to say a Hail Mary for them and for Sir John and Lady Sebright, who are not Catholics, but I have great hopes of them, indeed more than of the Amberleys."

"*February 1* [to his brother, the Rev. William J. Amherst, S.J.]—As to the Council, all I can say is that it goes on vigorously and calmly. There has not been the semblance of a *scene*, as some of the papers make out. Dupanloup did not touch upon the infallibility question in his speech, and as to liberty of speech, that is entire. Men are never called to order unless they wander from the subject and waste time; and that has only happened once or twice.

"I hear the *Standard* has said something silly about me and Clifford, and wants to make out that I signed a petition against the definition. I authorize you to contradict this *in toto* if you hear it mentioned. There is no use in writing to the paper to contradict it, they would only have something still more stupid next time.

"*February 4*.—The Purification was a great

day in St Peter's. The Pope blessed the candles but did not distribute them to all the bishops on account of time ; and only eighteen, besides cardinals and patriarchs, wore cope and mitre and went in procession. Still it was very grand, the church full of people, among whom I saw several English uniforms ; Scott-Murray was very grand in red and silver as a knight of Malta.

"Dr Clifford made a great speech yesterday in the council, which seems to have created quite a sensation ; he spoke for nearly an hour, and it was certainly one of the events of the Synod.

"*February 10.*—We hope we have got a change of weather, but yesterday was still very cold, and I saw the wine carts coming in in the morning covered with snow.

"A gentleman yesterday told me that the whole country between Florence and three or four miles from Rome was all under snow, quite unusual.

"The Pope is wonderfully well, and I don't know how he manages to get through all he has to do. He says he is eighty, but is as active as a man of sixty in perfect health. A number of French people nearly pulled him to pieces at one of the great audiences. The guards were obliged to surround him and hold up his arms above their heads to get him out of the crush and scramble. Mr Danvers-Clarke and

his wife were there, and they describe the scene as inconceivable. It was all affection, but the Pope was obliged to say: 'Save me from my friends.' An American lady called out to the Pope to 'speak up,' but I don't think she meant anything uncivil. I never forget you all at the shrines of the apostles and martyrs.

"*February 24.*—I am sorry to say that Dr Grant [the saintly Bishop of Southwark] became suddenly worse last week and received Extreme Unction this morning. I have seen him since and he looks and talks better, but I scarcely think he will ever return to England. It is pretty certain that he has cancer in the stomach.

"I am quite well, thank God, and have *not* been recommended change of air as the *Westminster Gazette* announces. On the contrary, my doctor induced me not to go away from Rome, otherwise, as we have a holiday, we should have been among the hills and lakes of Albano.

"The story about a false bishop is a good one for those who like sensational tales. Not one of us has heard of such an adventurer, excepting through the English papers. Such a thing is simply impossible, just as much so as a false peer getting into the House of Lords. What will they say next? As far as I am

concerned, not one word of what the Protestant papers say is true, but as yet I have not thought it worth while to contradict what they said.

"Carnival is going on, pelting people with 'confetti' and a race of riderless horses down the Corso. Very dull work, and closes the main street of Rome for the afternoons of ten days. I suppose the Romans think it funny.

"We spent Shrove Tuesday at Frascati and enjoyed ourselves. Mrs Furse gave us an English dinner: roast beef and boiled turkey, but forgot the pancakes.

"*March 25.*—I have only time to write a few lines to-day, we are so busy that it is difficult to get five minutes' quiet.

"Dr Grant is so far from being dead that he is much better and drives out twice a day. You see how reports spread, but how they arise and have their first existence no one can tell, except perhaps the father of fibs.

"Still very cold here. Sunny Italy deserves its reputation no longer. They told us St Benedict would bring fine weather to make up for St Scholastica's rain, but the saint took us in. Then to-day was to have had a warm atmosphere to accompany the angel Gabriel, but he has fanned his wings till he has created a breeze that pierces one through.

"*April* 3.—There never was such a winter and spring known before : it is almost like January. The Council is now very hard at work, and for a fortnight we have sat every day except Sunday. Lord and Lady Herries are expected on Tuesday, as well as Lord Clifford and his two daughters.

"Mr Monteith—you know how solemn he is—has quite fallen in love with Oriental manners from seeing the eastern bishops here, and in imitation of them will not shake hands with anyone, but kisses the tips of his fingers elegantly when he meets a friend and affords a considerable amount of amusement.

"The Holy Father is wonderfully well and strong. The people besiege him when they can catch him taking a walk. Lady Redington (Anne Eliza Talbot), whom I see very often, always asks after you all. She is most friendly and is here with her three daughters.

"*April* 18.—Holy Week was of course very grand this year, and we worked hard, doing all the piety we could. Indeed, every afternoon in Lent, Alfonso Clifford and myself have followed the Stations, that is, the special indulgenced visits to various churches. On these occasions all the relics and treasures of each church are exposed and the altars lighted up ; the crypts are opened and one meets all one's friends in

a sort of pious reunion. On Easter Day the Pope as usual sang the High Mass, but, *not* as usual, was surrounded by seven hundred bishops in copes and mitres. The blessing from the Loggia of St Peter's after Mass was the grandest thing I ever saw. They calculate the crowd at 100,000. I, with about a hundred bishops, was on the roof of the colonnade, where Mgr Pacca had covered a large space with an awning and divided it into boxes. In the one furthest from the church were royal and grand-ducal personages; in the next, bishops; next, ambassadors; next, Roman princes and princesses. We could see the whole Piazza and were on a level with the Pope. The dead silence just before the blessing was given was the thing that struck me most. The instant the blessing was given there was a tremendous cry of 'Viva Pio IX,' the clattering of bells, firing of cannon and playing of military bands.

"Then the moving of the enormous crowd away by the different streets was most curious to see, and the way in which order was kept for the carriages by the dragoons was admirable: not the least confusion, though the streets are narrow. In the evening the whole church and colonnade were illuminated. When the change of lights took place the church looked like a mountain of fire.

"On Monday we saw the fireworks in the Piazza del Popolo from a 'palco' put at our disposal by the senate. First of all a gun was fired, then a thousand rockets of different colours were sent up at once in what they call a 'bouquet.' Then the whole of one side of the Piazza and up the hill became Jerusalem, with the angel pointing it out to St John. The palm and other trees mixed beautifully with the temple, terraces, towers, etc. After that, fiery serpents, globes, wheels, etc., of all colours rushed about in the air, the whole finishing by a 'bouquet' of fourteen hundred rockets which fell for some minutes in golden rain.

"Then a star from a given point rushed to the central obelisk, round which it played in various colours, while comets ran along a hundred wires to the tops of high poles all round the Piazza, lighting a rose-coloured Bengal lamp on each to show the people their way home.

"The crowd was tremendous, but as orderly as possible, as is always the case with the Romans.

"On Tuesday, the English Zouaves gave us a theatrical entertainment, while yesterday we went to meet the Pope at St Agnese, where he escaped some years ago from the accident of the floor falling. We saw the illumination

of the whole city. In some places were gothic churches as large as *life*, all of fire. This evening we give a little party to Lord Clifford and his two daughters, Lady Redington and her three, and Mgr Stonor.

"*May 2.*—All our friends are leaving except the Gainsboroughs, who intended to have hidden themselves at Geneva for the summer, but the bishop (Mgr Mermillod) advised them to come here, where they would meet plenty of friends to distract them.

"You will be sorry to hear that De la Barre is very unwell, and if he recovers it will be almost a miracle; contrary to the advice of his doctor he staggered to Monteith's house and became so ill that he could not get home again.

"Yesterday we saw a pretty procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the Appian Way in the country. Imagine an altar erected in the middle of the Birmingham road, and all the carriages obliged to stop till everything was over. The country people were in their best with bouquets of flowers and spun glass; the women had them in their hats.

"*June 1.*—You will be sorry to hear that Dr Grant [Bishop of Southwark] died last night; he had a fresh attack and fell down, expiring soon after they had got him back into his room. R. I. P.

"I hope to get away by July. I have sent in a petition to be allowed to go home."

The bishop seems to have left Rome on June 23, 1870, and his own record of experiences finishes here, but we learn some further particulars from his numerous friends and relatives.

Though the Protestant papers were ridiculously misinformed during the sitting of the Vatican Council, yet there is reason to believe that this was not entirely unintentional, for a Catholic who offered himself as a correspondent at the time, saying that he would furnish, so far as possible, the exact truth as to what happened or was known, received the reply that, since the paper was for a Protestant public, the manner and matter of what was furnished must be so put as to be pleasing to them. This suggests a public anxious to hear pleasant rather than true things. But more than this, for the Council brought together in Rome, besides the Bishops, many leaders of fashionable society, and these formed themselves, as it were, into two camps, each endeavouring to gain partizans and decrying the opposite party. This the good Bishop of Northampton strongly condemned, not only as leading to want of charity, but from the way in which it was carried on as positively un-Catholic and wicked.

It was probably through this means that

the enemies of Catholicism were enabled to glean rumours of dissensions which they were pleased to publish, and of uncharitable sayings which represented only misapprehension. One of his priests, and a close friend of Dr Amherst, relates an instance in which a slight cloud was raised for a time, but entirely dissipated by the conscientious boldness of the Bishop of Northampton and his generous loyalty to his friend. The late Dr Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, had made some observations which were entirely misunderstood by certain foreign prelates, but repeated in the sense in which they were misunderstood. As is so often the case, the person most interested was among the last to hear of what was going on ; but the perverted version had been carried to the ears of the Sovereign Pontiff, who was intensely grieved to hear such things of one whom he loved so well, whom he himself had consecrated bishop, and whose father, Lord Clifford, had been well known to the Holy Father for many years. Thus a cloud arose, and since there was no formal accusation it was the more difficult to fix and destroy. At last the matter became known to Dr Amherst, a great and trusted friend of Dr Clifford, who at once enquired into the matter, saw how his friend had been wronged, and, being cognisant of the facts, requested a private audience of

the Holy Father, which, being granted, he strenuously and plainly, though with due deference, laid the whole matter before the Sovereign Pontiff, adding that the Church had no more loyal son than the Bishop of Clifton. The Holy Father, who was only anxious for the truth, was delighted to hear it and to find that no real blame attached to one who had enjoyed many marks of his favour and friendship. Thus Dr Amherst loyally vindicated the honour of his friend, though many were astonished at his boldness in thus laying the whole matter before the Pope.

It must be remembered that those who were present at the Council were bound by the strongest obligations to give their belief on the matter under discussion. When, therefore, the question before them was whether it was an opportune time to promulgate and define the doctrine of papal infallibility, however heartily they all believed in the doctrine, yet those who came from Catholic countries where the Church was supreme would naturally be in a different position from those whose sphere of duty lay in countries where the Catholic Church was persecuted or only tolerated by a Protestant Government under grave suspicion. In England as late as April, 1829, Catholics had been trodden underfoot and denied liberty, considera-

tion and justice. Though they had at that time obtained, against opposition, an emancipation from the greater part of this slavery and degradation, yet any action of theirs as a body was viewed with suspicion; and, especially any evidence of a spiritual power exterior to England, was misrepresented and excited the greatest jealousy. As many will remember, the re-establishment of the hierarchy in this country was sufficient to cause serious riots and tumults only twenty years before the date of which we are speaking. It is not wonderful therefore that many of the English bishops should fear the effect of the definition of this dogma in their own country. But the councils of the Church are directed and led by God the Holy Ghost, and many hearts looked forward to the inclusion of this among the dogmas of the faith as a development and perfecting of the body of Catholic truth. The event justified both parties, for the promulgation of the dogma in this country was followed by the publication of a pamphlet on what he termed "Vaticanism" by the leader of a then powerful political party, which was calculated to arouse in the upper orders a suspicion and hatred of Catholicism, and in the lower a recrudescence of ignorant violence. But, *mirabile dictu*, this attempt to stir up the people signally failed and was barren of fruits. A ques-

tion was raised as to the necessity of everyone who had been at the Council sending in a formal adherence to its decrees. One of his canons tells us that Dr Amherst's feeling on this subject was that it was a matter of course that all Catholics received the decrees of a general council, otherwise they ceased to be Catholics and loyal sons of the Church; indeed, they would disobey the commandment of our Blessed Lord to hear the Church.

The heat of Rome had always tried Dr Amherst very much, so that he was obliged to leave while the Council was still sitting, and travelled northward to the more bracing climate of the Tyrol. Some idea of the vigorous way in which a great feast is kept there may be gleaned from a letter written to his mother. The feast of the Sacred Heart and that of St Vigilius, the patron of the diocese, fell on the same Sunday. "We were awoke at three in the morning by the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells. The echo of the cannon in the distance made it seem as if all the mountains were tumbling over one another. At 3.30 a.m. crowds were going to Mass, and at 4.30 I went to the Cathedral, which was crammed. At 5 there was High Mass and sermon, at 6 another sermon, and at 7 another. I said Mass at the high altar between 5 and 6. At 9 there was again High Mass, beautifully

sung, and the church was crowded." In the afternoon the bishop and Canon Graham drove to St Paul's, not far from Caldaro, to call on the parish priest, whom they had met in Rome. "I expected to find a common country church, but was surprised to find one worthy of being a cathedral, with magnificent gothic altars and statues, and everything in most perfect order. The priest was delighted to catch a bishop for Benediction, and I was no less glad to give it to these good Tyrolese. But I had to kneel through the whole of the fifteen mysteries said very slowly, the Litany of the Sacred Heart, and the renewal of a vow by which the Tyrol is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, on a kneeler which sloped downwards and which obliged me to hook on by the elbows to the top of the *prie-dieu*. The devotion of the people was most striking." In the evening "we met Prince and Princess Langusko, Russians, who were very pleasant. He is a relation of Mrs De la Barre [Bodenham]."

On his way home the bishop visited Ober Ammergau, where he was present at the Passion play; but the only allusion to it found in his papers is contained in the following lines :

Oft, in the days when life and youth were strong
In power of great enjoyment, would we stroll
Amid the vales and glaciers of Tyrol.

We climbed the heights by weary ways and long,
Or basked below the shadowing vines among,
 And gazed on peaks as white as infant's soul
 And firm as saint's resolve, while charm'd the whole
The caroll'd *jodel* of the peasant's song.
And once in later days the bitter scene
 Of Christ's dear Passion we beheld portrayed,
With voice and music sad and reverent mien,
 By rural artizan and village maid,
So that we wept, all wept. Could this have been,
 If from the faith that noble race had strayed?

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE DIOCESE

ON June 4, 1871, Dr Amherst had the great grief of losing his mother, who had been long suffering from the terrible disease which was subsequently to become the portion of her son. Her agony was at times so intense as to deprive her of consciousness, and on one of these occasions Father Walker, the priest at Kenilworth, overcome by the pitiful sight, and on the spur of the moment, applied to her forehead the medal of St Benedict which he wore, saying : " Oh, St Benedict, you can help her if you like ; have compassion on her." At that moment Mrs Amherst, regaining consciousness, exclaimed : " Oh, Father Walker, what have you done ? " The pain had gone and was never so great again. The bishop, writing to his sister at Princethorpe, says : " We have lost indeed the best and dearest of mothers, but what a consolation her whole life has been and is to us all—one long act of religion ! There is not one thing we can look back upon with regret in the whole of her conduct." One of the Benedictine Fathers at Coventry says of her : " I do not think I ever knew anyone who more

completely gave me the idea of loving God above all things and their neighbours as themselves." She was a perfect type of the accomplished Christian lady of the olden time, combining all that was holy, kind and charitable. Dr Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, presided at her obsequies. She had desired to be buried in a vault in the churchyard at Kenilworth, and that the remains of her husband should be brought thither from Coventry; but the bishop ordered her to be buried within the church which she had built as a mark of his high appreciation of her virtues. In her humility she had written to each of her children a letter, to be given after her death, in which she begged their pardon and forgiveness for all the *bad example* she had given them during her life, and to entreat them "never to forget to pray for her poor soul." Her married life had been singularly happy, and her husband's death on January 8, 1835, at a comparatively early age, had been so great a shock that she could never bear to talk of him afterwards unless absolutely necessary. This was a great loss to her children, who desired to know more of their father, and, he having been an only child, they had no very near relations who could satisfy their desire. This excellent mother died in her eighty-third year, and was buried on June 9, the anniversary of the opening of the church which she had built.

In August, 1871, the bishop was staying at Campden House with the Norths for the celebration of Pope Pius IX having attained the "days of St Peter." They had lately come from Kirtling Tower, "a fine old tower of Henry VIII's time, or rather two towers, which formed the gateway of the old castle, the rooms small but comfortable. I spent a very pleasant time there. Mr North has put up a small iron church which I liked—it holds about a hundred people, and looks like a little chapel in the Alps."

Dr Amherst was an advocate for keeping diaries, and having a taste for genealogy he invariably noted down the names and connections of those he met, with a good word for his friends. He rightly says: "It were greatly to be desired that some member of every family would undertake to record simple events which might indeed appear trivial at the moment of their occurrence, but which are of extreme historical value. The same might be said of our missions."

On January 5, 1875, the bishop mentions the death of Henry Heneage, son of the late Mr Heneage of Hainton, county Lincoln, and for some years attached to the embassies at Dresden and Paris, who became a divine at Oscott in 1841, and after his ordination served at Erdington and afterwards as chaplain to the nuns of the Good

Shepherd at Hammersmith. He returned to Oscott as one of the confessors of the house. Having suffered for many years from a spinal complaint he died January 3, distinguished for a remarkable sweetness of character and amiability of disposition. He also records the gift of a very handsome white cope and stole from Mrs Robson, of the Rookery, Roehampton, the daughter of Mr Worswick, of Birstal and Normanton, county Leicester.

About the same time he received a letter from Mgr Talbot, "who had been out of his mind since 1869," asking for subscriptions to the Church of St Thomas in Rome, to which he replied by explaining the poverty of the diocese, but saying he would do what he could. The bishop also remarks upon the effect of the ecclesiastical legislation in Prussia, which was of a most persecuting character. "No man's house his castle in Prussia."

"*January 15, 1875.*—Gladstone has resigned the leadership of the Liberal party. I have had no faith or trust in Gladstone since the memorable and ignoble part he took in the affairs of Naples and Poeria and the Grand Duke of Parma. To my mind he showed himself an utterly unprincipled revolutionist and bigot. Yet the Archbishop of Westminster and some other Catholics have pinned their political faith to him

and have believed in him. I could not be a liberal here and a conservative everywhere else. The name 'liberal' means anything but liberality in any sense in which the Church would accept it."

This year Father Plunkett the Redemptorist gave a retreat in the convent at Northampton. He was a former friend of the bishop, and during his stay related the following anecdote :

"Dr O'Brien of Limerick had been blind when very young and was cured at a holy well, after which he became a grocer's assistant and learned Latin and Greek behind the counter. He was recommended to the bishop by his parish priest as a church student. The bishop laughed and asked him what he knew. He replied, 'Latin and Greek.' 'Latin and Greek, is it?' said the bishop. 'Get that book and read.' Upon which he read the first chapter of St John's Gospel. He was then sent to Carlow and afterwards to Maynooth, and subsequently became Vicar General of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Dean of Limerick."

In the February of this year Dr Amherst tells us he read his brother William's article on Emancipation in *Catholic Progress*, and remarks, "There is the ring of the old true metal in it."

On February 20 is recorded the death of Angus Fletcher, aged seventy, to whose memory

the *Scotsman* paid a high tribute. "I met him once," says the bishop, "with Walter Clifford and was charmed with the wit, scholarship and true Catholic tone of his conversation. By his death Mrs Cuddon Fletcher becomes possessed of Dunans. His brother Alexander is to be met in any part of Europe, the especial friend of the Comte de Chambord, Don Carlos and legitimate families in general, a true Catholic!"

"*March 16.*—Cardinal Manning received his biretta yesterday at the English College, Rome. What effect will it have in England? Not much, I imagine. It has long been expected, and the papers don't seem to see an aggression.

"*March 21.*—Fifty-six years old to-day! It seems impossible. I am getting awfully old in body and can only walk slowly, but my mind seems as young as ever."

At the reception at the Cardinal's this year, which took place on April 6, there was a crowded assembly of more than 600 persons present to greet him on his return from Rome; among others Lord Ripon was there for the first time.

While in London Dr Amherst visited the Jesuits' house at Manresa, where Father Porter showed him the collection of engravings in the corridor, the chapel with its painting by C. Goldie, the printing establishment, gardens,

etc. Next day he went with the Bellinghams, Lord Gainsborough, Lord Denbigh, Monsignor Patterson, the Bishop of Nottingham, etc., to the opening of the church of St Thomas at Canterbury, where Dr Weathers sang the Mass *coram Card.* In the morning Cardinal Manning preached, and in the afternoon Mgr Capel. The bishop visited the cathedral and kissed the stone at the place of the martyrdom of St Thomas. He remarks an amusing incident: "The Lord Mayor was taken for the Cardinal at Canterbury." There are several entries of interest about this time in the bishop's diary. He utters a fervent *Deo gratias* after hearing that Lady Gage had promised to contribute £120 per annum to Coldham, no doubt a relief to his poor diocese.

May 25, Father St John of the Oratory died, and the bishop writes to condole with Dr Newman on the loss of his friend of many years. On May 28 a letter was received from Frank Turville, saying that he had been knighted—Knight Commander of St Michael and St George. On June 7 he wrote a letter of condolence to Mrs Pugin on her husband's death. June 11 found the Bishop of Northampton at Fieldgate, where he met the Rev. Verney Cave, son of the late Sir John Cave-Brown-Cave of Kenilworth, and brother of Sir Milnes, who had formerly been a Protestant clergyman, but be-

came a Catholic about three years previously and had lately been ordained. Shortly afterwards the bishop went to Oscott for the jubilee of the opening of Erdington Church, founded by Father Daniel Haigh, and had an opportunity of revisiting the Sutton woods, but found a new railway cutting, to his disgust, which had much spoiled them ; however, he was consoled by a walk with Father Albert Buckler and Father Sole to Lady Wood near Hartopp's Pool and by their conversation.

On June 22 the bishop went to Rugby for Mr Washington Hibbert's funeral. Mrs Hibbert was present, also the Stourtons, Martin Edmunds, de Traffords, Hornyolds, etc. The Hibberts were of Bilton Grange, near Rugby, and Mrs Washington Hibbert by her first husband, Lieut.-Col. Charles T. Talbot, was mother of Bertram Arthur, the last Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury ; and hence, through the Fortescue-Turvilles, there was a relationship to Dr Amherst. Next month he went to the opening of a chapel at Brigg, where "Father Sebastian Bowden preached a beautiful sermon." Mr and Mrs Cary Elwes gave hospitality to all the Catholics there, and a few days later received the bishop at their place, Billing Hall, where in the evening was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, at which six hundred school children were present. This

procession seems to have impressed him deeply, since he remarks on the "beautiful effect of people with lights kneeling round; nuns and boarders from the convent at Northampton." He was devoted to whatever tended to promote devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and raise the minds of children to God and holy things.

The exhibition day, July 20, 1875, at Oscott was, as these pleasant meetings usually are—or, must we say, were—attended by numerous visitors: Lord and Lady Denbigh, Lord Vaux, Mr and Mrs George Mostyn, Lady and Miss Petre, Sir Percy and Lady Radcliffe, etc., and last, though not least, the Bishop of Northampton. During the evening and night such torrents of rain fell that next day, when Dr Amherst was going to Cotton Hall, the water was nearly level with the platform at Walsall and the train could not enter the station, so that he was obliged to walk to another place and get into another train.

Cotton Hall is a place consecrated by many memories. It was here that, on the invitation of John, "the good Lord Shrewsbury," Father Faber settled with the companions who had followed him, and lived as the community of the Brothers of the Will of God. When Faber was called to a larger sphere of work in Lon-

don, the place was purchased, and thither was translated the Catholic school of Sedgley Park, near Wolverhampton, one of those old—and, we must say, somewhat rough—institutions, tracing itself back to the days of persecution, when Catholics courted oblivion and were only too glad to find a place where their children could be brought up in the old faith without observation. For then, as now, it was the object of those who hated the Church to secure for themselves the education of the young, and twist their pliant and trusting minds in a direction calculated to make them hostile to their holy Mother.

The bishop's love of nature bursts forth in his account of Cotton: "Walked down the valley. Perfectly beautiful. Astonished at the beauty of this fine property of 400 acres bought by the bishop [Ullathorne] for the school which represents Sedgley Park. Souter is making it a fine place with the new wing built of a fine white stone got on the estate, and is fast eliminating old rough park traditions."

His next visit was a pathetic one, for who, with a heart, does not sympathize with one revisiting the scenes of former splendour and hospitality now passed away into the hands of strangers and everything changed? "To Alton, poor old Alton! Lord Shrewsbury has estab-

lished a turn-stile for excursionists to enter the grounds and gets threepence on every railway ticket."

In August he went to Burton Manor on his way to Ireland for the O'Connell centenary. On the journey he encountered Mr Charles Weld, the O'Connor Don, Mr and Mrs Wilfrid Tempest, Mr French, etc.; and at Holyhead the Bishop of Bâle with some Swiss friends, Mgr Rinaldini of Propaganda, etc., joined them. Great was the astonishment of the Swiss, etc., at seeing the coast of Wicklow, they having taken the Hill of Howth for the whole of Ireland.

On August 5, High Mass was sung in the Cathedral of Dublin by the Bishop of Limerick, at which forty bishops, four archbishops, one cardinal and four hundred priests were present, with the Lord Mayor and Town Council in full state. In the evening was a dinner in the round room of the Mansion House, where, in reply to the toast of the "English Hierarchy," the Bishop of Northampton made one of the best speeches of the evening. Next day was a procession of trades, deputations, etc., which took four hours in passing, the religious element being predominant in the entire thing. Perfect order, no troops, scarcely a policeman. Mgr Nardi, in a glass coach with the Lord Mayor, excited great

enthusiasm among the people as coming from Rome. The bishop here met Count von Kerssenbrock, who had been imprisoned for presiding over a Catholic meeting at Mayence.

Next day he lunched with the Talbots at Bray, and met the D'Arcys and Father Stone of Oscott, also Mr Butt, who "told a story about Tresham Gregg, who had gone crazy and wished to place money in the bank to the credit of Jesus Christ, so that it should be safe from Gladstonian confiscations, for the Irish Church. He was only deterred from doing so by Butt telling him that the Pope as Vicar could draw the whole, and no Dublin jury would go against him."

After visiting Kingstown and Ballybrack, where he called on Lady Gray, whose son Edmund had married Miss Caroline Chisholm, daughter of the bishop's friend, "the emigration Mrs Chisholm," Dr Amherst returned next day to Northampton.

On August 12, he chronicles a curious incident: "To-day, towards 2 p.m., I was walking on the footpath of the Leicester Road towards the cathedral. It was raining rather heavily, and I had my umbrella up. It had been thundering slightly in the distance. I just saw the light of a flash, and instantaneously there came a clap which I can liken to nothing but a cannon fired close to my ear. It was repeated once, and, I

think, twice ; but the first was so near that it made me stagger across the footpath towards the roadway, and I felt on the left side of my head and face a blow of air sharp and sudden, which I continued to feel the greater part of the day. I lowered my umbrella expecting another flash, but no more came, and looked at the cathedral, trees, etc., quite thinking that something must be struck. I have heard of no damage."

Shortly afterwards the bishop went to Rotherwas, in Herefordshire, where at the time Prince Edward Radzivil and Mgr Daniewski were staying. "The former is a grand-nephew of William of Prussia ; the latter, a priest of Lublin in Russian Poland, has come over with some Visitation Nuns who have bought a house and seventeen acres at Tunbridge Wells." He continues : "Dr Johnson has written to remind me of our engagement last Bishops' meeting to send a statistical account of progress *in consequence* of Hierarchy. It is difficult to say what is *in consequence*, easy enough to say what has been done since its establishment. Seven large counties and only 6,000 Catholics. What can be done ? No money for support of priests, etc."

During the September of this year Fathers O'Reilly and Goldie, of the Society of Jesus, held a mission at Northampton. On its opening the bishop prays, "God give success, and grant

that all our hearts may be moved to love and serve Him and Him alone." This pious ejaculation was answered, for he records later : "The mission has been wonderfully well attended. *Deo gratias!*"

On Rosary Sunday, October 3, the bishop celebrated the half jubilee of the restored Hierarchy, "a beautiful day in the church altogether." His brother, Rev. William Amherst, S.J., joined him for the Synod and stayed some days, during which they received the sad news of the death of their sister, which the bishop thus chronicles :

"October 6.—Our dearly beloved sister, Louisa Winifred Amherst, expired calmly and unexpectedly after her long illness, during which, through the mercy of God, she had not suffered so much as might have been expected from the nature of her malady, cancer in the breast. There were but five minutes between notice of a change and her quiet death." The sorrowing brothers went to Kenilworth for the funeral on October 11, at which, besides the Bishop of Birmingham, Bishop Collier and the Provincial of the Benedictines, there were present Sir Francis Turville, Mr Ferrers of Baddesley Clinton, the last male of his ancient race, and many others. She was buried in the vault in the churchyard prepared for Mrs Amherst, whose body had been transferred to the church at the re-

quest of Bishop Ullathorne and by permission of the Home Secretary. R. I. P.

On November 5, 1875, Lord Gainsborough asked the bishop to his place at Exton, where a large party had assembled to meet Cardinal McCloskey. Amongst other encouraging circumstances, the Cardinal told them that there were 400,000 Catholics, a third of the population, in New York, so that the American church was in a flourishing condition.

During the autumn of this year the Bishop of Northampton was pained and troubled by the weak health of Dr Oléron, who had always been a firm and most useful friend and assistant to him, but was now so infirm that the bishop sent the Rev. Bernard Murray—a protégé of Mother Margaret Hallorhan, who had studied at the English Seminary at Bruges, and after the breaking up of that institution upon the death of Sir John Sutton, at the Grand Séminaire—to assist on Sundays at Weedon. There was also a pleasant incident at this season in the arrival of five Sisters of Nazareth from Nazareth House, Hammersmith, who came to Northampton on November 19 to take up their abode.

The King and Queen of Naples took Park View, Towcester, for the hunting season, and of course asked for a priest to say Mass, which,

in a diocese where nearly every priest was fully engaged, was a request with which there was some difficulty in complying.

On December 16 the bishop went to Park View, about a mile beyond Towcester, to call upon the King and Queen of Naples. "The door was opened, after much ringing, by the housekeeper, who said that, being English, she was sent by the other servants who could not speak it. Prince Rufano not at home. I wrote my name in both the king's and queen's book; they were both out, but I was shown into the drawing-room to the Cavaliere Besio. He and the housekeeper told me how sorry their majesties would be not to have been at home." About a week later the King of Naples returned the visit, coming on foot with the Cavaliere Besio and stayed for some time conversing most amiably.

Dr Amherst held an ordination on Ember Saturday; among the priests ordained was the Rev. Joseph Bannin, of the Pious Society of the Missions, whose mother and sister were present, as also Drs Kirner and Scott, and the Revs. Stokes and Murray.

The bishop observes in his diary: "Received a pamphlet against infallibility by 'a Roman Catholic layman'—Yankee I suppose. He speaks of the *London Tablet*, no English-

man does so." He palpably disapproves of both the subject and the writer's forms of expression. The attempt to differentiate Catholicism, which has been attempted chiefly by those outside the Church, is very offensive to her loyal members. No church is Catholic unless in communion with that of Rome, which is the head and mistress of all churches. But, on the other hand, there are many things Roman which are not Catholic, in other words the adjective Roman is not co-extensive with Catholic.

Dr Amherst made a selection of pithy sayings which struck him in the works he read, and adds some interesting suggestions as to the use and derivation of words, e.g., "moat" is said to be probably derived from the Anglo-Saxon *mot*, ice, dust; but as usually associated with water it is probably from the root of the Arab *moia*, water; *moinst*, wet, so moist and *Moses*, found in the water. *Gillyvor* and *Flower de luce* are still used in Northamptonshire. *Favour*, look of the countenance, is also used: e.g., "he favours his brother," etc.

The bishop's brother, the Rev. William Amherst, S.J., had been rector of Willow Lane, Norwich, and on January 10, 1877, the former writes: "I am *very* sorry to hear from Father Jones of your removal from Norwich. He has written a very kind letter to tell me of it, and

that you are going to Scotland as rector. I know that my feeling will be shared by all the clergy to whom you have always been so kind and hospitable, and I am sure that your stay at Norwich has done very much to remove from the people all idea of difference between regular and secular as to the one great aim of missionary work. I have seen enough of the Society in our part of the world to feel their kindness on every occasion, and to see how possible and easy it is for us all to work together. I am sure you will do great good in Scotland; but still I regret, more than I can write, the necessity of your removal from this diocese. The general report of your being a bishop proves the instinct of the public as to the right man for a high office in Scotland. I hope to see you in Edinburgh in the summer, if God spares me."

In a subsequent letter the bishop says: "I heard again that you were on the list for one of the new hierarchy; all the advice I can give you is what Punch gave to persons about to marry: 'Don't,' if you can help it and if it depends upon you. You would make a capital bishop, but must be prepared to say good-bye to peace and quiet of mind for the rest of your life if you get a Scotch mitre."

In the early part of 1877, Dr Amherst pur-

chased, at great cost, the Hospital of St John, in Northampton, rescuing from destruction one of the ancient and interesting buildings of the Catholic Church, since he thought no sacrifice too great for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his people.

Describing the old place in a letter to his sister, he says: "I send you two photos of a purchase I have lately made here. It is the old hospital and chapel of St John, a foundation of the twelfth century, the first deed of which was signed by St Thomas of Canterbury. The chapel is very nice and in good order with a capital roof. The east end is fourteenth century, and has a fine window of three lights.

"The chapel is on the left of the hospital and further back from the street. It stands in the main thoroughfare towards the railway station, more than a mile and a quarter from this [the bishop's house]. It is just what we wanted down there, and I am rejoiced to rescue another old Catholic Church, and hope before long to say Mass in it again after 300 years. There is a nice bell turret with bell, and the hospital, when cleared, will make an excellent hall for meetings or a school." After a glowing description of how he would like to do up St John's, the bishop adds: "As it is, I

see nothing for it but plain altar with good frontal, new rails, and all well cleaned and made tidy."

A subscription list was opened to pay off part of the expense, but in the end the whole cost was borne personally by the bishop.

The death of old friends, which comes to us as we advance in years, giving a warning that our own time is drawing to a close, came to the bishop this year, and he records the decease of "my dear old friend [Rev.] Walter Keen, of Stourbridge, where he had been for nearly thirty years, and where he built church, schools, etc., besides the church at Brierley Hill. A most constant and energetic worker."

Next month we have the entry, "*March 31*. —The funeral of Mrs Chisholm [who had died in Dublin on March 25], took place this day at Northampton, the body having been brought from Dublin for interment in her native town."

Mrs Chisholm was, before her marriage, Miss Jones, of Northampton. "Thirty years ago she was one of the best known persons in the country from her exertions on behalf of poor emigrants, chiefly young women, in whose cause she spent £10,000, and wore out her constitution fighting against prejudice and stupidity, for which she received a pension of £100 per annum from the government. She leaves four children."

A curious anecdote is told of the conversion of this family to the faith. During the time of one of the popular outbursts against Catholicism, a venerable priest walking through the town of Northampton was greeted by the rabble with insults and derision. As he walked quietly on the mob thickened, and from jeers proceeded to pelt him with filth and stones, after the manner of "true Protestants" of those days. It was evident that the poor man's life was in danger, and Mr Jones, a gentleman living in Northampton, disgusted at the brutality of the mob and the narrow bigotry of their teachers and abettors, went into the midst and rescued the unfortunate priest, taking him into his own house, binding up his wounds and showing every kindness and attention. The good priest was most grateful, and prayed that the family of his benefactors might be rewarded and blessed for their goodness. This resulted in their enquiring more fully as to the tenets and truth of the Catholic faith and being received into the Church.

In the spring of this year the papal jubilee of Pius IX was celebrated, and a demonstration in honour of the occasion was held in the town hall. In the course of the bishop's speech, he says: "It is now thirty-one years since I first saw him [the Pope]. Of all the sovereigns

then reigning in Europe, there was but one who now lives and was then reigning—our beloved queen. I have coupled the names of Pius IX and Queen Victoria together, because it has been said of late by one whose name is well known, not only through the length and breadth of England, but throughout all the cabinets and peoples of Europe, that ‘it is impossible for the Catholics to be true and loyal subjects.’ We, as Catholics, throw that accusation in the teeth of those who accuse us, and, although we may not use that one word which would be unparliamentary, we may say that the man is a calumniator. It is because we are Catholics that we are perhaps truer and more loyal subjects than any other class. I cannot help feeling a little natural pride, when I look over the list of offerings made on this occasion, to find that our poor little diocese came out so well, and even presented more than dioceses larger than itself.”

The meeting concluded with hearty cheers for the Pope and the hymn “God bless the Pope.” Such a display, however, of Catholic loyalty was too much for Northampton bigotry, and the bishop, a few days later, writes in his diary: “The *Northampton Guardian* has an article to-day on my speech in the town hall on Tuesday. It is in reality an apology for

regicide and all the horrors of the French Revolution. We cannot view loyalty from the same standpoint, and it is useless to argue with men who have no fixed principle."

On July 16, the Bishop of Northampton went to Oscott to meet Dr Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, and Dr Bagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham, respecting the election of a new president of the college in place of Dr Northcote, whose ill health compelled him to retire after many years service. The bishops pressed Dr Knight, the vice-president, to accept the office, and were so anxious that he should do so that they insisted upon his taking the night to consider his answer. This, however, was in the negative, for next day, the Rev. John Hawksford, who had been prefect of Studies, was named president of the college, to commence office after the vacation. Dr Amherst remarks: "We were deeply impressed with Father Hawksford's estimate of himself, as given at our interview with him, which, more than all, gave us reason to hope for good things. *Floreat Oscotia.*" Father Greany was proposed as vice-president.

But the bishop knew the value of personal contact with the younger members of the college, and "in the afternoon played a game of billiards with the boys at their table, and saw several

games. Was extremely pleased by the manner and conduct of the boys—quiet, gentlemanlike, neither forward nor shy, nor showing off—true Oscotians, whom I cannot help contrasting favourably, *very* favourably, with boys of other colleges.”

He had also some interesting conversation with Father Stevenson, a man deeply read in historical matters, about Mary Queen of Scots. Father Stevenson had found some unknown and, of course, unedited papers in the British Museum by one of the queen's secretaries, throwing light on the Rizzio murder, the subsequent conduct of the conspirators and the flight of Mary. He had also seen a MS. which related that when Bothwell was dying he declared that Mary was totally innocent and ignorant in the matter of Darnley's murder.

The bishop's visit to Oscott ended with the clergy retreat, given by Father Morris, S.J., who had been appointed rector of the new college at Malta, the house being the one in which Achilli established himself.

Under the date August 3 is the entry: “Left Oscott, as always, with great regret.”

During the latter years of his life Dr Amherst was a constant sufferer from different causes. His physicians recommended Buxton when he was suffering from gout, and though

the life there was displeasing to his natural tastes, yet he was obliged to endure it for the relief and benefit which he acquired. On August 12, of this year he writes that "he could only hobble about like the rest of the crawling cripples of Buxton," but after staying there for six weeks, on his return home he "took a seven mile walk," and adds, "I have not and could not have walked so far at any time during the last five years."

While at Buxton he observed a custom peculiar to Derbyshire, which he thus describes: "We are having a pretty *fête* here, called the well-dressing. The wells and fountains in the towns and villages are ornamented very prettily. First there are four poles covered with ever-greens and having flags at the top at each corner. Then between the two at the back is suspended a large picture entirely made of wild flowers, moss, etc. The one near my lodging represents Rebecca at the well, very cleverly done, nearly life size. Her face is made of daisies steeped in coffee, as a man there said, 'to give her a "heasterly" look.' The signs of the inns in the old town, Higher Buxton, are also done in flowers. 'The Swan' is beautiful. 'The King's Head' is not bad, only the king is Henry the Eighth.

"A set of little girls dressed in white have

a portable maypole carried about, round which they dance, weaving various coloured ribbons into patterns like tartans, nets, etc., while a band of very little boys plays capital music. Some of them are so small that they have to lean very much back to balance their instruments. Altogether it is a pretty sight."

After recording with sympathy that the college of Ushaw had suffered severely this year by the death of the Revs. Tate, Gillow and Wilkinson, the bishop remarks : "A curious pamphlet has appeared by William Petre, who has set up a college at Woburn, in the diocese of Southwark. The production is utopian in my estimation." The Honourable and Rev. William Petre, here mentioned, succeeded to the peerage on the death of his father, Lord Petre, and the school or college at Woburn was closed.

Somewhat later in the same year Lady Campden died, and the bishop wrote a letter of condolence to her father, Mr Berkeley, of Spetchley, in response to which the latter pathetically says : "It is indeed a heavy cross to bear, but we have the consolation of having witnessed a holy and edifying death. She most willingly offered the sacrifice of her dear life in obedience to the holy Will of God."

Dr Amherst, as most Catholics do, took great interest in Ireland, and read Sullivan's

"New Ireland," knowing many of the persons and having witnessed some of the events mentioned. Among others, he mentions James Scully, whom "I remember seeing at George Eyston's, senior, after he had been shot through both cheeks, the bullet cutting his tongue so as to produce an unpleasant thickness of utterance. He was shot dead through the heart shortly afterwards, as he was in the act of shooting a wild duck."

On November 22 of this year, the diary records: "Poor T. W. M. Marshall is dead at the age of sixty-three. I knew him immediately after his conversion, when he came to spend a short time at Oscott, and, afterwards, when he had not a penny, my mother received him and his wife at Fieldgate. A man of great talent, a clever writer and unsurpassed satirist, he did not get on well in the world. He did not know how to lay by money and could not economize. He was a firm and devout Catholic and a strenuous defender of the faith. He saw most completely through the utter humbug and imposture of Protestantism and revelled in laying it bare. R. I. P."

Before the end of 1877, the bishop received some consoling news in the reception of Mrs David Urquhart and her family into the Church. She was a sister of Lord Carlingford, and Dr

Amherst adds a devout "Deo gratias" to the record of the fact, but says on his own account, "I wind up 1877 in a rather seedy condition, as perhaps must be expected by a man who will soon be fifty-nine!"

CHAPTER IX

PREPARING FOR THE END

It seems, as men go, not a very venerable age at which the Bishop of Northampton had arrived ; but, as has been said, his health had never been rudely robust, and his work, to a man of quiet and sensitive disposition, was often trying. The new year, 1878, began with illness, and he felt that with such broken health and increasing infirmities, the burden of his episcopal office was becoming heavier than he could conscientiously bear ; for, to one like his Lordship, the idea of holding an office, the duties of which one could not vigorously perform, was excessively repugnant. Yet, on the other hand, there were many reasons which seemed to point to resignation as disadvantageous to the clergy and people of his diocese. Great and earnest therefore were his supplications that he might know and do the Will of God.

In February he wrote to his friend Dr Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, who was then in Rome, asking the best and shortest way of obtaining a hearing for a petition to resign his bishopric. "God knows," he said, "all my

reasons for wishing it, and I trust the petition will be granted." It happened that on the same day his physician, Dr Collins, called, and without knowing the bishop's feelings, hinted at resignation of his see as the one thing likely to be of service to him. Upon learning under secrecy his lordship's intentions, the doctor said that he would willingly give him a certificate for Rome if one were required.

In March, Dr Amherst paid a long visit to Fieldgate, hoping for a little rest and quiet after his illness. How far he was able to obtain the one or the other may be seen from his diary of March 21, where he says: "To-day I enter my sixtieth year. It seems incredible, but is not the less true. How I long for a release from the anxieties and troubles of the mitre, and to be able to spend what little of life remains to me in the tranquil salvation of my soul! I am not made to cope with difficulties, especially when they come in the form of unkindness and want of consideration. I am not vindictive, that I know; if I were, I should feel these things less. My house here is as happy as a home on earth can be, but *these things* come like ghosts and haunt me night and day from my other home. They will one day kill me, unless I get what I so ardently desire. I most humbly petition the Holy Spirit

of God to direct me to do what is *right*, what will most conduce to my salvation, the good of the diocese and the glory of God. Mary, Mother of Jesus and me, pray for me."

In July he was again very ill, and suffering so that he writes: "My head and arm are certainly worse. Is my desire to resign owing to these increasing infirmities? I wish to do the Will of God and to serve Him more truly than I can in my present position. He knows the difficulties which will be removed, and I trust will favour my wish. At the same time, this self-inflicted wrench of resignation is very trying in prospect, and I have not the courage to take the final step. Prudence keeps saying 'resign, resign,' and I cannot bear to face such a crisis as giving notice to my servants!" This struggle between a question of duty, inclination, and fear of giving pain to others, is very pathetic and, when one considers it in the light of after events, very heroic, for it is the nature of the fell disease which was attacking him to undermine the strength of a man.

Month after month rolled by with no intermission in the failure of the bishop's health, until on February 20, 1879, he enclosed a petition to the Pope to be allowed to resign his see in a letter to Dr Clifford, Bishop of Clif-

ton, who was then at the English College in Rome. Dr Clifford had already mentioned the matter to Cardinal Simeoni, and was assured that the petition would be granted.

On March 7 Dr Amherst received a letter from the Bishop of Clifton, saying that he had spoken to the Pope, "who was very kind and said he would grant my petition," and that he was "to look upon the business as settled," which elicited a fervent "*Deo gratias*" from the bishop.

He received the letter from Cardinal Simeoni announcing the acceptance of his resignation by the Pope on April 2, but was "to continue to administer the diocese," and remarks: "The time between now and the canonical possession by my successor will be a trying one. God will help me to bear it, I trust, for I am as far convinced as I can be that I have done the right thing, and He knows that I require help."

The news of the bishop's resignation soon became known in Northampton, where it caused poignant distress. The bishop writes: "I do not know what I have done to endear myself to anyone here, but all are good and kind, many painfully distressed."

On September 9, he received Cardinal Simeoni's letter, liberating him from his office, and on the 17th, the chapter met to elect a

vicar-capitular. Dr Oléron was too ill to attend, but there were present Canons Quinlivan, Seed, Collis, Scott and Warmoll. They elected Dr Scott, and after the dinner presented Bishop Amherst with a most kind address and a handsome Ratisbon missal, bound in red morocco with silver embossed corners and the coat of arms in raised silver in the centre. "I made a reply with difficulty."

The next few days were filled with sadness and confusion. There were addresses and presents to be received from those among whom he had lived and worked for twenty-one years; and the packing up of his household goods and the many things which had accumulated was no little matter, added to which was the feeling that this sphere of life was over. One sympathizes with him when he writes: "I feel as if I were to be executed next week, when I must tear myself away."

September 28 was his last Sunday at Northampton, a terribly trying day, for he had arranged to leave the place on the morrow, and there were still many farewells to be said, and addresses to be received from his people and the several religious guilds and societies.

On Monday, September 29, 1879, Dr Amherst left his home, West View, in Northampton, for his future home, Fieldgate, Kenilworth. In

spite of his sister's admirable tact and management, which rendered his new home as agreeable as possible, and the many endearing associations connected with the place, the Bishop felt deeply being obliged to retire from active duty, and remarks : " Letters from Northampton make me feel very sad ; I cannot bear to think of all those poor people whom I have left. ' God bless them and prosper them.' " However, after a short time, the duties and occupations of his new sphere reconciled him to it, and he took much interest in fitting up a private chapel, wherein to say Mass when not sufficiently well to go out to the church. About the same time also he received an invitation to Oscott to meet Cardinal Newman.

The cardinal arrived at the college at 10.30 on Sunday morning, October 3, and was received by the Bishop and members of the house. High Mass was sung at 11 o'clock by Father Caswell, Cardinal Newman assisting at the throne in *cappa magna*, and preaching a short and practical sermon to the boys on the Rosary and Holy Family. The Bishop was placed in the president's stall ; Dr Knight, the vice-president, sitting in his own stall ; while Dr Ilsley, bishop auxiliary elect for Birmingham, occupied the next ; the bishop and bishop-elect vested in mantaletta.

Bishop Amherst speaks in his diary of having paid some most pleasant visits about this time to Bitham House and Swynnerton, and discusses the characters of Prince Bismarck and Prince Metternick, whose lives he had lately been reading. Of the former he says that he "appears to be truly the man of blood and iron, and his tastes do not rise above cheese, sausages and beer." Of the latter he remarks: "Metternick, in his autobiography, says that the true principle of diplomacy is contained in the words, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' This is, of course, the grand Christian principle of all social, religious and statesmanlike intercourse, and, to judge by his own account of his own performances and those of the Emperor, his master, it was the guiding maxim of his diplomatic career. He seems, with his master and the Austrian court, to have made very little of the fact that Napoleon was really married to Josephine, that the Pope could not grant a divorce, and that, therefore, he and Marie-Louise were living in adultery."

On December 4 this year, the consecration of Dr Ilsley as bishop auxiliary of Birmingham took place at St Chad's Cathedral in that town, Bishops Amherst and Knight (of Shrewsbury) acting as assistants on that occasion. The ceremony lasted more than three hours, but

went off "without a hitch." At the subsequent dinner Dr Amherst sat between Dr Hedley, Bishop of Newport, and Cardinal Newman, the latter of whom looked very well and said that he did not feel the cold, which was intense. The Cardinal made a short speech and was much cheered.

Next morning the Bishop said Mass at Mrs Hardman's, and at breakfast met her companion, Miss Towneley, a convert and daughter of a Reading M.D., "who had been turned out of house and home for exercising liberty of conscience."

Somewhat later in the same month Dr Amherst records that he "had had a severe chill and been thoroughly upset, but I believe I am going on the right principle of leaving nature to work her own cure. I eat and drink nothing but what instinct tells me to take (that is next to nothing) and I certainly feel a little better." Such a rule of life cannot be recommended to those suffering from the dire disease cancer, which so reduces the strength of its victims.

On the last day of 1879 the bishop writes: "This has been an eventful year for me; may God grant me grace to be grateful for all His exceeding mercy to me, a miserable sinner, that I may make Him some return for His loving kindness. *Te Deum Laudamus.*"

The change to Fieldgate and freedom from

pressing anxieties had somewhat improved Dr Amherst's health, giving him a short respite before the final crisis. It is evident, however, from many passages in his diary, that he was a constant sufferer, and bore with much resignation the pain in his head which, though attributed to neuralgia, was in reality the beginning of something far more serious.

Early in January he went at the invitation of the Rev. Mother (Stonor) to Princethorpe, for the anniversary of his sister Caroline's (Sister Mary Edith) death. The Rev. Mother told him that her mother, Lady Camoys, had had her third paralytic stroke in her eightieth year. Among others, he met there "the four sisters of the O'Connor Don, Julia Whitgreave, Straker, de Dion, the Haggerstones, Irwin, etc." The Miss O'Conors gave a lamentable account of the state of affairs in Roscommon, their brother being unable to obtain any rent whatever; and Miss Irwin corroborated this from her brother's experience.

Canon George Jeffries, who had been for sixteen years at Leamington, died on January 3, 1880, and desired to be buried at Kenilworth. It was a hard frost, and the bishop, ever a careful observer, remarks for how long a period the beautiful wreaths and flowers upon his grave remained fresh.

Another death is noted in the diary, that of

the well-known and revered Canon Oakeley, January 29, who died at the ripe age of seventy-eight. "He was one of the earliest of the Oxford men who became Catholics, and I remember seeing him at Oscott in 1845. He was Prebendary of Lichfield, and came over from that place to Oscott, walking in his Anglican cassock to the amazement of all beholders by the way."

Father Edmund Buckler, Prior of Woodchester, paid the bishop a visit in February, bringing with him a picture by Domenichino of a wonderful head of a female saint, which had belonged to Mr Richard Dunne, of Charnwood Forest, and passed into the hands of the Dominicans.

He was well enough at this time to go to see a meet of the hounds at Kenilworth Castle, and walked over the Pleasaunce and into the wood. "Then the hounds passed the church, up the road and away to the Chace in full cry, Petre shouting, 'How do, Bishop?' as he tore away at full speed."

On Ash Wednesday he writes: "Thank God, I feel strong enough to fast to-day. I am reading Tauler's Meditations, and find them full of matter and unction. They are not reduced to much order, but seem to be the outpourings of a mind brimful of its subject."

Nor was the bishop slack in corporal works of mercy, visiting the sick and, among them, one of the Kenilworth congregation, named Penney, who had undergone an operation at the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, and who gave "a curious account of the patients, half of whom, he said, were hypocrites, and shamming illness to get free quarters and food."

About this time Bishop Amherst, having been asked to preside at a teetotal meeting in Leamington, at which Father Nugent of Liverpool was to be present, declined the invitation and says: "I do not wish to identify myself with *teetotalism*, believing that, however good and even necessary it may be for some people, it involves the rejection of a good, useful and lawful thing given us by Almighty God for our benefit and delight. *Temperance* is quite another thing. Not being a teetotaller myself, I could not with any face commit myself to the advocacy of teetotalism as a general principle. The temperance movement, good, excellent in origin, has become almost a superstition, and its best advocates seem to ignore the fact that unchastity is, after all, *the* great vice of the world, and there is no crusade against pride, uncharitableness and a thousand other vices, the cultivation of the opposite virtues to which would bring temperance in its train."

The appointment of the Rev. Arthur Riddell to the See of Northampton gave Dr Amherst the greatest satisfaction. The nomination was made known early in March of this year, and the bishop writes: "I know Arthur Riddell slightly, his father being Widdrington Riddell, brother of the late Thomas Riddell of Felton, and his mother, the Hon. Catherine Stapleton, sister of the late Lord Beaumont. Widdrington Riddell was in Lord Cardigan's regiment, and was obliged to leave it, forced out of it by that amiable martinet and tartar on account of his objections to certain proceedings, which he [W. Riddell] did not conceive to be compatible with Christian morality. The Curé d'Ars told Mrs Widdrington Riddell that one of her sons would be a bishop. This prophecy she prudently concealed from her sons, and it has only lately come to the knowledge of Arthur. His aunt, Eliza Riddell, left by will to her brother a gold chain, to be given to him on the day of his consecration."

In his diary the bishop enters the change of name by Lord Braye from Wyatt-Edgell to Verney-Cave: "Cave being the real name of the Brayes; but as he gets the title from his mother, who was Otway-Cave, and married Mr Wyatt-Edgell, his name up to this time has been his mother's married name." This seems a little

inaccurate, since the barony of Braye was conferred on Sir Edmund Bray, whose son, John Bray, the second baron, died *s.p.*, and the barony fell into abeyance amongst his sisters, from the second of whom Lord Braye descends.

He also mentions Alfred Napoleon Wyse, eldest son of Sir Thomas Wyse, who married Madame Letitia Buonaparte, who "used to *practise for purgatory*, as he called it, when a boy at Old Oscott, by bearing pain without murmuring or even showing in his natural demeanour that he was suffering. Sometimes the pain was self-inflicted, and we used to discover holly leaves in the palms of his gloves. Stoical endurance in its essence is but pride; Christian long-suffering is quite another thing, and must have its foundation in humility."

It is significant that when the bishop wrote the above reminiscences, he was suffering terribly from pain in the head, and he added after as though to strengthen himself to bear his agony. "If, indeed, there had been anything better and more beneficial to man's salvation than suffering, Christ certainly would have showed it by word and example."

He adds another practical reflection: "What is called 'putting two and two together' does not always answer, however much people may plume themselves on being able to do so. Four

does not invariably turn out to be the result. Why? Because you had not got two and two, but two and one or two and three. I have twice lately put two and two together as I thought, and got a satisfactory four, which after all did not turn out to be four at all. How many rash judgements would be avoided if we did not so often exercise our imagined cleverness in managing these figures."

Bishops Amherst and Clifford (of Clifton), had always been great and intimate friends, so that the latter, being in Rome, and therefore unable to officiate in his cathedral, asked the former "to consecrate the Holy Oils, preside at the other services, and sing Mass and preach, or one, or the other, or neither on Easter Day." The bishop consented, and was much pleased with some of the functions at the Clifton Cathedral, especially that on Holy Thursday, but was far from favourably impressed by the style of singing, on which he was an authority. He writes:

"*March 21.* Clifton, Palm Sunday.—Blessed and distributed the palms and assisted at High Mass. In the afternoon, walked with Father Archdeacon to the suspension bridge and over the downs, with the beauty of which I was much struck.

"I was surprised at hearing an operatic solo by a bass voice before Benediction."

From Clifton, in answer to an invitation from Father Edmund Buckler, Prior of Woodchester, Dr Amherst answered that he "would go there from Clifton on Monday in Holy Week and stay the night, if that would not be utterly irreligious and disreputable. However, I think a bishop may visit a religious house at any season, particularly one of strict observance."

The prior met him at Stonehouse, and after passing through that beautiful country, lit up by bright sun, they were greeted at the monastery door by the fathers, who rang the bells merrily. His only fellow-guest was Sir Hungerford Pollen.

While here the bishop took the opportunity of visiting the Franciscan Nuns, and also those of the Visitation Convent at Westbury, where were his cousin, Sister Jane Francis Blount, and other friends belonged to the community, which has since removed to Harrow-on-the-Hill.

On Good Friday the bishop says: "Father Cuthbert Wolseley, a very charming young Dominican, preached an admirable sermon at Mass, the evident result of meditation and not of an effort to make a fine discourse. It was quite within the understanding of the least educated, but was so refined in style and manner of delivery as to win attention from the most cultivated. Father Wolseley is brother of the pre-

sent Sir Charles Wolseley, now serving as a volunteer with the forces before Cabul, and grandson of the Sir Charles who became a Catholic more than forty years ago, and was committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason, and who treated the warrant for his arrest with such signal contumely. He was in bed when it was served upon him, and he tore it up and thrust it into a receptacle by his bed-side."

Upon hearing Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" on Easter Day, the bishop exclaims: "How this kind of thing carries me back to old times; and how infinitely I prefer the quiet, ecclesiastical, and devout manner of singing and kind of music at Northampton and Birmingham! It is most distasteful to me to see the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass shattered, as it were, into fragments, and made a succession of pegs on which to hang a series of musical performances. Number Twelve is not, it is true, so offensive as some figured masses from its choral character, but still the Holy Sacrifice has to *wait* for it and the ministers to sit bored on benches, while the ears of the audience, heaven save the mark! are tickled, and their concert-loving propensities gratified." However, for the offertory on this occasion they had "Terra tremuit et quievit" and "O filii et filiae," "in-

troduced by Lambert at Oscott years ago, which I had not heard for thirty-four years."

Clifton was almost the last place where Bishop Amherst exercised any episcopal function. His sufferings increased and he was rarely free from pain—sometimes excessive pain; yet he longed to work for God and His Church. One day, while walking, he heard the bell of the little [Protestant] chapel of Burton Green ringing. The sound was sweet and, as he says, "like that of many a Franciscan Convent in Italy or Tyrol. My imagination took large flights into the future of England, and a sort of remorseful feeling came over me that I was not at work in the great cause. Can I still do nothing to further it? God show me the way!" But Almighty God seemed more pleased to see him in the office of cross-bearer, and he accepted his lot with patience and resignation to the divine Will, hardly knowing as yet how heavy the cross was to be.

On April 11 he writes: "The Rev. John Brande Morris is dead. R. I. P. He was one of those of the Oxford movement who followed it to its legitimate and only logical issue—he became a Catholic. I knew him well at Oscott, where he was ordained priest. He had been a Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and was a man of considerable attainments but eccentric

genius. His theories took such entire possession of his mind that he almost broke his heart when he found that they met with scant favour or were looked upon as fantastic. His intellect was so moulded that he could not apprehend the incongruous. His friendships were firm and lasting, his antipathies marked, without, however, trenching upon Christian charity. He had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote on every conceivable subject, and never forgot a good story. He possessed a warm heart, which nothing but Catholic doctrine and practice could satisfy, and which found a resting-place in devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Virgin especially. The divine Office was a source of great delight to him."

The bishop was invited to attend the funeral of the Venerable Thomas Joseph Brown, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia, who died on April 12 in this year, aged 82 years, and was buried at Belmont, near Hereford; but was unable to accept the invitation. He was, however, able to go somewhat later to the clothing of two novices, Miss Woollett and Miss Bickley, of Baddesley Convent, and the profession of Miss Everard, and mentions among those present: "Marmion and Mrs Ferrers, Mr Dering, Mr and Mrs North, Mr and Mrs Newdigate, Mrs Woollett, son and daughter, etc."

On May 26 he went to Newnham Paddox for the opening of the new church and coming of age of Lord Feilding, Lord Denbigh's eldest son. High Mass was sung by Bishop Hedley, *coram* by the Bishop of Birmingham, and Dr Knight, Bishop of Shrewsbury, preached. Dr Amherst calls it "a very pleasant day," with a large party present, among them "Lords Gainsborough, Camden, Braye and Herries, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Bodenham, Lane-Foxes, Berkeley of Spetchley, Major Berkeley and Frank Berkeley, the de Traffords and Bishop Patterson, who preached in the evening."

From Newnham the bishop visited Leicester, and was received by the Dominican Fathers at Holy Cross Priory with delight. He adds: "Some of the people came to see me. It is twenty-four years since I left Leicester, after being there little more than a year, yet it was touching and gratifying to meet with so much affectionate remembrance. It speaks well for the good people."

On June 9 the Bishop was present at the consecration of his successor, Dr Riddell. "Ceremony and music excellently done. Sermon short and good by Patterson. Lunch at the George Hotel. I was reluctantly placed in the chair. On the right, the Bishop of Northamp-

ton and Lord Beaumont, on the left, the Bishop of Leeds and Lord Braye. My three speeches were, Pope, Queen and Royal Family, and the New Bishop, who proposed my health, to which I responded with difficulty."

Next day the new Bishop laid the foundation stone of a new chapel at the Convent of Notre Dame in Northampton. Dr Amherst says: "I had looked forward with some apprehension to this visit to my old place, but the extreme kindness and friendliness of Dr Riddell, and indeed of everyone else, put me at ease at once. Yet I was terribly tired, and could not have stood much more of such agitating work as seeing old friends and talking with so many."

In another place he remarks: "Dr Riddell is very nice, and as far as I can judge, just the man to whom I should gladly leave my dear old flock."

In the autumn of 1880, Bishop Amherst went on pilgrimage to Knock, in Ireland, partly in the hopes of obtaining a cure through the intercession of our Blessed Lady, and later on, a novena was made to the English martyrs with the same intention; but in neither case did it please Almighty God to grant a cure. He wrote to his brother on his return home, October 3, 1880: "I had no personal experience of anything positively supernatural at

Knock, and can, therefore, form no opinion as to the alleged apparitions, except from the statements (published) of persons who seem to be credible witnesses.

“Father Kavanagh, the parish priest, was unfortunately away all the days that I was there, but he assured Father Cave of Leamington, who went to Knock a short time before me, that he had seen the appearances on the church gable end, as others had seen them, viz., the figures of our Blessed Lady, St Joseph, and St John the Evangelist and the Lamb. They appeared to him to be standing on pillars and the wall to be covered with scrolls, but he could not read what was written on them. He also told Father Cave that our Blessed Lady had appeared to him in his own house. He is described by all who have seen him as a saintly man with a well balanced mind and not given to imaginations. A priest of Nottingham, Canon Monaghan, who seems a very steady-minded individual, was at Knock while I was there. He came out of curiosity, not believing and prepared to criticize. He stood among the crowd looking at the statue outside the church, as he expressed it to me, ‘as a sceptic,’ when suddenly the pupils of the eyes went up under the upper eye-lids. He took it to be the effect of imagination and went away, then returned

and looked again, when the eyes took a lateral motion and again the pupils disappeared. He said nothing, keeping quite quiet; but the people cried out, 'There : the eyes are moving!' at the moment that he saw it, which convinced him that he was not mistaken. One can hardly resist the concurrent testimony of credible witnesses, and I must say, in answer to your question, that I do believe in the supernatural nature of the visions at Knock. As to the cures, I have read of some which were instantaneous, but I did not come across any but some very remarkable gradual ones, such as spinal complaint, dumbness from birth, hip disease, etc. Hundreds of crutches, etc., are left as votive offerings and visible signs of cures.

"The faith and piety of the people, pilgrims and others, was most extraordinary. On the whole I could not but feel that Knock is a place singularly favoured by God and our Blessed Lady."

In the same letter the Bishop gives his brother an account of a person who had come to Kenilworth during his absence : a curious specimen of that unfortunate class who live by their wits. He introduced himself as Colonel Grant to the priest at Kenilworth, and during his absence made the acquaintance of Father Dwane, who was supplying for Father Walker,

whose kindly nature prompted him to do his best for everyone without suspicion. Unhappily, the colonel's own statements, when an opportunity of verifying them arose, by no means coincided with truth, and he was recognized as the same person who had formerly been at Shefford under the name of Colonel Graham, and whose actions there had been wanting in common honesty. The Bishop exclaims: "Poor, wretched man; I am sorry for him leading such a miserable life at sixty-three years of age. The last thing I heard of the colonel was that he had been arrested."

Surely but certainly the dread malady which had seized upon Bishop Amherst was running its course.

On November 14 he writes: "My head is very painful generally, and I am never a moment without pain; *Fiat voluntas Dei*"; a few days later, "To-day I suffered more than ever from neuralgia; *Deo gratias*"; but next day, "To-day I was much better; *Deo gratias*." Still he continued to take an interest in what was around him and in friends connected with his former life. Thus he writes: "It is a pretty sight to watch from my room windows the hawfinches in the yew-trees within a few feet. They are slow in their movements, and pick as many berries as come within their reach,

stretching to a distance and hanging with their heads down like parrots to get at their food." And again, shortly afterwards: "The Count and Countess de Graverol of the Château de la Motte (Tozère) came and remained for luncheon. She was formerly Clare Gardiner, a pupil of Notre Dame, Northampton; the Count, whom she lately married, is a nephew of her stepfather, Mr Alfred Baily.

"*November 27.*—The death of poor George Manley is announced in the papers to-day. He was the eldest son of George Manley, who married Charlotte Middleton, and had studied for the Church for some years at Oscott, whence he went last year to Fort Augustus as a postulant for the Benedictine Order. Skating backwards on a loch at a distance from his companions, he went backwards into open water and was drowned. R. I. P."

Writing of the "Nun of Kenmare," Dr Amherst says: "The 'Nun of Kenmare,' one Miss Cusack, seems to occupy her time in writing political letters, etc., which do not come well from the cell of a 'Poor Clare.' I do not like it, and it appears to me that such religious bring discredit on the state, and the time may come when reprisals may be made for inflammatory, abusive and misleading writing."

The Bishop spent the Christmas of 1880

with his relatives at Whitley Abbey, and mentions the party there: "Edward Petre, Gwendeline, Adela, Lina, Oswald and Bertie, Mrs Washington Hibbert and Charlie Searle."

Returning to Fieldgate shortly afterwards, the last entries in the diary for this year are: "*December 30.*—G. Blount and C. Searle came to-day. C. Searle read his play to Blount and me. I fell fast asleep and woke up at the end saying it was very good, at least so he says."

The long-continued severity of the winter and spring of 1881 added greatly to the Bishop's sufferings, and made him sometimes sigh for Cairo or Algiers. About this time also his eyes became so seriously affected that he was obliged constantly to wear glasses, and his pain was so constant and severe that he could get no rest by day, and at night his sleep was "broken into small fragments." Yet, amidst all his sufferings, he preserved a wonderful patience, nay, even cheerfulness, frequently saying: "It is God's will, and I would not wish it otherwise."

For a year before his death, Dr Amherst became quite blind, so that he could not even see the sun when shining brightly upon his face. How great a trial this must have been to so ardent a lover of nature can be easily

felt; yet his resignation was most edifying, and the only allusion he habitually made to his affliction was to say, "Thank God for the blessing of sight."

In March 1882, a large number of his friends joined in a novena to the English martyrs, hoping to obtain a cure for him; but it was not to be, and he accepted his lot without complaint or the least mental disturbance. The terrible disease from which he was suffering, cancer in the head, has been called "the illness of the predestined," but the Bishop was mercifully spared one of its horrors, since his intellect remained perfect until a few hours before his death.

The two last letters which Bishop Amherst wrote, before the loss of sight compelled him to lay aside the pen for ever, were addressed to his brother, Father William Amherst, S.J., and these even were written with difficulty, at a time when one eye was completely sightless. They are both dated from Fieldgate House, Kenilworth, the earlier one on May 17, 1882, on the death of Dr Chadwick, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle:

I am very grateful to you for giving to my poor friend for me what I am unable to give myself. He was the one among the bishops whom I always felt that I

could entirely trust. He had very decided opinions of his own, strong leanings and most acute feelings, and frequently took a line in direct opposition to those senior to him in rank, or what not, sticking firmly to what he considered the dictation of his conscience. He was most scrupulous as to avoiding a word in public or private that he conceived likely to wound the feelings of others face to face, or charity behind their backs. This must, and I fancy did with some, have given him an appearance of weakness, but it was the weakness that is chosen to confound the strong, and is the daughter of humility as much as vanity is the daughter of pride.

It is curious that if I had been asked to name any two men who gave me an idea of perfect innocence in manhood, those two would have been the Right Rev. James Chadwick and the Rev. Charles Meynell, who died quite lately.

Sir Pyers Mostyn died on the 14th. R. I. P.

I trust you are better, but the wind is most trying. God bless you.

Your most affectionate Brother,

✠ F. K. AMHERST.

The second letter is dated June 1, 1882, and is as follows :

Pray for the soul of poor old John Eyston, who died on Tuesday after three weeks' illness.

Father Parkinson came this morning. Father Christie came to lunch yesterday, and left without saying good-bye. I could not help thinking him rather odd.

North-east wind has been fearful to-day. It catches the base of my skull, and I always think of the axe falling on the skull of Mary Queen of Scots at the first stroke of the headsman.

I hope you will soon get all right. God bless you.

Your affectionate Brother,

✠ F. K. AMHERST.

In the July of 1883 Dr Amherst's episcopal Jubilee was celebrated, but, as he himself wished, only by the offerings of prayers and Masses, for which he was most grateful.

After July 4 he made up his mind that the only favour he had to look for from God was the grace of a happy death. Day by day he became gradually weaker, and about noon on August 20 suddenly sent for his brother, Rev. William J. Amherst, S.J., who was then at Fieldgate, requesting him to give him Holy Communion immediately. This was unusual, at least in the manner in which the request was made. He had already received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum four days previously. His brother did as he was requested, and very soon after the reception of the Blessed Sacrament he appeared to lose consciousness. From this state he never rallied, but at a quarter past four o'clock on the morning of August 21 his soul was taken into the presence of Almighty God. R. I. P.

The Rev. Thomas Parkinson, S.J., who prepared Bishop Amherst for death and had known him intimately during the last year and a half of his life, gives us the following account of his last hours :

“ When the fatal nature of the disease from which he was suffering declared itself, the Bishop received the intimation of the result, certain in itself but uncertain as to time, with the simple and tranquil submission to God’s will which formed so marked a feature in his character. He at once applied himself with calm earnestness to the proximate preparation for the great change that he knew to be impending and might at any moment come. After a general confession made with the most touching dispositions of humility and dependence upon the love and mercy of God, from that time forward he ever kept in view the great work of fitting himself for the moment when he should be summoned into his Master’s presence. The *Lauda Sion* was a favourite devotion of his, and he used to speak about the best way of saying the rosary ; and when under increasing weakness these became more than he could get through, he fell back upon ejaculations and acts of love and confidence in God. But the best evidence was the beautiful patience and resignation with which he bore his heavy sufferings, ever weighing upon him as

they did with greater bitterness and intensity. The breath of fresh air, the sight of the trees and flowers and of all the well-known features of the old home were for some time a solace to him, but towards the end these even were in great measure withdrawn. The loss of sight during a whole year shut out all outward things that he might dwell the more upon those that were inward and eternal, and yet no sound of murmur was heard, no sign of impatience visible, no reference to the last great privation which had come upon him.

“Many a gleam of brightness shot forth in the pleasant word and kindly expression during some brief intermission of suffering, and of great suffering there was little cessation. On the fear once being expressed that he was suffering much, he replied : ‘Yes, and it is increasing, and of a kind that had I been able to anticipate it two years ago, I should have said that it would be impossible to bear it.’ Doubtless, what made it possible was the generous offering that he made to God of himself and of all that he suffered, with a view of satisfying the divine justice and of shortening the period that should keep him from the full enjoyment of the presence of God. He used to speculate upon what the first experience of that presence would be, in words expressive of the deep awe with which the thought of it

filled his mind, and of the deep sense of his inability to conceive that which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and can only be known by those to whom such experience shall at last, by the mercy of God, be vouchsafed. And so the time of long probation, so bravely and nobly borne, wore away, and at last the welcome summons came."

His body was buried, as he desired, in the cathedral of Northampton, the chancel of which he had built; but had he been sure of his real wishes being complied with, he would have been buried in another place. A few years before, when walking with his friend Mr Whitgreave in the public cemetery of Northampton, pointing to the spot where the poor who die in the work-house are buried, he said: "That is where I should like to be." And he wanted his friend to promise that he would use all his influence to ensure the accomplishment of that wish.

The solemn obsequies which took place on August 28 were most impressive, the venerable remains of the departed bishop having been brought to Northampton on the previous day.

The Right Rev. Arthur Riddell, Bishop of Northampton, sang the Mass of Requiem, their Lordships the Bishops of Liverpool, Leeds, Salford, Newport and Menevia, and Nottingham,

with numbers of the clergy and laity, being present.

At the conclusion of the Mass the Rev. J. Morris, S.J., ascending the pulpit, said :

“May it please your Lordships, Rev. Canons, Rev. Fathers and dear brethren in Jesus Christ : We have arrived at that stage in the august ceremonies of this solemn funeral when a discourse is usually delivered. There will be no funeral discourse to-day, and the reason why this ordinary course will be departed from, in a case, too, that seems more than ordinarily to call for it, when a Bishop is being laid to rest within the walls of his cathedral, and the founder of a church is to be buried within it—the reason why that which we should all of us have expected is not to take place to-day, is because he who has departed from amongst us has willed that it should be so.

“A funeral sermon, or indeed any other sermon, is given for edification, and ordinarily the preacher who speaks at a funeral tries to edify his hearers by the relation of the good deeds of him that has gone. The edification that any sermon should have given to you, you will have received by the mention of the injunction that imposes all but silence upon me ; a silence, I confess, I personally find it very difficult to keep. For old memories come over me as I

enter this place, and I think of that day, but little more than five-and-twenty years ago, when the canons of this church assembled that they might select the names of those that were to be sent to Rome to fill the See vacant by the resignation of him who built that portion of this church (the Right Rev. Dr Waring), and when we came out of the room Cardinal Wiseman, who had presided at that election, said : ' Frank Amherst will be the bishop.' And the memory is upon me of how I wrote to congratulate him. His answer to me was : ' If it is God's will that I should be a Bishop, pray that I may be a good one.' Words like himself, worthy of his own simplicity and straightforwardness.

"If I were to advert to thoughts that naturally arise, I should transgress the injunction laid upon me ; I therefore proceed to a further duty I am called upon to perform.

"I have said that you will be no losers to-day in the matter of edification. The very request that there should be no sermon was of itself edification enough for us, but I have more that I am called upon to add. He said : ' Let someone express my sorrow and crave pardon for me for any fault or failure of duty which may have caused the least scandal.' In the name of him who has gone I ask your pardon for any fault of his, or failure of duty that may have

caused you the least scandal. We are human and all liable to faults, but we are not all of us equally mindful of our faults. I have one word more. He added: 'And let him also make a special request for sacrifices and prayers.'

"Their Lordships who gather round him are, one by one, about to pronounce an absolution there. During these long absolutions you, I doubt not, will lift up your hearts to God thoughtfully in the request he has made of you, and when they are over and he is committed to that grave, open there beneath the altar, placed within the walls he erected to the glory of God, you, who are the living stones of the temple he so lovingly raised, not only on this day of his burial, but afterwards when the sight of his tomb in the midst of your church reminds you of him, will earnestly and affectionately pray for the repose of the soul of Francis Kerril Amherst, formerly Bishop of this church."

The coffin, which was of polished oak, panelled, enclosed in a shell of lead and an outer one of oak, bore the inscription :

FRANCIS KERRIL AMHERST,

SECOND BISHOP OF NORTHAMPTON,

BORN MARCH 21, 1819,

DIED AUGUST 21, 1883.

R. I. P.

As it was lowered into the brick vault prepared for it in front of the altar, the bishops and priests chanted "In Paradisum deducant te Angeli, in tuo adventu suscipiant te Martyres, et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem. Requiem æternam dona ei Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei." "May the angels lead thee into paradise; at thy coming may the martyrs receive thee and lead thee into Jerusalem, the holy city."

CHAPTER XI

CONCLUSION

OUR labour of love is done, the tomb is sealed. It now only remains to gather up the fragments and linger over the memory of the beloved father whose life has been simply and imperfectly compiled by the least, yet one of the most devoted of his little flock.

In his will Bishop Amherst gave unmistakable proof of the claims which Northampton had upon him. He once spoke of having been "wedded to his diocese," and gave this as a reason why he should endow it as well as he was able. But if his love to his diocese was one of duty, that which he bore to St Mary's College, Oscott, was of a depth which increased with every year. During the last few years, when his infirmities prevented him from visiting the college, he took as much pleasure in hearing an account of an Exhibition day or St Cecilia's day as if he had been actually present.

He bequeathed to the college a very valuable ivory crucifix. The figure on this crucifix is said to be one of the largest, if not the largest ivory figure in the world. It belonged at one

time to the first Emperor Napoleon, and was given by him to Cardinal Fesch. It was subsequently in the possession of Cardinal Fieschi, Rev. Henry Heneage and Rev. Daniel H. Haigh. By the last it was given to Bishop Amherst, and, as long as he remained at Northampton, hung in the chancel opposite the bishop's throne.

The Bishop was greatly beloved by his priests, whom he always treated with the most loving kindness and consideration, and they counted it a "red letter day" when business called them to Northampton.

On the day of his funeral one of his canons was asked what he would say was the chief characteristic of Dr Amherst as bishop. His answer was : "Thorough kind-heartedness and sympathy with his priests, and," he added, as evidence of his prudence in leaving well alone, that "there was hardly any priest *moved* in the diocese during his bishopric, except when it became necessary to supply a place left vacant by death. As a friend he always showed a brotherly love, and as a bishop a father's affection."

Another writes : "He was friend, brother, father to us all." Yet it must not be supposed that the Bishop's kindliness lapsed into weakness, or that because his heart was good his head was at fault.

It is related by an intimate friend that on

one occasion a certain person had an interview with the Bishop, and when it was over was elated with its success and the kindness of the prelate. On the other hand, the Bishop remarked : " I am doing my best to like that man, but there is something about him which I cannot get over." In this instance the Bishop's instinct was quite true : the man subsequently turned out very badly.

The Sisters of Nazareth for a time applied without success to Bishop Amherst for leave to establish one of their houses in Northampton ; they were, however, allowed to beg for their poor, and two of these sisters happening to call at the house of one of the Bishop's friends while he was there, they asked for an interview, and succeeded in removing whatever difficulties existed. Thus they founded their house, and a day seldom passed in which he did not pay them a visit, taking especially a tender and fatherly interest in the poor little destitute orphans.

On one occasion the Bishop visited a convent in his diocese, and while talking to the children in the school one of them told him of the disappointment of one of their companions, who was ill in bed, at not being able to come down and see him. " Oh, poor little one," he exclaimed ; " what can we do to make it up for her ? " and immediately searching in his pockets,

discovered there a small white rosary, which to her great joy was sent to her with the Bishop's blessing. Nor did he forget her, for next morning, when about to say Mass for one of the nuns who was dying, just as he was vested and ready to begin, turning round he enquired whether, if he waited, the sick child could be brought to hear Mass. These, trifles in themselves, show an unselfish and sympathetic nature.

The following few extracts from letters of condolence on Dr Amherst's death may be of interest :

From Cardinal Manning to Father Amherst, S.J.

August 24, 1883.

It has given me a true pleasure to render the last and only service of affection to your dear brother. I had always a sincere regard and respect for his calm and gentle character, which seemed always to bear a burden. I offered the Holy Sacrifice for him without delay, and make memento every morning. But I must believe that his prolonged and great suffering, so patiently borne, must have accomplished the will of God in him.

From Cardinal Newman to Dr Riddell, Bishop of Northampton.

August 25, 1883.

MY DEAR LORD,—I thank you for your kindness in writing to me. The long suspense is ended, and the dear Bishop is taken to his rest. I have thought of him

with interest and affection since I heard him sing the "Exultet" in Oscott Chapel in 1846.

From Cardinal Newman to Father Amherst, S.J.

Rednall, August 23, 1883.

DEAR FATHER AMHERST,—I cannot call your letter a sad one. Thank you for sending it. While saying "God's will be done," I have desired the tidings which you give me, that at length your dear brother has been called away. May we be as well prepared when our time comes.

From Father J. B. Rowe, of the Oratory, Brompton, to Miss Amherst.

I said Mass for your brother the Bishop as soon as I heard of his death, and shall do so again. I sincerely hope that his terrible sufferings and his patient endurance of them will aid him speedily to be with God and add greatly to his eternal reward. I retain an always affectionate remembrance of his kindness to me when I became a Catholic, and I never forget that Fieldgate House was the first Catholic house I ever went to, when he took me there on our way to Oscott in 1846, and then I saw for the first time the brother you have just lost.

From the Rev. Henry B. Davies, of Snow Hill, Wolverhampton, to the Rev. Father Walker, of Kenilworth.

August 24, 1883.

I need not say that I consider it a positive duty to accept the sad invitation to be present at the Requiem.

Poor dear Dr Amherst ! He was the first Oscotian who showed me a kindness and took care of me when a little boy, on my first arrival at Oscott on a November night in 1844.

He was not then ordained, but was so good to me that it was impossible not to be attracted to him for his amiable face and large heart's sake.

As I was at Oscott from that date until 1867, I had very many opportunities of knowing him, as those only can know their friends who live long with them.

He was a model Oscotian, and I feel convinced that his lordship's influence and noble example at Oscott produced upon the characters of many a good effect which, they would be the first to acknowledge, had left its lasting impression on their after lives.

May his purgatory here very speedily open the gates of heaven to him, if the Blessed Virgin has not already conducted her child through them into everlasting light.

Please give to Father Amherst and Miss Amherst my most cordial sympathies, and yet why should they be mourning when the labourer in our Lord's vineyard has gone to receive his well-earned wages ?

From Robert Berkeley, Esq., of Spetchley,
written from Danby-on-Yore, Bedale, to the
same.

Your letter, which brings me the sad news of a very

dear friend, certainly brings also great hopes and consolation. I did not fail to ask a venerable friend of Dr Amherst to remember him at the altar this morning. This priest is the Rev. Mr Woodall, of Settle, formerly an Anglican clergyman. He made a little address before Mass, stating how he had met Bishop Amherst for the first time upon Mount Thabor in the Holy Land.

From Francis Whitgreave, Esq., of Burton Manor, to Father Amherst, S.J.

If I had not so truly loved your dear brother as I have done for the last forty years, I should still say—with all who knew him—one of the kindest and most amiable of men has been called away; but I have lost in him a most dear friend and little less than a brother. I can feel deeply for your good sister and yourself under so great a loss. We all join in heartfelt condolence with you both. We will not fail to pray for him, but I trust his great sufferings and his great patience have opened to him the gates of heaven, etc.

From Charles M. Berington, Esq., of Little Malvern, to the same.

Allow me to add my word of sympathy to the many you will receive from your numerous friends, few of whom, however, have so old a title as I can lay claim to to share your joys and sorrows; and how much both mingle in the event that has just passed no one can better understand than yourself. Nature, as we are often told, will assert itself, and no doubt it will; but what comfort

will not the recollection of such a life, purified by so much patient suffering and crowned by a happy death, bring, etc.

From the Very Rev. Canon Moser to Miss Amherst.

The time that I spent with the late Bishop in Northampton, though very pleasant to myself, was too short for anything very memorable to have happened.

I had the pleasure of enjoying his society during three months in 1872. I had just been ordained in Bruges, and it was his delight to talk of the days when he and Mr de la Barre Bodenham toured through Flanders. After a long chat he was accustomed to say it made him feel quite young again—nothing gave him greater pleasure than to speak of the olden times.

I remember also, when I first went to him about All Souls' Church, the hearty reception he gave me. I had expected to meet with a refusal to my request to have the new church called All Souls'—in great fear (I was a young priest then fresh from the Continent, where we have such grand notions of Mgr l'Evêque) I called upon him, and upon entering the room he shook me most heartily by the hand and said he was delighted with the title: it was just what he wanted, as the souls in purgatory were sadly neglected.

He was always exceedingly kind to me and so thoughtful. Once I had been telling him how at college we smoked on the sly; he enjoyed the tales, and after dinner he came into the garden to me with both hands full of cigars, etc.

But enough. Let us conclude with the words of one of his friends : " I was always struck with the amiability of his character, his unselfishness and consideration for others ; he was so solidly pious and holy. I wish there were more in the world like him."

NOTES



1. BOSWORTH HALL, p. 6. The Bosworth estate descended to the Turvilles in the following manner—Sir John Fortescue of Punsborne died in 1500, having married Alice, daughter of Sir Geoffrey Boleyn and so great-aunt of Anne Boleyn, Queen of England. Their son, the blessed Sir Adrian Fortescue, was a strong Catholic and beheaded for the faith, July 1, 1539. He had been twice married, and by his second wife was father of an eldest son, the Right Honourable Sir John Fortescue of Salden, county Bucks, who was brought up as a Protestant by Royal command, and by his two wives left many descendants. His son Sir Francis succeeded him at Salden, a very fine mansion now pulled down. Sir Francis was made a Knight of the Bath and married Grace, daughter of Sir John Manners of Haddon Hall. This Sir John was the second son of his father Thomas, Earl of Rutland, and grandson of Sir George Manners by his wife Anne, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas St Leger by the Lady Anne Plantagenet, sister of King Edward IV. The legend is well known of how Sir John met his future wife, the lovely Dorothy Vernon, on the terrace at Haddon Hall during a grand ball given to celebrate the nuptials of her elder sister Margaret with Sir Thomas Stanley, but the papers at Belvoir Castle show that this was no runaway match but all in due order. Dorothy became heir of the Haddon Hall property, while her

elder sister Margaret carried the Tong Castle, Harlaston and other estates to her husband Sir Thomas Stanley, whose son Sir Edward, K.B., sold Tong to Sir Thomas Harries in 1620. Sir Edward Stanley is described as "an arrant and dangerous Papist." But we must return to Lady (Grace) Fortescue, the only daughter of Sir John Manners. She purchased the manor of Bosworth with her own money and settled it upon her younger son William Fortescue. His eldest brother, Sir John Fortescue, Bart., had married Frances, daughter of Sir Edward Stanley, K.B. of Eynsham, county Oxon., Tong, etc., and through this relationship came the two handsome pictures by Vandyke which now hang in the dining-room at Bosworth Hall, one representing Venetia Lady Digby, and the other a group of the same family, Lady Digby being sister of Frances, Lady Fortescue. Mary, sister of Sir John and William Fortescue, married John, tenth Earl of Shrewsbury, and her portrait is also at Bosworth. William's son Charles Fortescue married Frances, daughter of Sir Francis Bodenham of Rye Hall, and left a son Charles and a daughter Frances, whose issue succeeded to the estate, she having married William Turville, of Aston Flamville, whose son Charles was father of William, the inheritor of the Fortescue estates on the death of his cousin. It was his son Francis Fortescue-Turville who married Barbara, sister of Charles, fifteenth Earl of Shrewsbury. Amongst the many interesting documents preserved at Bosworth are long lists of fines of £20 per month, equal to £200 of our present money, paid for being Catholic recusants, the forfeiture of two thirds of the Manor of Idbury for the same reason, and a sign manual by Charles I demanding money for the prosecution of the Civil War.

2. HOUSE OF TALBOT, p. 6. Charles, fifteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, was the son of Charles Talbot, Esq., by Mary, daughter of Sir George Mostyn of Talacre, Bart. He was nephew of George, fourteenth earl, and also of James, "the good Bishop Talbot," who founded St Edmund's College near Ware, Herts., and who was the last Catholic priest tried for his life on a charge of having said Mass. This venerable bishop died January 26, 1789, and was buried in a vault in Hammersmith churchyard, whence his remains have been recently removed to St Edmund's College. The fifteenth earl was brother of Barbara, wife of Francis Fortescue-Turville, Esq., of Bosworth Hall; of Juliana, wife of Michael Bryan, Esq.; of Theresa, wife of Robert Selby, Esq., of the Biddleston family and of others. He was succeeded by his nephew John as sixteenth earl, and handsome portraits of both these noblemen still exist at Bosworth Hall, where they often stayed with their relations.

3. MOSTYN, p. 32. Charles Browne Mostyn was brother of Mrs O'Connor, previously mentioned, and second son of Sir Edward Mostyn, Bart., of Talacre, by Barbara, only daughter and heir of Sir George Browne, Bart., of Kiddington, county Oxford. He assumed the surname and arms of Browne, and his son Charles Browne-Mostyn married Maria Lucinda Butler, heir in her issue of the Barony of Vaux of Harrowden, which title was revived in favour of their son George Mostyn, Lord Vaux. Sir Edward Mostyn was brother of Mary, wife of Charles Talbot, Esq., and mother of the fifteenth Earl of Shrewsbury. Sir George Browne of Kiddington was the descendant of Sir Henry Browne of Kiddington, second son of Anthony of Cowdray Park and Battle Abbey in Sussex, created Viscount Montague by Queen

Mary, September 27, 1554, by his second wife Magdalen, daughter of William Lord Dacre of Gillesland.

4. GROBY FERRERS, p. 120. Groby Ferrers was the third son of Edward Ferrers of Baddesley Clinton, county Warwick, by his wife the Lady Anne Harriet Ferrers Townshend, second daughter and in her issue co-heir of George, second Marquess Townsend. In an account of the family he is said to have been born July 19, 1816, and to have died September 23, 1831. His eldest brother, Marmion Edward, succeeded to the estate at Baddesley Clinton and was senior co-heir of the Barony of Ferrers of Chartley. He was also heir male and (through his mother) heir general of the great house of Ferrers, formerly Earls of Derby. His name is mentioned in subsequent pages and with him closed the male line of one of the noblest English families.

Sir Henry Ferrers, Knight (second son of Thomas, second son of William, fifth Lord Ferrers of Groby), was seated at Hambleton, county Rutland, but his son Edward, having married Constance, the daughter and heir of Nicholas Brome, of Baddesley Clinton, the family took up their residence in that beautiful and interesting specimen of a mediæval manor house with its moat surrounding the walls, one of the most perfect examples extant. Sir Edward's son Henry predeceased his father, and married Catherine, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Hampden, of Hampden, a name which became well known in the Stuart times. Their only child Edward was M.P. for Warwick in the time of Queen Mary, and married Bridget, daughter of Lord Windsor, of Bradenham, by whom he was father of Henry Ferrers, an eminent antiquary, and as Dugdale says, "a man of distinguished worth, reflecting lustre

on the ancient and noble family to which he belonged." Mary, the daughter of this Henry Ferrers, or as some say a subsequent one, married Thomas Fowke of Brewood, and was mother of Ferrers Fowke, but the male line was continued by his son Edward, who was sheriff of county Warwick 17 Charles I, and whose posterity lives at Baddesley to the present day.

Marmion Edward Ferrers married Rebecca Dulcibella, daughter of Abraham Edward Orpen and niece of the talented and accomplished Georgiana Lady Chatterton, authoress of "Selections from Plato," "Oswald of Deira," etc., but died without issue August 24, 1884, the last heir male of his house, though the name of Ferrers has been revived in the descendants of one of his sisters. The family of Ferrers of Baddesley Clinton never relinquished the ancient faith.

5. TEDDESLEY, p. 216. This seat of Lord Hatherton lies about six miles from Stafford, and the Bishop would find in the Littleton family people of refinement and culture superior to small-minded prejudices. The older seat was at Pilaton, where the ruins of their fine old mansion, surrounded by a moat, were still remaining a few years ago. Frances, the sister of Edward Littleton, the fourth Baronet, married Moreton Wallhouse of Hatherton, county Stafford, and their grandson Edward John succeeding to the Littleton estates took that name and was created Baron Hatherton. It is related of him that in some case of importance a Catholic priest had to take an oath and give evidence before him. In taking the oath as usual, a protestant edition of the sacred Scriptures was handed to him, which being noticed by some present, they objected that the priest would not

look upon that as the word of God. Lord Hatherton calling for the book said, "I suppose that you do not consider this a correct edition of the word of God?" "No," replied the priest. "Would you have any objection to take the same oath on a crucifix?" said Lord Hatherton. "None whatever," replied the priest. "I thought not," remarked Lord Hatherton, and the case proceeded.

Lord Hatherton married Hyacinth Mary, daughter of the Marquess of Wellesley and sister of Lady Charles Cavendish-Bentinck, grandmother of the present Duke of Portland, and Lady Houlton of Farley Castle, county Somerset; and in another place in the Life of Bishop Amherst reference is made to their brother, Dr Henry Wellesley, of New Inn Hall, Oxford, and subsequently Rector of Herstmonceux, who was distinguished for his knowledge of the fine arts and possessed the best collection in existence of original drawings by the old Masters. His son, Richard Colley Wellesley, of Ryde, having married Emma, widow of the Rev. J. G. Jones, predecessor of Dr Wellesley in the living of Herstmonceux, both were received into the Catholic Church.

Colonel Edward Littleton, mentioned here, was the eldest son of Lord Hatherton, and subsequently succeeded to the title. He married Lady Margaret Percy (mentioned in the text), daughter of George, Earl of Beverley, who afterwards succeeded his cousin as Duke of Northumberland. It may be remarked that a cousin of Lady Margaret married Earl Amherst.

6. NEAVE, p. 255. The Bishop's friend, here mentioned, was Richard Neave, son of Richard and grandson of Sir Richard Neave, Bart. Mr Neave married Anna Maria, daughter of Rev. John Eyton, Rector of

Wellington, county Salop, by his wife Anna Maria, sole daughter and heiress of Edmund Joseph Plowden, of Plowden Hall, county Salop, an ancient Catholic family which has never lost the faith. Mr and Mrs Neave having been received into the Church, afterwards resided at Boulogne.

7. MAJOR STAPLETON, p. 271. This amiable and widely-known gentleman was brother of Miles Thomas Stapleton, Lord Beaumont, in whose favour that ancient Barony was called out of abeyance October 16, 1840, after having been in that condition since 23 Henry VII, when William, seventh Baron and second Viscount, died without issue, leaving the descendants of his sister Joane, wife of John Lord Lovell, heirs.

8. NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE, p. 340. The question of the divorce of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine has been the subject of much comment. Their marriage took place during the Revolution, and was simply a civil one and so extremely irregular and defective on account of the wilful withholding of consent by the parties, that it has been held not to have constituted a marriage. The subject has been discussed in an able article which appeared in a late number of the "Month."

9. VERNEY-CAVE, LORD BRAYE, p. 346. This descent is a little complicated. Mr Richard Wyatt married Priscilla, daughter of John Edgell, of Milton Place, Surrey, and their son Edgell Wyatt in 1813 took the additional surname of Edgell. His second son, Rev. Edgell Wyatt-Edgell, married in 1844 Henrietta, Baroness Braye, and they are parents of the present Lord Braye. Now the Barony of Braye was conferred in 1529 upon Sir Edmund Braye, of Eaton

Braye, county Bedford, whose only son John succeeded as second Lord Braye and married the Lady Anne, daughter of Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury, but died without issue, whereupon his sisters became co-heirs of the Barony. These co-heirs were six in number:

1. Anne Braye, wife of George Brooke, Lord Cobham, whose rights became extinct by the attainder of their grandsons.
2. Elizabeth Braye, wife of Sir Ralph Verney, of Pendley, county Bucks, of whom presently.
3. Frideswide Braye, wife of Sir Percival Hart, who left issue.
4. Mary Braye, wife of Sir Robert Peckham, whose issue is supposed to be extinct.
5. Dorothy Braye, wife of Edmund, Lord Chandos, who left issue.
6. Francis Braye, wife of Thomas Lifield, who left issue.

Our interest centres in the second daughter, Elizabeth Lady Verney, whose third son Sir Edward had by his third wife Mary, daughter of John Blackney and widow of Geoffrey Turville, a son, Sir Edmund, who was killed fighting for King Charles I at Edge Hill, 1641. This latter Sir Edmund was grandfather of Sir John Verney (son of Sir Ralph), who was created Baron Verney and Viscount Fermanagh, but these titles became extinct on the failure of the issue of his only son Ralph, and the issue of the two elder daughters also failing, the third daughter Margaret became representative of the line. She married Sir Thomas Cave, third Baronet of an ancient family long seated at Stanford, near Rugby. Their grandson, Sir Thomas Cave (son of another Sir Thomas) had issue an only son Thomas, who died without issue, so that his only sister Sarah became his heir and married in 1790 Henry Otway, of Castle Otway, county Tipperary. All their issue, with the exception of the fourth daughter, Henrietta, died out, and she (as

stated above) in 1844 married the Rev. Edgell Wyatt-Edgell.

It may interest some of our readers to know that Henry VIII, 31 regni, made a grant to Thomas Cave of the Manor of Stanford-on-Avon, late the property of the Abbey of Selby, county York, and other lands in Boresworth for the sum of £1,194 3s. 4d., with all the rights of the Abbot.

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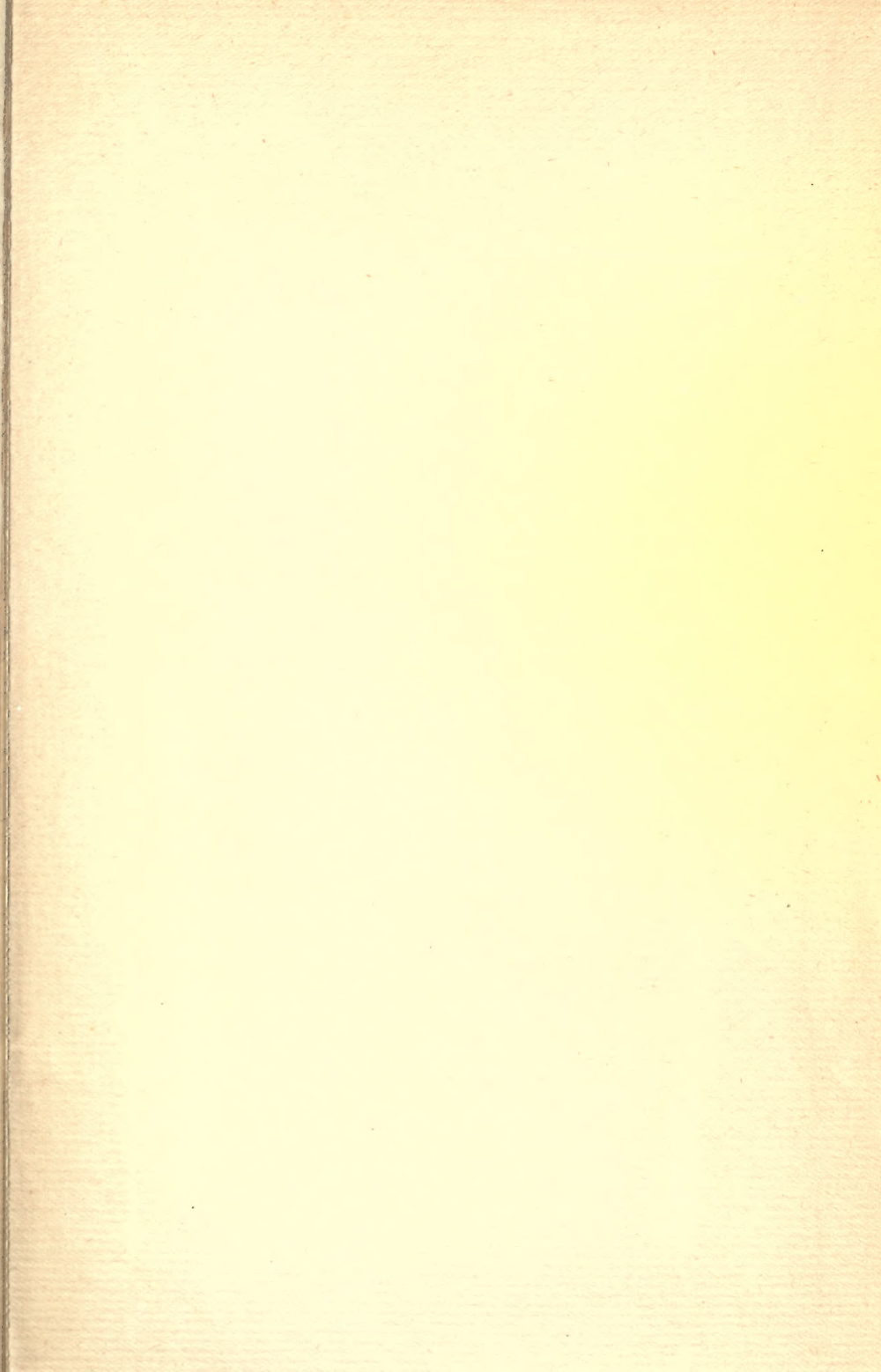
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